Liberty

FEB. 10, 1945

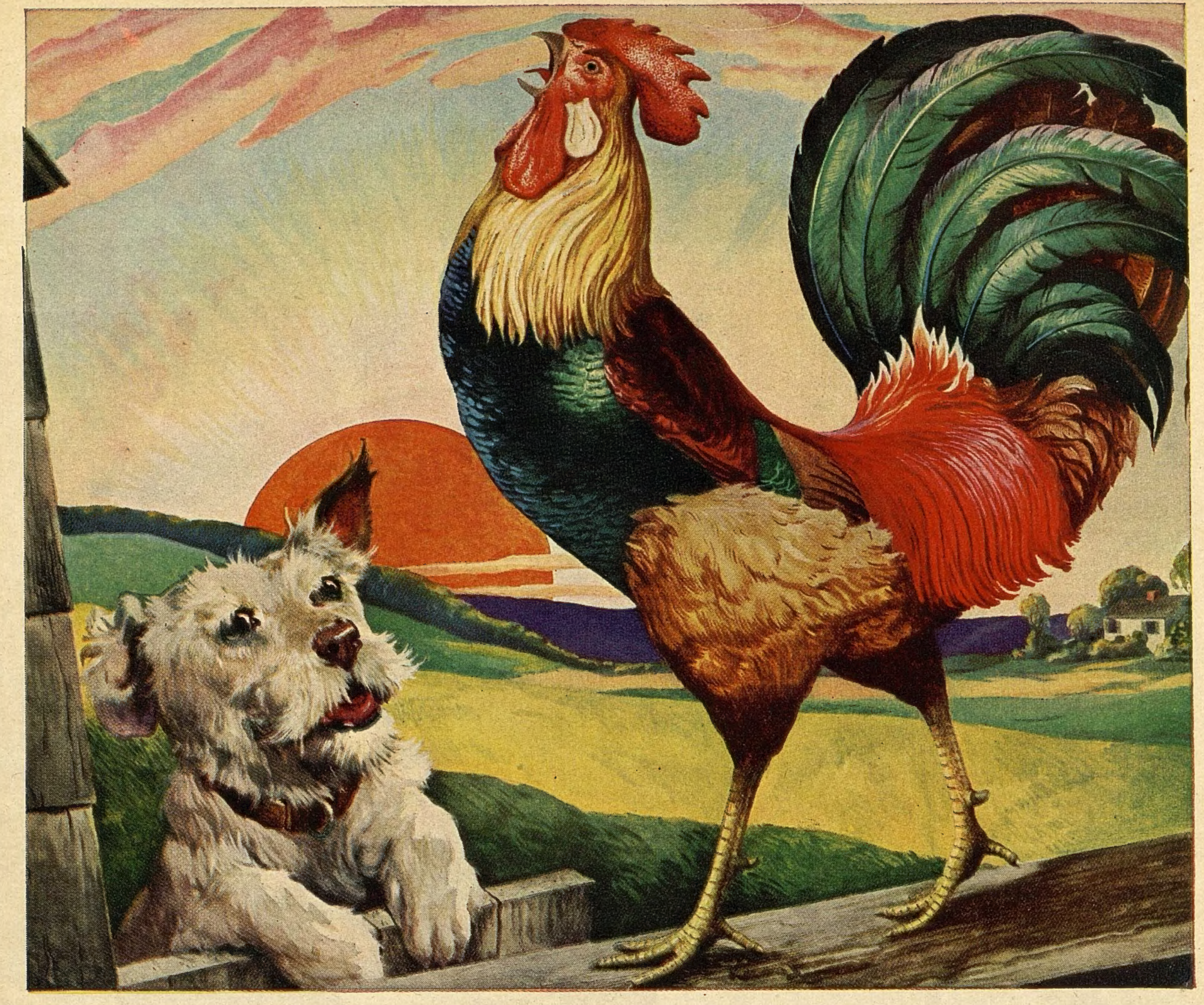
10c

Book: WIND IN THE SAHARA

Adventure with the Arabs

STALIN SAYS: BUY AMERICAN!

FRANK REILLY



America's Largest Selling Whiskey ...because it's Bright as a Sunny Morning!

Don't take our *word* for it—take a *sip* of it . . . and you, too, will agree that Schenley Reserve has the fresh appeal of a sunny morning! America appreciates such outstanding quality . . . for today Schenley Reserve is America's largest selling whiskey. You'll appreciate it, too . . . so why put off the pleasure? Be sure to try Schenley Reserve—soon.

BLENDED WHISKEY 86 Proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 6 years or more old; 40% straight whiskey, 60% grain neutral spirits. Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City.

MELLOW AND LIGHT AS A PERFECT MORNING

They also serve, who BUY and HOLD WAR BONDS!

SCHENLEY *Reserve*

SCHENLEY
RESERVE

A Product of SCHENLEY Distillers Corporation . . . THE HOUSE OF AGED WHISKIES

A Preference without Precedent

TODAY the public's preference for the new Goodyear synthetic rubber tire approaches a new high, as the world's largest tire production is taxed to fill demand.

The popularity of these rugged new Goodyears began with their introduction, when buyers — wondering whether synthetic rubber would stand up — beelined for the tire with the best long-time reputation for quality.

And it has grown mightily, as Goodyear all-synthetic rubber tires have proved themselves to be far better than anyone dreamed it possible to mold from man-made rubber.

In the hands of essential drivers of every occupation, they are delivering mileage that rivals the best average of prewar tires!

Read the typical reports, printed here, from wartime users of this great new tire and you will see why it is true today, as for 29 years past, *"more people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind!"*

WHAT USERS SAY ABOUT THESE NEW GOODYEARS

"Sales and service work take me over many poor roads. **35,247 MILES** on my Goodyear synthetic tire convinces me you have done a remarkable job."

Sol Wohlman, New York, N. Y.

"My set of four Goodyear synthetic tires has gone **22,569 MILES** and only one has ever been off the rim. Set looks good for at least 35,000."

L. L. Geisler, Chief of Fire Dept.
Johnson City, Tenn.

"Duties as game warden necessitate my driving over all types of roads. **16,500 MILES** from a Goodyear synthetic already exceeds what I have been receiving from other makes."

A. E. Hitzfelder, San Antonio, Texas

"Ration board records show we are averaging **30,561 MILES** from Goodyear synthetics before recapping—very close to prewar average."

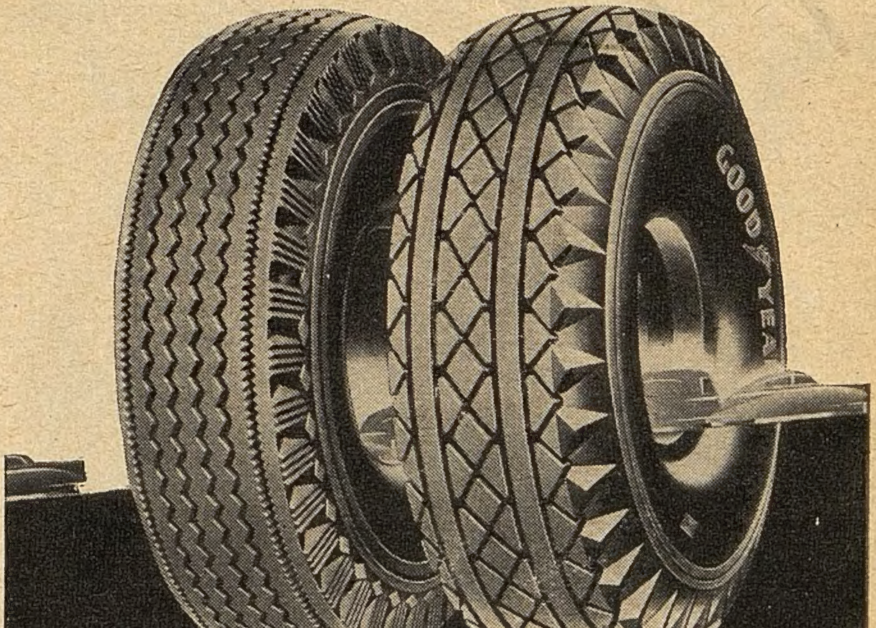
Red Cab Company, Macon, Georgia

"Driving 75 miles per day to my work at Bath shipyards, I went **23,000 MILES** on Goodyear synthetic tires before recapping, and am still getting good service."

Carl E. Colby, Gardiner, Maine

"I carry five passengers to the Oklahoma City aircraft plant, driving about 80 miles daily. My Goodyear synthetic has now gone **24,473 MILES** and should not need recapping for another 10,000."

O. E. Burst, Guthrie, Oklahoma



GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

Dry Scalp is nature's danger signal...

5 drops a day
check Dry Scalp
Vaseline
HAIR TONIC

help nature give you good-looking hair!

YOUR HAIR CAN TALK! Loose dandruff, and lifeless-looking, hard-to-comb hair is Nature's way of saying you have Dry Scalp . . . that natural scalp oils need help. Give Nature that help with five drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic daily. It supplements natural scalp oils. Always use as a massage before shampooing, too. You see and *feel* the difference. Your hair gets that natural, "just-combed" look. Your scalp feels better. But always be sure to get 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic, the hair tonic that contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients.

Vaseline
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
HAIR TONIC
double care... both scalp and hair

In This Week's Liberty

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A Worker Buffs a Plastic Cylinder
Second in a series of industrial covers
Painted by Frank Reilly

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LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

In a Second He must Choose BETWEEN Honor and Love

THE young and handsome officer of the Royal Navy loved beautiful, blue-eyed, laughing *Marguerite*, but because of a foolish mistake, iron-willed, dominating, possessive *Marianne* travelled half-way around the world to marry him! Should he send her back, or should honor prevail? In a second he decided—and lived a secret lie for years. Haunted, tortured, still loving the girl he left behind, he fought against circumstances that would have crushed a less stalwart soul. But what of the wife who didn't know? And the sweetheart across the seas?

Winner of the largest literary prize ever offered (the $125,000 M-G-M Prize Novel Contest). "Green Dolphin Street," by Elizabeth Goudge, is a literary gem of the rarest brilliance, in a setting of such charm and beauty that every book-lover will want to wear it in his memory forever. No wonder it reached the very top of national Best-Seller lists almost overnight! "Another whirlwind has struck the literary horizon" said the Saturday Review of Literature. The regular price of "Green Dolphin Street" in the publisher's edition is $3.00, but now you can obtain a copy absolutely free with membership in the Literary Guild Book Club, as explained below.

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☐ Leave Her to Heaven ☐ Anna and the King of Siam

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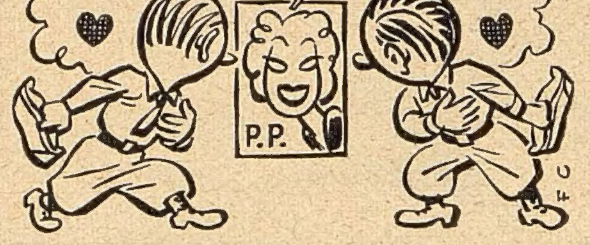
VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

PHYLLIS—THE PRETTY PIN-UP

GUADALCANAL—I managed to acquire your October 28 issue recently and was particularly intrigued by S/Sgt. Nemeth's praise of Miss Phyllis Papandrea in Vox Pop. He said that the regular pin-up girls, like Betty Grable, held no charm for him; that his dream girl was Phyllis, his sweetheart, who lived in Chicago. As a native Chicagoan, I am naturally curious. Could you uncover a photo perhaps, and any further information? For the record, the race here is close between Dusty Anderson and Margaret O'Brien.



As an afterthought, perhaps Sergeant Nemeth, Jr., would be willing to share. —*Jack Demos.*

Sorry, Jack, we haven't any photo of Phyllis; we took Sergeant Nemeth's letter on faith. Also we have a sneaking suspicion that Sergeant Nemeth would frown on any "sharing" plan.—VOX POP EDITOR.

PIONEER SPIRIT

ASTORIA, ORE.—Your Liberty book condensation Lebanon, by Caroline Miller (December 23), is by far the finest human-interest story I have yet read. It resembles the true-life story of my own parents, and also the struggle my mother has gone through since the death of my father. This is the true American "never say die" spirit that is winning the war for us today. We need more stories like Lebanon.—*Jerry Kroon, SM3c, U. S. C. G.*

LET'S DEFINE THE TERM

RICHMOND, VA.—Let me be one of the first to congratulate you on your very timely editorial by Paul Hunter, Let's Define Unconditional Surrender (December 23).

Why not make this a slogan for Liberty each and every week until it is hammered home to the powers that be? Don't confine it to Germany; let it include Japan, too. Rather than a merciless slaughter of humans, we should find some way to bombard the German and Japanese people with pamphlets on what kind of treatment they may expect after this thing is over.—*R. H. Keim.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Being alarmed by your editorial in the December 23 issue of Liberty, which, incidentally, is characteristic of the queer thinking still so prevalent in our country, I am taking the liberty of writing you to say that either you are making, by inference, a subtle and equivocal plea for a "soft" peace for Germany, or else you are very innocent, and ignorant of German psychology.

If the Germans as a nation had any spiritual or moral guts, they would never have stood for Hitler and his gang in the first place; nor for Kaiser Wilhelm and his gang in the previous World War.

Also the present Hun break-through on the western front ought to give you pause. —*R. Weaver.*

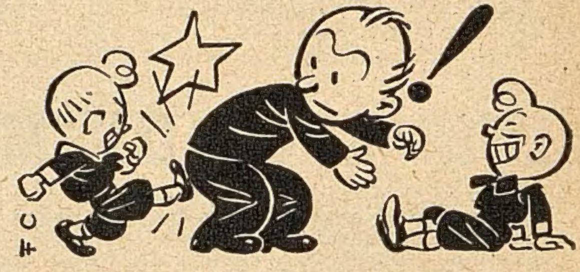
REDLANDS, CALIF.—In his December 23 editorial, Paul Hunter wants us to define "unconditional surrender" for the Germans. The term is explicit and therefore it needs no explanation. Those who call for further explanation are unwittingly playing into Herr Goebbels' hand, thereby prolonging the war.—*A. Murdock.*

WHO'S GOT THE ANSWER?

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—Concerning Mrs. Roosevelt's article Is the Human Race Worth Saving? (December 23), it's not your fault, but why did she get "things going good" and then stop? She was supposed to tell the readers "yes" or "no," and "why." Instead of that, she says that "People themselves all over the world must answer that question." If she doesn't know the answer, and the teachers and the preachers don't seem to either, where are the people themselves going to get the answer?—*Mrs. Inez M. Kasiah.*

HARDTACK—A GODFATHER!

c/o P. M., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I still get my copy of Liberty out here at ——. I'll do without my routine luxuries, but I want my Liberty. Truthfully, Uncle Sam evidently felt the same way about Liberty, which should explain my presence here!



When I get home again I'm going to get married and have a little Hardtack or two, but I hope they behave themselves better than your Hardtack. I get a big kick out of the little rascal.—*Pfc. Sheldon R. Rose.*

ON NISEI AND HOOD RIVER

FERNWOOD, IDAHO—According to a recent item in the local daily papers, the post of the American Legion in Hood River, Oregon, has stricken the names of sixteen Japanese-American soldiers, many of whom are serving overseas, from a county war memorial. The post commander is quoted as saying the names were erased "to let them know that we don't want them back here." He is further quoted as saying his post will try to ban *all* Americans of Japanese ancestry from the Hood River valley.

Of all the narrow-minded, bigoted, childish intolerance, I think this is hard

(*Continued on page 8*)

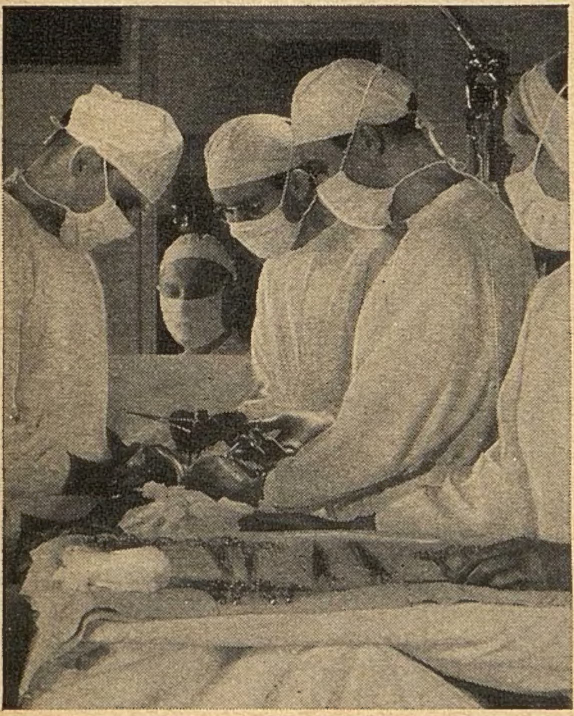
Helping the sick get well

LAMPS that kill germs . . . X rays to guide the surgeon's fingers . . . operating rooms bathed in glareless light . . . air conditioning to screen out street noises and dust.

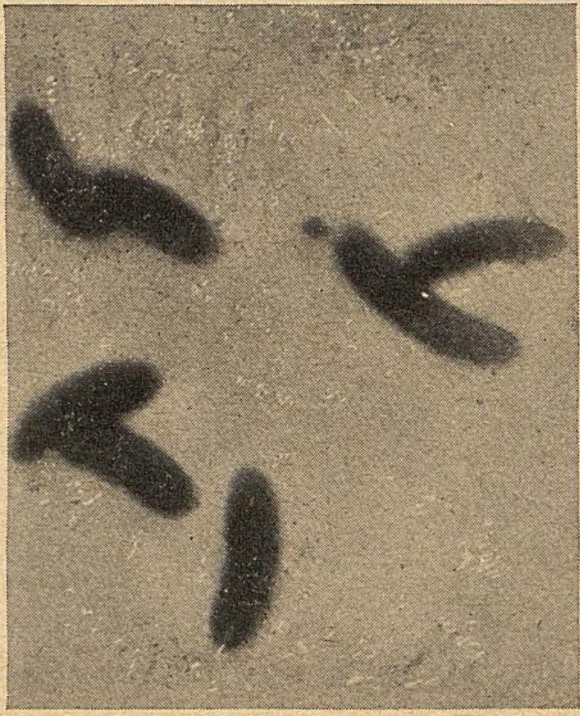
Helping the sick get well is only one of the contributions of General Electric. From the research and engineering in G.E.'s laboratories come products to make your work easier, your home brighter, creating new comforts, better jobs.

The pictures you see here are typical of things accomplished for you by G-E research and engineering. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

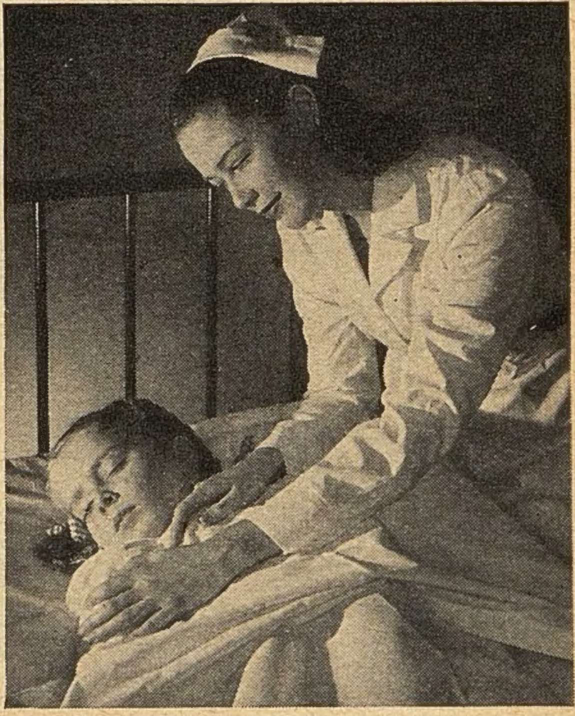
Mirror of D-Day injury! How X rays speed treatment of war injuries is shown in this picture of Seaman Brazinski's thigh. On D-Day a German mine shattered his boat, blew him 20 feet in air. Rescued by an LST, rushed to England, X rays quickly defined his injury, permitted accurate setting. Portable G-E X-ray machines at St. Albans Naval Hospital, L. I., regularly check his progress. Through the skill of doctors 97 per cent of the wounded in this war are saved. The modern form of X-ray tube was invented by Dr. W. D. Coolidge, G-E scientist. X-ray units built by the G.E. X-Ray Corp. are at battlefronts the world over.



New lamp kills germs . . . Germ-laden air is purified by the new G-E germicidal lamp. It is already at work in hospitals, in battlefront operating rooms. Tried in a school classroom during a measles epidemic, only one-fourth as many children contracted measles, as compared with unprotected classrooms.



Seeing the invisible . . . The electron microscope, more powerful than ordinary microscopes, gives doctors a new tool to fight disease. Here is the germ, *bacillus subtilis*, magnified 8,000 times. G-E engineers are working to make available a *portable* electron microscope for industry.



Helps treat Infantile Paralysis . . . Doctors wanted hot packs to relieve pain and reduce muscular spasms, but such steam packs tended to burn. G-E workers put together a machine for hospital use that produces heated packs that even at 180°F. will not burn the patient's skin.

★

Hear the G-E radio programs: *The G-E All-girl Orchestra*, Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC—*The World Today* news, Monday through Friday 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS—*The G-E House Party*, Monday through Friday 4:00 p.m. EWT, CBS.

FOR VICTORY—BUY AND HOLD WAR BONDS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

952-624-211

To taste Old Crow today is to savor the same perfection in whiskey which generations of critical drinkers have known and applauded. You will find Old Crow unchanged, in spite of war restrictions and concentration on the government alcohol program. You will find it, of course, a bit more difficult to buy. But be patient and *keep asking for it.*

THOSE IN THE KNOW... ASK FOR

OLD CROW

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Bottled-in-Bond

OLD CROW
BRAND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
W. A. Gaines

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • This whiskey is 4 years old
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y. • 100 Proof

(*Continued from page 6*)

to match outside of Nazi Germany. If any American citizen, regardless of color, race, or religious background, is good enough to fight and possibly get killed in defense of this country, I say he is good enough to have his name inscribed on any American Legion memorial, even Hood River's.

Any problems arising from the presence of second- or third-generation Japanese-Americans in Hood River valley, or any other part of the Pacific coast, are largely in the minds of the English-American, Irish-American, German-American, Swedish-American, or what-have-you population which call themselves American. (Did I hear an Indian laugh?)

This is the sort of intolerance that breeds Nazism. It is the sort of intolerance practiced against the Jews in Germany which all of us, including the American Legion, piously deplored from one end of the country to the other. Are we to go all out for tolerance toward the oppressed nations and minority groups in Europe and at the same time practice this sort of discrimination at home?

I wonder what the soldiers and sailors at the battle fronts think of that sort of attitude. Some of them must have fought alongside Japanese-American troops. How about it, you G. I.s?—*R. B.*

HA-HA
HE-HE
HO-HO
Liberty
?
F C

FAMILY ALBUM—THE WEBSTERS

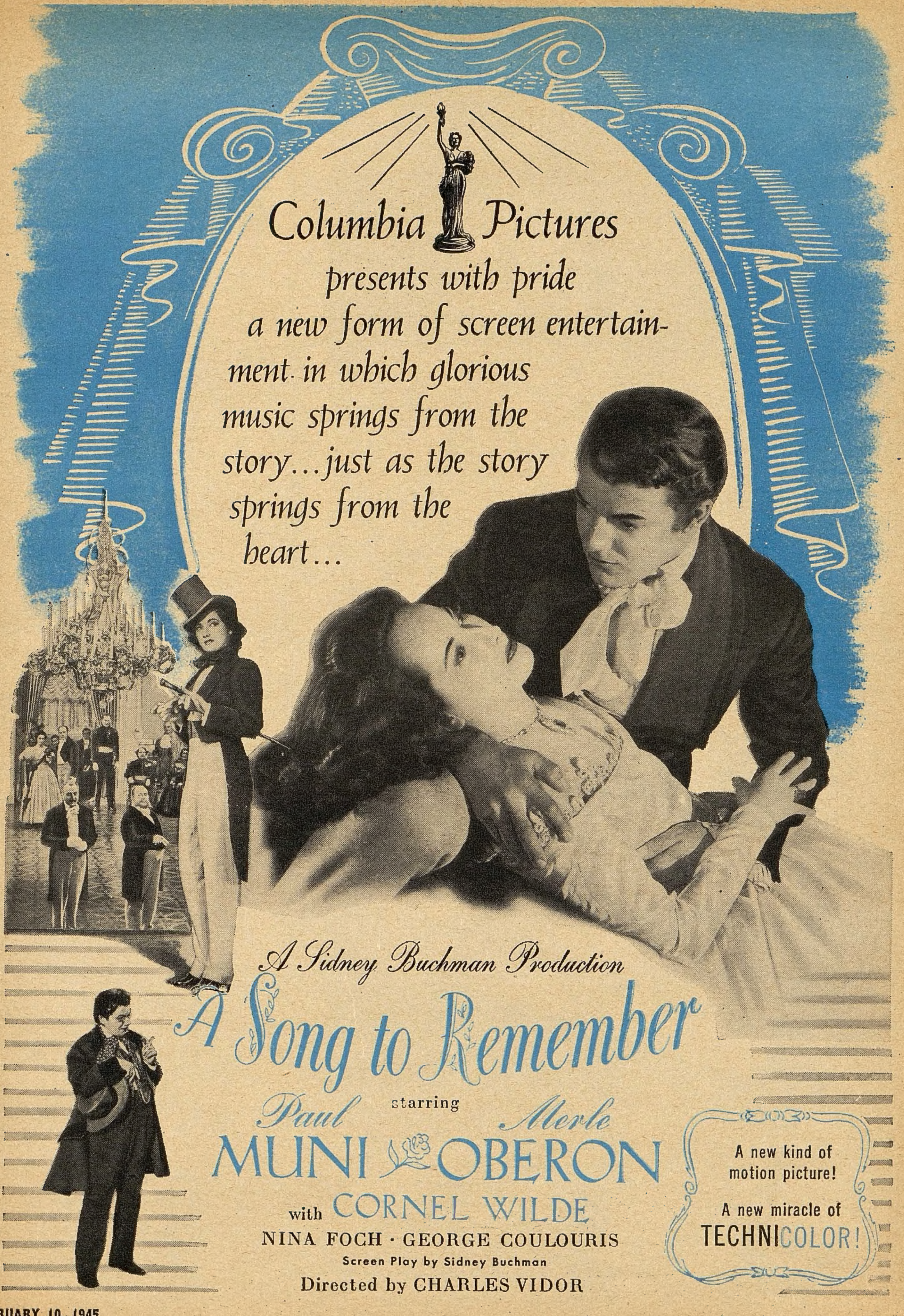
New York, N. Y.—It's not a bad idea to make some of your covers a serial history of the Webster family. Just, for heaven's sake, keep out characters like Dick Tracy and Orphan Annie.

And speaking of funnies, your cartoons are getting better and better.—*Mrs. Frances Robinson.*

STARS IN YOUR EYES

Altoona, Wis.—In Paul Hunter's editorial for December 9 he makes a plea for international co-operation for peace. To offset the die-hards, he says there must be a certain amount of "starry-eyed idealism," and to back this up he brands the Ten Commandments as "starry-eyed idealism," even though he admits they are responsible for whatever good there is in the civilized world today. He brands them as starry-eyed idealism because they are broken so often. Well, a traffic light at a busy intersection happens to be a very practical commandment to offset chaos. But since it is frequently violated (according to his "logic"), it is "starry-eyed" idealism!

The Ten Commandments are the most practical code of justice and charity the world has ever known. Instead of concentrating on the people who break them, why not concentrate on the ones who keep them? They are the ones who have builded the finest and noblest institutions the world has known—to use Mr. Hunter's own words, "it is hard to imagine a civilized world without them." He then proceeds to gaze starry-eyed into space, and to ask Americans to watch and hope for something reasonable to come along, while he throws away the Commandments as a child would discard a broken toy.—*James E. Noonan.*



Columbia Pictures

presents with pride a new form of screen entertainment in which glorious music springs from the story... just as the story springs from the heart...

A Sidney Buchman Production

A Song to Remember

starring

Paul MUNI

Merle OBERON

with CORNEL WILDE

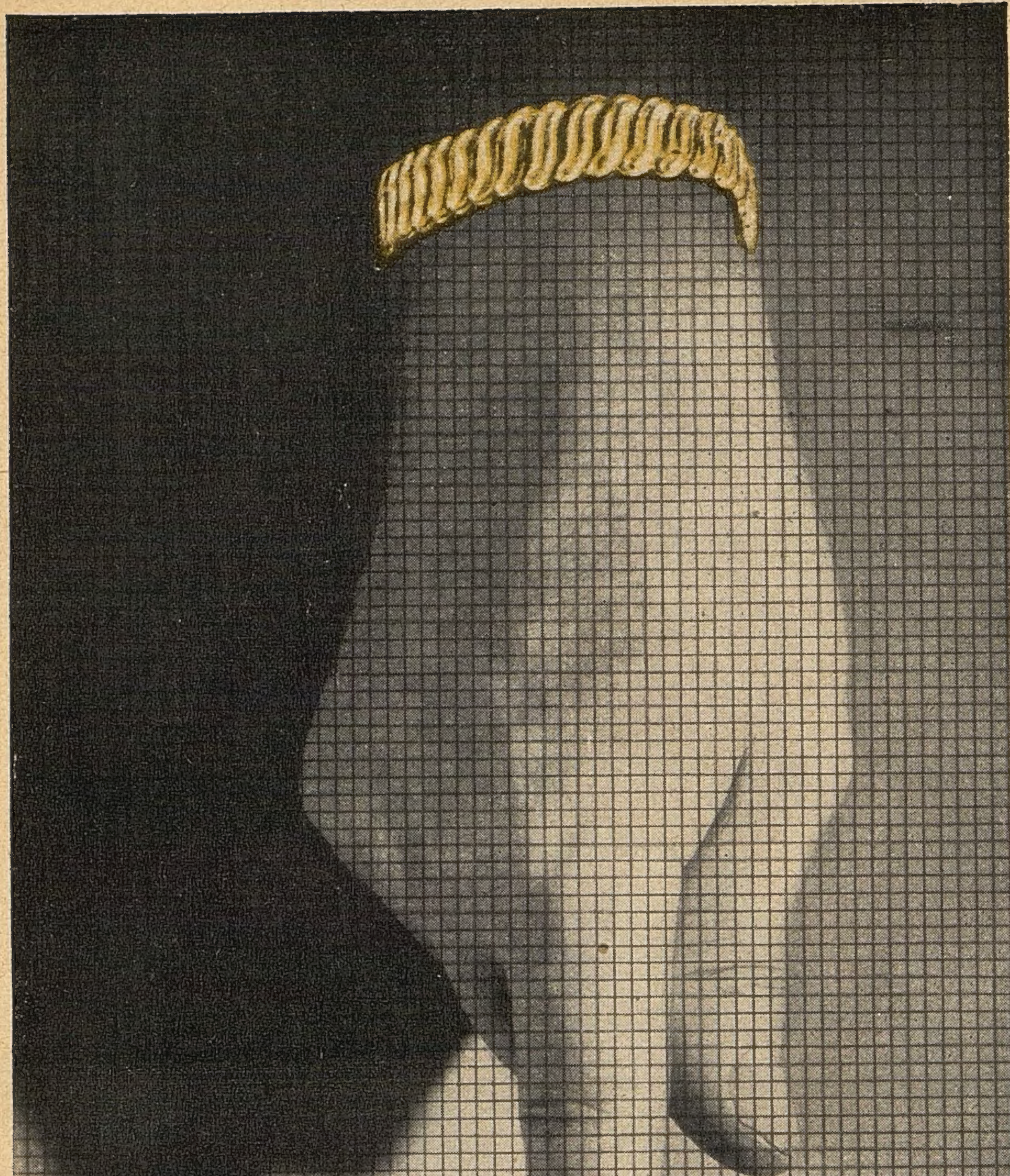
NINA FOCH · GEORGE COULOURIS

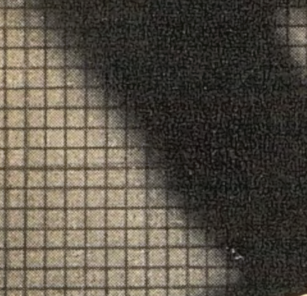
Screen Play by Sidney Buchman

Directed by CHARLES VIDOR

A new kind of motion picture!

A new miracle of TECHNICOLOR!





You'll treasure your Speidel watchband more, as time goes by. For these bands of beauty are made with infinite pains and knowing touch, by the same Speidel craftsmen who have made Speidel famous for 80 years for jewelry of beauty, long life and distinction.

Watchband shown on man's wrist — $12.50
Women's Watchbands — $9.00 FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED

NEXT WEEK

✓

TILL DEATH DO US PART

By John Dickson Carr
Liberty's Book Condensation

When Dick Markham was told that the charming girl whom he loved was a murderess, his heart wouldn't let him believe the evidence; but his mind wouldn't let him forget it!
Mr. Carr has woven this tantalizing situation into one of the most exciting mysteries of the year.

✓

TODAY NOTHING IS "MADE IN FRANCE"

By Betty Milton Gaskill

A report from Paris on French industry—how it stands today, what must be done to revive it, how long it may take.

✓

WHEN G. I. JOE TAKES AN ALIEN BRIDE

By Charles Gordon

Not rice but red tape showers foreign brides of our fighting men when they try to follow their husbands to the United States. Here's what they must do.

✓

FRONT-LINE SURGEONS

By Larry Barretto

A half-cleared roadside in the bomb-blasted Burmese jungle becomes a life-saving emergency hospital when men of the Portable Surgical Units dig in.

✓

SHALL WE BROADCAST CONGRESS?

By Jack H. Pollack

It's your business that's transacted in Washington, proponents of this idea argue, so why shouldn't you be able to sit by your radio and listen to debates on the floor of Congress?

✓

NAVAL AVIATOR NO. 1

By Morris Markey

Admiral Jack Towers has been fighting aviation's battle in the Navy since the days when the Wright brothers were still suspected of fathering a hoax.

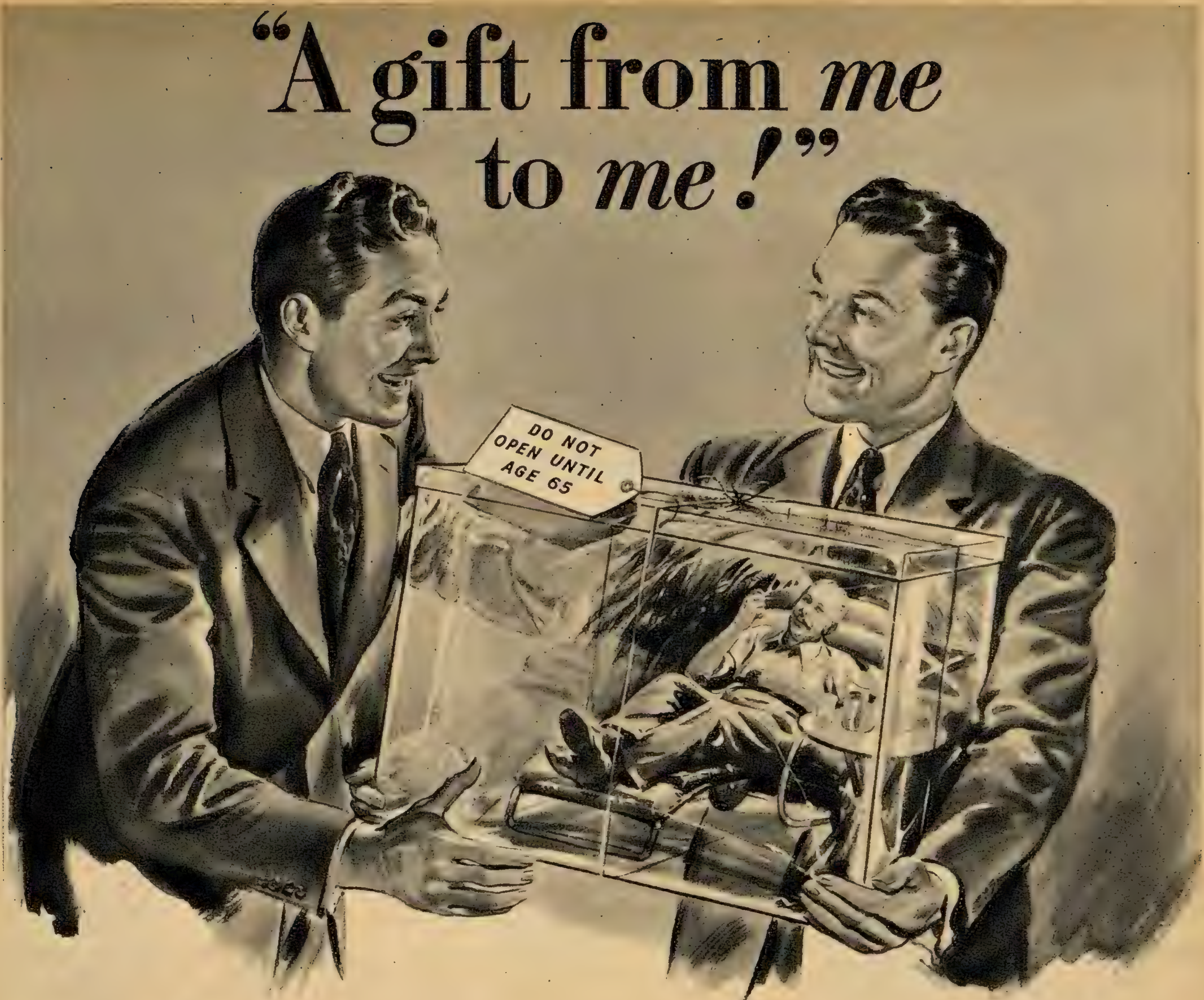
✓

THE MYSTERY OF NAUGATUCK ISLAND

By Jack Goodman and Albert Rice

It was a good enough story to interrupt a reporter's honeymoon. It was very nearly good enough to interrupt it permanently with the headline: Two Bodies Found in Sea!

"A gift from *me* to *me!*"


DO NOT OPEN UNTIL AGE 65

"THIS gift contains lots of things I've always wanted and I'm giving it to myself—walks through the woods, hours of loafing in the shade, fishing trips with my friends. At 65 I'll be able to do the things I want to do. I know for I've made my down payment.

"I had always thought of insurance as something for somebody else. But this—this is for *me!* And I'm not being selfish either, for just in case I shouldn't stick around till I'm 65—which I fully intend doing—why, then Mary and the kids would get it."

The chances are you, too, will want to ease up a bit at 65. Perhaps sooner! The premium deposits on retirement insurance are moderate. And anyway, isn't it like taking money out of the pocket of the suit you're wearing today and putting it into the pocket of the one you'll be wearing some years from now?

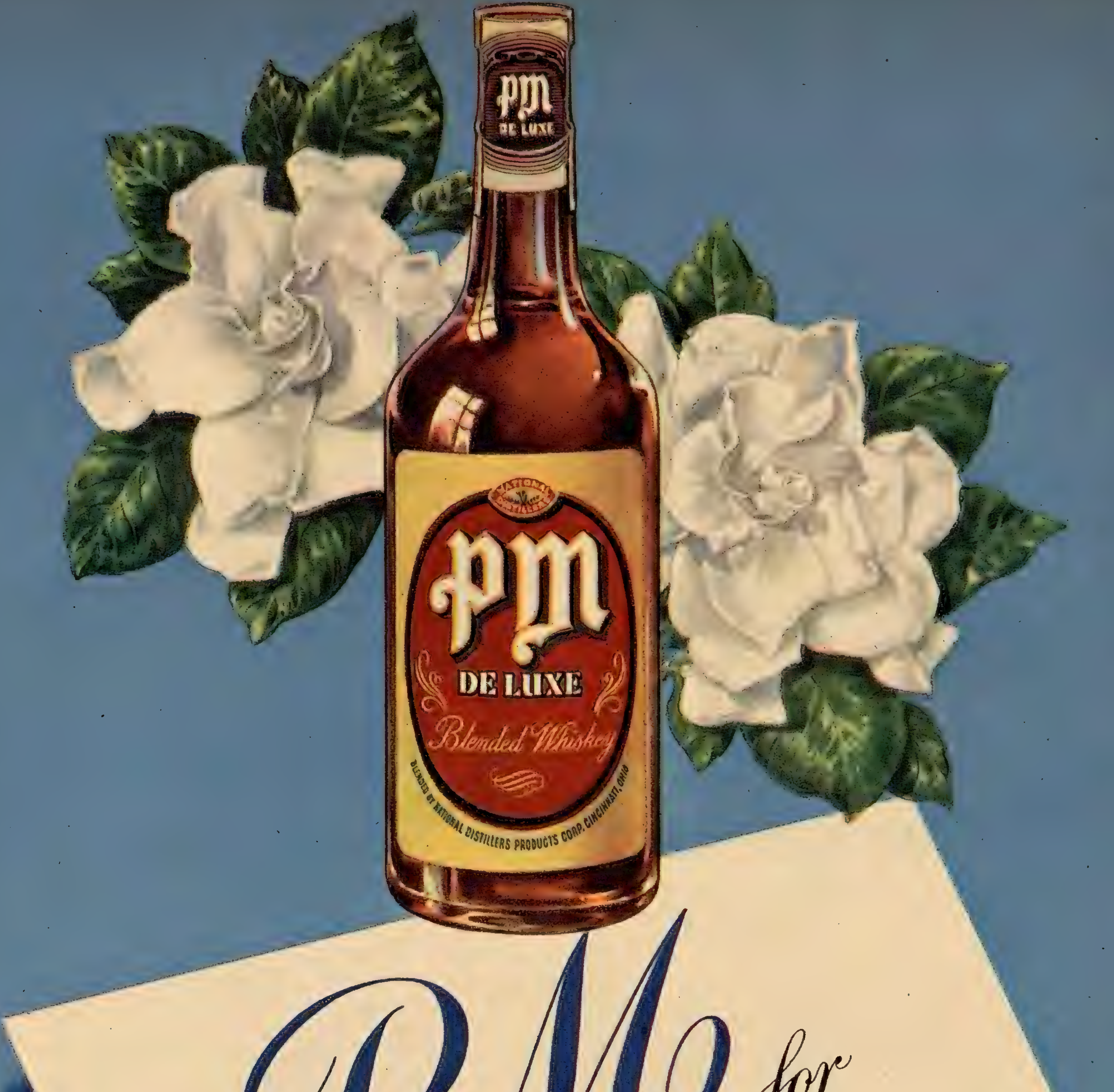
Penn Mutual Underwriters can explain the details to you. They are experts on all life insurance planning, and out of their experience they can help you build a future patterned to your own specific requirements. Why not get the benefit of their special training in life insurance—without obligation?

BACK OF YOUR INDEPENDENCE STANDS THE PENN MUTUAL

THE PENN MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FOUNDED AT PHILADELPHIA IN 1847

Your Life Plan deserves the expert guidance of a Penn Mutual Underwriter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PM for Pleasant Moments

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York. Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 51% Straight Whiskey, 49% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Hunter's Boon:

The Ring-necked Pheasant

PHOTO BY ALLAN D. CRUICKSHANK FROM NAT'L AUDUBON SOCIETY

Thanks to the big wind of 1900, which blew a thousand Chinese ring-necked pheasants out of a hatchery, twelve million gun toters now find happy hunting every year

BY HAROLD TITUS

ONCE again most of the weapons of America's hunting army have been put away for another season. Probably nearly twelve million persons went afield at one time or another during the fall and early winter with the hope, if not the firm conviction, that they'd be home along about dusk with something both tangible and thrilling for pot or oven, together with nicely-relaxed bodies, memories of gorgeous autumnal landscapes, and all the other increments which are parts of the distinctive American hunting tradition.

In no other country on earth does such a proportion of the population turn out for the chase. The great bulk of these Nimrods are small-game hunters. More than that, they are upland bird hunters as differentiated from duck, rabbit, and squirrel hunters. And the odd factor in the situation is this: Were it not for the presence of a foreign game bird, the majority of these citizens of the huntingest of all nations would have little or nothing to shoot at.

The ax, the plow, and, in certain sections, overshooting have so far reduced small-game populations in the United States that it took a tough, wily, adaptable bird such as the Chinese ring-necked pheasant to furnish targets—and highly challenging ones, at that—in countless spots which otherwise would have been dreary blanks on any sportsman's map.

Starting from nothing, net, a quarter century ago, the country's annual pheasant bag now is exceeded only by ducks and bobwhite quail.

In 1942—the last season for which statistics are available—eleven million pheasants crumpled as guns barked. This was only a million fewer than the number of ducks killed and only a round half of the year's take of our most abundant native, the bobwhite.

It was shortly after the turn of the century that head-scratching became general among game administrators when confronting the problem of giving small-game hunters something to shoot at. The passenger pigeon, the health hen, the upland plover, and other species which had provided food and sport for earlier Americans had either disappeared or were so reduced in numbers that protection was in order. The wild turkey had been evicted from practically all his original northern range as the mast-bearing forests which provided him food were felled. The ruffed grouse, which demands openings in deep woods, was driven from huge areas as plows followed axes. The prairie chicken fell from abundance to worse than scarcity as the native grasses which had nourished and sheltered him gave way to grainfields. Habitats ruined, the birds faded out.

The one native which got along with man for a time in all his natural range was the bobwhite. In fact, as man changed the landscape, this quail thrived, increased in numbers, and spread into new territory. This was because early agriculture created more of the food and cover that the quail must have. He liked man's grains and the bugs that pioneer agriculture introduced. Fence-row tangles and brushy pastures meant better nesting sites and hiding places from enemies than the virgin forest had afforded.

And because the quail did well in association with the agriculture of the period, he offered something to hunters, not only residents of the rural sections but of the growing cities. The remaining populations of turkey or grouse or chicken might be far distant, but in a score of states quail were to be flushed on the first farm you came to beyond the city limits. And for a half century the great majority of our hunters have been urban dwellers.

But when agriculture began to go streamlined, the picture changed. The wire fence, clean cultivation, and all the other items in the more efficient use of farm acres reduced or wiped out the quail in many sections. Man and domestic animals can adapt themselves to radical changes in environment; game species cannot. Their needs are mostly fixed and rigid.

So other species were introduced to give a man an excuse to get away from it all and match his gunning eye against the cunning of wild things. They were brought from all over the earth and liberated here and there with high hopes they'd find the new land congenial and repopulate it with something for the guns to bang at.

In most instances the exotics weren't even sighted after liberation. The one exception was this Chinese ring-necked pheasant, brought to America in small lots

(Continued on page 72)

YOU OWE IT TO YOUR FACE

... SHAVE WITH NEW Concave-honed HOSPITAL BRAND RAZOR BLADES

"Once-over" does it ... smoother, cleaner, more refreshing ... when you shave with new concave-honed HOSPITAL Brand Blades. That's why men by the thousands are changing to single or double edge HOSPITAL Brand Blades to relieve shaving friction and skin irritation caused by daily shaving.

Yes, *you owe it to your face* to try HOSPITAL Brand Blades! Ask for them at your neighborhood druggist!

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A good disposition can be an aid to good health . . .

In child or adult, a disposition that is easily and often upset, even though lightly, can help produce an out-of-sorts feeling all over. A sunny smile is usually associated with blooming health.

"Fresh up"-keep smiling!

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REPORT TO PARENTS

In millions and more millions of homes, 7-Up is the day in and day out family drink. Its cheerful, clean-tasting flavor and liveliness always bring a smile to keep your good nature on even keel. From Granddad down to the tiny tots, everyone likes it, everyone enjoys it . . . *and it likes everyone.*

Get a case of 7-Up today. Invite the family to sip it . . . taste it. Drink it slowly . . . roll it over and under your tongue. Notice the "fresh up" effect . . . its complete satisfaction to your taste and thirst. Any store displaying the 7-Up signs will supply you.

Order a case from your dealer

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ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

As the final Curtiss P-40 Warhawk built by Curtiss-Wright is delivered, Capt. L. H. Cornish shakes hands with R. C. Gray, co-ordinator of flight deliveries.

Postwar Passenger Traffic by Air

Here's a tickler for the statistically-minded and for those who think the air transport field has unlimited opportunities for employment and new companies:

Total up all of the intercity common carrier passenger traffic by rail, bus, and air for the year 1940. You'll get quite a volume of traffic. But it would take only 1,600 planes carrying on the average some twenty-eight passengers a trip, flying about ten hours a day at an average speed of 200 miles per hour, to produce 32,000,000,000 passenger miles per year. And it was this amount of passenger miles that comprised all intercity traffic in the United States by rail, bus, and air in 1940.

So says J. Parker Van Zandt, author of Civil Aviation and Peace, which was published recently by the Brookings Institution, Washington, D. C., as the second in a series of books on the general subject of America Faces the Air Age.

The domestic air lines now have about 350 transport airplanes, almost the same total they had before the Army requisitionel half the air-lines' planes for urgent military use in 1942. Since it is obvious that many passengers will continue to travel by rail and bus, the air transport industry won't have to grow to double the number of passengers carried by air. A thousand transports can carry a very substantial amount of intercity traffic.

Broadway to Piccadilly, $110

What Mr. Van Zandt holds out as a great promise, however, is mass air transportation internationally. When the time comes when a three-cent-a-mile passenger fare is available, the horizons will broaden greatly. The fare from New York to London would be $110, with a round-trip fare of $200. Travel experts believe they could keep the air lines busy with filled airplanes with such low fares. From Chicago to Edinburgh, Scotland, and return the fare would be $200, while a round trip to Santiago, Chile, could be negotiated for $287 with a saving in travel time of an entire month.

Mass travel by air at low rates does have unlimited opportunities. In a two-week vacation the average person will be able to see almost any part of the world and spend less time traveling than if he went to California from New York by train.

Would you buy a ticket to Baghdad if the round-trip fare was $347 and if the one-way travel time was only thirty-two hours? Or to Rome with a round-trip fare of $260 and a travel time of twenty-four hours? Count up your expenses on your prewar vacation trips, and you'll discover that after the war you can go to other continents in two or three weeks on the same amount you spent in this country. Not that the United States won't continue to have the finest scenery and resorts in the world, but just in case you want to see places you've read about and never expected to see.

What Bombs Have Done to Germany

Much that has happened in Europe during 1944 will not be satisfactorily explained until the war is over. Early optimism of some Army Air Force officials, and of many aviation writers, to the effect that an industrial nation such as Germany could be bombed to defeat, has had to be tempered because of the German ability to hold on and to stage a midwinter offensive of considerable strength.

It is likewise true that more than one aviation expert missed his guess as to how great a tonnage of bombs it would take to break Germany. It wasn't so long ago that airmen were predicting that bombs would be dropped on Germany at the rate of 200,000 tons a year. Such a total, it was thought, would devastate most German cities and cripple the country's war effort.

But the record is much more than 200,000 tons a year. In three years of war our own Army Air Forces alone dropped 1,202,139 tons of bombs on enemy targets, of which 85 per cent was dropped on European objectives. The Royal Air Force unloaded a considerable tonnage also. Yet Germany was not bombed to defeat in 1944.

When the war comes to a close, Germany's principal manufacturing cities will be found to be severely damaged. Aerial photographs have been taken in great volume, and the evidence is rather conclusive that vast destruction has been wrought. But Germany has many industrial centers and a tremendous amount of bombing is necessary to devastate an industrial community into complete disuse.

The advantage that Germany has had is this: When the tide of war began to turn against her, the Allies did not have sufficient bomber strength to do the all-out job that might have been decisive. If in 1942 we could have thrown into the German industrial nation the tonnage we dropped in 1944, Germany's war effort would have been more severely injured than it has been to date. But in 1942 the R. A. F. was able to bomb only at night, and our own efforts were very feeble. Our tonnage for 1942 was insignificant. Germany knew the bombings would increase and had time to decentralize her factories and go underground as much as possible. She had time to prepare.

Experienced airmen know, however, that air power has been of inestimable value regardless of Germany's recuperative powers and her ability to hold on. A factory destroyed is a factory out of commission. Only careful analysis when war ends will tell the real story of what the bomber has done to Germany. And airmen well know that we were slow in gathering strength for the heavy blows. In the spring of 1942 even priorities for material with which to build airplanes were below priorities for trucks and tanks. The aircraft program was a long time developing.

Here's the A.A.F.'s High Score

The A. A. F. record for the first three years of war is impressive, especially when one considers that all of 1942 represented a very weak effort in the combat areas.

We have destroyed a total of 22,894 aircraft, probably destroyed 5,986, and damaged 8,068. By prewar standards, this is a lot of airplanes. By prewar Axis construction standards, the enemy has lost terrifically. We lost 8,279 in all theaters in aerial combat, 4,942 to antiaircraft fire, and 270 on the ground due to enemy air action. Our losses have been relatively heavy, yet our air power has been on the offensive throughout and the advantages have been chiefly with the enemy. Everything considered, the loss ratio is not at all unfavorable.

Particularly impressive is the number of sorties during the first three years of war. The total of 1,500,000 was reached on November 18. That means that a million and a half single missions were made—a lot of operations. And virtually every one of these missions was made outside the continental United States from fields which we had to build and supply.

A. A. F. air combat crew personnel suffered approximately 86,580 battle casualties, including dead, wounded, missing, prisoners of war, and sick, between December 7, 1941, and October 31, 1944.

"What do you mean . . . *EX*-service man?"

THE sergeant grinned as he slipped me my mustering out orders:

"Well, where do you go from here, EX-service man?"

"Kindly omit the 'EX'," I said "I was a service man long before I got into this man's army, a Texaco Service man, and I'll be one again when I get home."

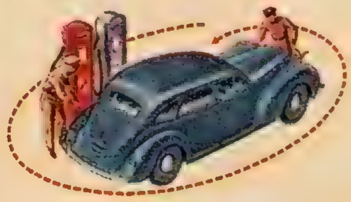
As a Texaco Dealer, I'll have something the motorist can't get anywhere else — a swell line-up of special service features. My business will grow, just as it did before the war, because people *like* Texaco's Registered Rest Rooms, Circle Service and all the others.

"Drive into my station some time, Sarge, and see what a real service man can do for your car!"

THE TEXAS COMPANY

A great postwar line-up

Registered Rest Rooms—Inspected, registered, really clean!



Circle Service—Quick, systematic service all 'round the car!

FIRE-CHIEF GASOLINE

Fire-Chief Gasoline—Wartime research will make it better than ever!

Sky Chief

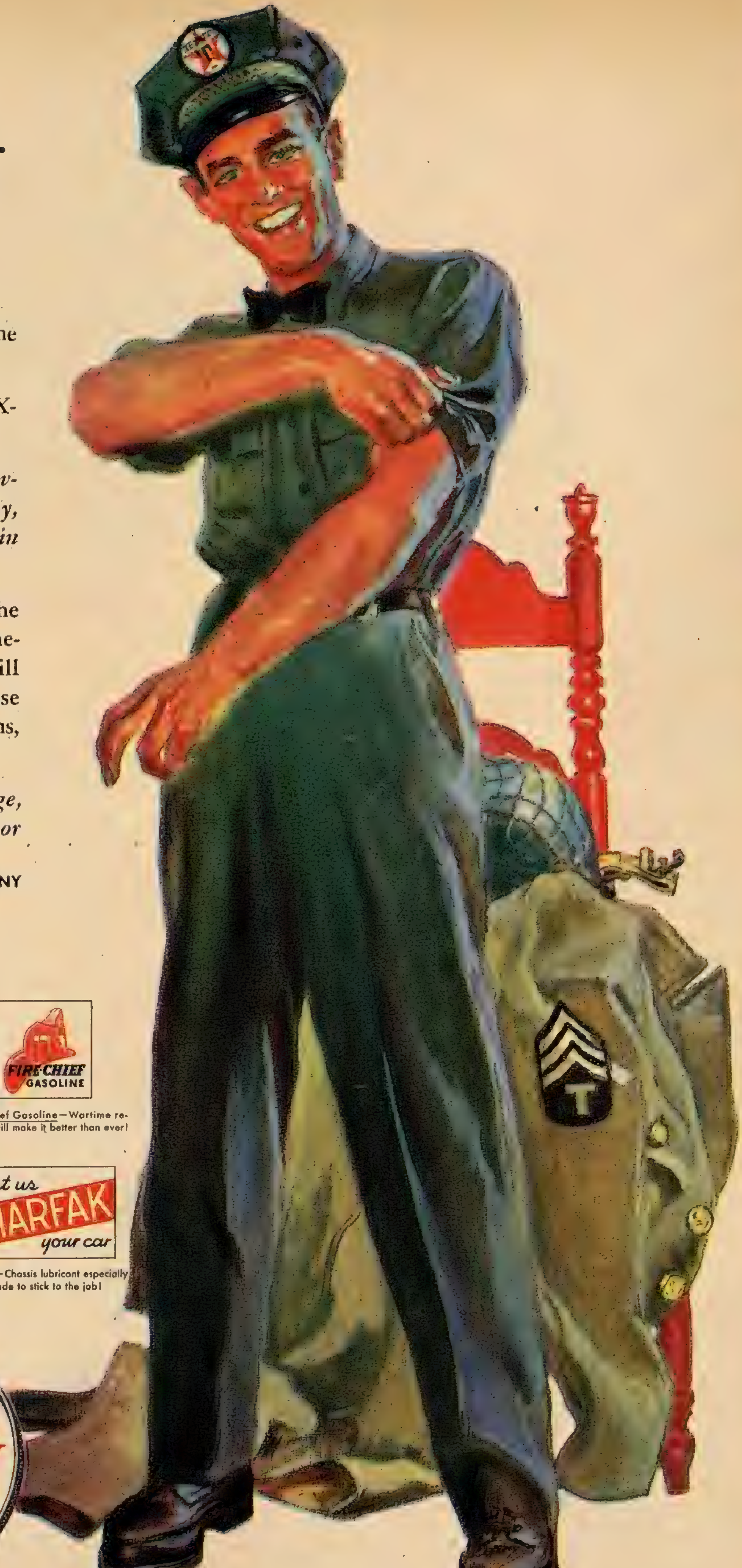
Sky Chief Gasoline—For those who want the finest for post-war driving!

HAVOLINE
TEXACO MOTOR OIL

Insulated Havoline and Insulated Texaco Motor Oils

Let us MARFAK your car

Marfak—Chassis lubricant especially made to stick to the job!



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REG. T. M.

TUNE IN . . . Texaco Star Theatre every Sunday night starring James Melton. Complete Metropolitan Opera broadcasts every Saturday afternoon. See newspapers for time and stations.

You're welcome at

TEXACO DEALERS

STALIN SAYS: Buy American!

The U. S. S. R., where there are shortages of practically everything, can become our biggest and best postwar market—but it won't come about automatically

BY
HARRISON SALISBURY

PHOTO FROM SOVFOTO

Russia's needs after the war will be prodigious. She will import a huge quantity of goods and machinery to restore her economy. She hopes to buy much of it from us.

BEFORE I went to Moscow about a year ago, I cabled a newspaper friend asking him what supplies I should bring. He sent me a long list—food concentrates, vitamin pills, cigarettes, any medicines I might need, heavy underwear, wool socks and shirts, and toilet paper.

"Bring a lot of toilet paper," he advised. "Bring enough for the other correspondents, too."

At Teheran I asked an American engineer who had just come down from Moscow what the situation was.

"Your friend is right," he said. "You won't find any in your hotel. The only way I got along was to raid the embassy bathrooms whenever I was invited out for dinner."

So I arrived in Moscow with two full cases of toilet tissue; but meanwhile the American military mission had come to the rescue and was giving each correspondent a roll a month. And the Russians themselves had little interest in what for most of them was only a bourgeois affectation. It looked as though I had carried two cases of coals to Newcastle.

Some time later I visited one of the central Moscow markets with a Russian friend. Amid the bustling crowds I saw several peasant women with stacks of old newspapers under their arms.

"They sell those old papers for three rubles (about twenty-five cents) apiece," my friend explained. "People cut them up and use them to roll cigarettes."

I had a bright idea. Would my toilet paper be good for cigarettes? My friend beamed. Perfect. In fact, he ventured, I could easily become a millionaire if I offered my wares, a sheet at a time, on the open market.

While I declined the opportunity to profiteer at the expense of Soviet shortages, I do have a good many Russian friends who are still happily rolling cigarettes with something a little less acrid than Pravda or Izvestia.

That illustrates one out of thousands of Russia's shortages—shortages of everything from cigarette papers to steel mills.

In Samarkand, deep in central Asia, the provincial vice-commissar told me about his local problems. Before the war he had started a big project to bring another 225,000 acres under cultivation.

"We've got the dams practically built," he said. "The concrete is poured and the irrigation canals are dug. But we need three big turbines—one for each dam. The Leningrad electrical *combinat* was going to provide them, but the war put that plant out of production. The only place we can get them is America, and the sooner we get them the better."

I asked a realistic official in the Russian foreign trade department what he thought about the postwar market for American goods.

"Frankly," he said, "no one can estimate it. You've traveled in our country. You can see that we need everything—drills, presses, dynamos, switches, even bolts and screws. We want to buy them in America. We expect to. But it all depends on Moscow—Moscow must decide where we buy, and what. It is very complicated, involving what we sell, where we sell it, and what kind of terms we get."

Out in the Urals, in Russia's arsenal, I met a factory manager busy with plans for reconverting his tank factory to postwar production. He wanted to know how he could get from the United States an exhibit of American gadgets, orange-juice squeezers, can openers, electric irons, vacuum cleaners, cookie tins, shoe horns.

"I don't even know the names of all the things you make," he said. "Most of them are articles we have never even seen. But after the war we want to make them, and if you could send us a typical exhibit we could start making our plans."

The ordinary Russian housewife doesn't have as many gadgets and conveniences as your grandmother did. Even in the best Moscow hotels there are neither electric sweepers nor old-fashioned carpet sweepers—not even long-handled brooms. The rugs are swept by bent-over women with little bunches of twigs. Women or young boys laboriously push rags back and forth with their feet to give the floors a polish, and they scrub on hands and knees with a bucket, a rag, and a scrub brush. Moscow's pride and joy is the fine subway system with its marble and gilt stations. They are kept spick and span by brigades of women with rags and buckets and elbow grease.

In northern American cities we have machines that will clear a blizzard's snowfall from the streets in a few hours. In Moscow it snows from November to April, but the streets are kept clear by women, girls, and old men who chop and shovel from dawn to midnight.

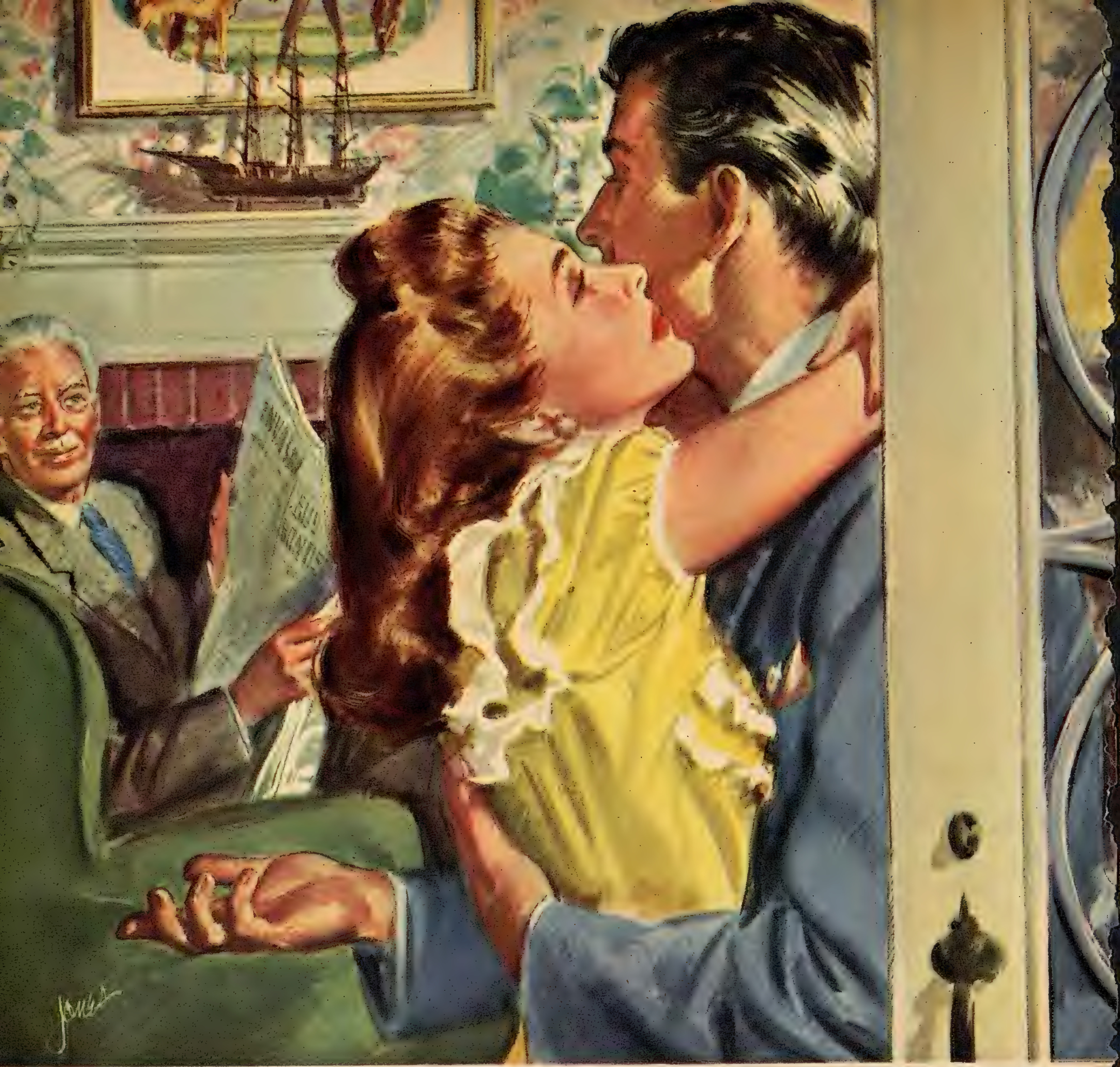
An electrical sewing machine is as rare in Russia as ice-cream sodas in Tibet. What few phonographs you see are the old crank-winding kind. I never saw a piano which hadn't been imported before the Revolution. In most Moscow apartments the most complicated mechanical apparatus is a clock or an electric hot plate. Sometimes you do see an old-fashioned coffee grinder.

These are not wartime shortages. Russia has never had such things. But she hopes to get them now.

Naturally, the war has made everything scarce in Russia, what with wholesale destruction and wholesale mobilization for war. Old bottles bring twenty rubles—about $1.50—in the Moscow market. A spool of good thread costs nearly $5. A pair of good secondhand shoes from $80 to $150. Ordinary ten-cent-store drinking glasses cost $4 or $5, and a decent enamel saucepan can hardly be found at less than $12 or $15.

Does this mean that, once the war ends, American manufacturers can start shipping into Russia unlimited quantities of everything from ships to sealing wax?

(*Continued on page 60*)



"I know it's awfully sudden, sir, but that's the way it is," you said.

I Could

BILL darling:—I still haven't had time to have my picture taken for you, but I'm sending you separately today two group pictures. One is the graduating class of '44 at Miss Merrill's, and that is me, Alison Howland, third from the left, looking as if butter wouldn't melt in my mouth. Only three months ago, and oh, Bill, what a silly girl I was! (It was a whole week before I met you, of course.) Mother had finally given in and let me have the eyelet-embroidery organza that was a gift at sixty-nine dollars, and Father had grudgingly come through with the bracelet watch I'd picked out for his graduation present. Grandfather sent me my grandmother's pearls, and I had the letter from the Blue Barn Theater accepting me as a member of the summer-company school, which accounts for some of the simper in that picture.

Oddly enough, I'm also third from the left in the picture of our company here, but isn't the difference startling? It's like a pair of those Before and After numbers.

Darling, do you realize how many things we've never had time to tell one another? Everything happened so fast, didn't it?

Graduation was May 25, and I went home with my parents expecting to stay until the theater opened. Lord, it was grim! The town seemed deserted to me. Every boy I'd grown up with was either in the service or going to summer school. Even the older men in their thirties were thinned out, and my father, who was in the first war, long before I was born, was in a perpetual stew because they wouldn't let him be in this one. The Blue Barn didn't open until July 1, and I was wondering how I could endure life for a whole month when Grandfather telephoned from Vermont and asked me to visit him.

Did I ever tell you that before I met you I used to worry for fear I had a

Grandfather complex? I saw myself growing old and gray and never marrying because I never possibly could meet a man who'd be able to stand up to Thomas Avery Howland. You'll admit yourself that he's pretty special in the way of sophisticated charm and wit. And nobody but Grandfather can do such things with a monocle.

I had some shopping to do in Boston, so I decided to stay overnight at a hotel and take the morning train for Vermont. Boston was full of uniforms and the hotel where I stayed looked like an army post. I'll never forget being waked up in the morning by hearing soldiers drilling outside my window on the Common. I peeked out and it took me a minute to realize that they weren't soldiers at all. They were WACs, and they were about-facing and turning corners and standing at attention like a bunch of Tilly Losch dancers, with their officers barking out orders. I shuddered and crawled back into bed.

North Station was jammed with servicemen, and I began to feel like Rip Van Winkle. I don't mean I hadn't known there was a war, but I hadn't known there was so much of it. School's a funny place. It's like love—while you're in it you don't really see much of anything else.

I memorized the whole part of Bridget, in Shadow and Substance, between Boston and Vermont. Not that I really expected to be given leads this summer, but hopefully, just in case the star should break her leg or something. Then the train pulled up beside that little mud-colored station, and there were you and Grandfather—only I didn't know it was you, of course. I was all eyes for my grandparent, and he was a rewarding sight in that wonderful baggy tweed jacket that makes him look like an English lord, with the sun glittering on his monocle. Honestly, Bill, what a figure! My father winces every time he sees Grandfather's waistline.

WHEN I finished hugging him he said, "Alison, may I present William Howland?" and I had my first look at you.

I said, "The name is familiar." Remember? It's the honest truth that the hand I held out was already shaking a little.

Grandfather said, "Bill is perhaps a thirty-second cousin of yours."

You were looking at me, and all at once your eyes crinkled. "Is that what they call a kissing cousin in the South, sir?" you asked.

Grandfather's eyebrows did a little dance, and you kissed me. I don't know about you, Bill, but I was gone then. No rehearsal. No preliminaries. The curtain just rose on the main bout.

When we got into the old Franklin and you slid behind the wheel, I was dizzy with curiosity, and feverish. Who were you and where had Grandfather found you? You came into the house with us carrying my bag and vanity case just as if you lived there—and of course you did.

Remember the cocktails before dinner, with me trying to be sophisticated and pretend that I liked them? Grandfather said, "To the American Bernhardt," and you came back with, "To the Vermont Duse." I said, "Thank you, gentlemen," and when you asked Grandfather, "When is it that we drink the champagne from her slipper, sir?" I adored you. He said, "That comes later, Bill. She has to have broken a few hearts, driven men to drink and destruction—" and then he looked at me and asked, very formally, "Is your cocktail dry enough, my dear?"

You were laughing at me because I'd made a face and then taken the darn thing at one gulp, and I didn't like your laughing at me. The two of you ragged me considerably that first evening, if you recall it, Mr. Howland.

You said, "Perhaps La Flamme prefers a cigar," when I refused the cigarette he offered me and I was really pretty annoyed. You knew it too.

I said, "You're not old enough to tease me all the time." Then I was struck with a sudden realization. I said, "I knew you looked different from other men, but I've just understood why. You're not in uniform!"

Bill, it was simply awful to watch all the laughter and gaiety drain out of your face. You looked as if I'd hit you. You said, "That's right," in a sort of thin flat voice, and I tell you, I wanted to die. I didn't know quite what I'd done, but I wished I hadn't done it.

Grandfather said, "Why don't you start the phonograph, Bill? I think the Shostakovich is on."

We sat and listened to the symphony. Halfway through it I looked at Grandfather and he was sitting awfully still, with his eyes closed. He had turned off the lamp beside his chair and the firelight made smudgy shadows on his face, and it was the first time he had ever looked anywhere near seventy-four years old to me. It was like a little stab in my heart, and I looked across at you, and I tell you, I couldn't bear it.

"It's a magnificent thing," Grandfather said when it was over.

You said, "They're a magnificent people," and can you believe it, I didn't know what you were talking about. I honestly think that Russians to me, then, just meant the Russian Art Theater and the Ballet. You asked if he minded if you got the news on the radio.

I had the oddest feeling that everything, including the war, was my fault. We'd all been so gay and now we were so glum. You went right up to bed after the broadcast ended, and I asked Grandfather about you.

HE told me everything he knew, about the fire at school and how you'd been a hero. I don't suppose either of us would know it yet if we'd had to wait for you to tell it. Somebody named Barnes, who was a teacher there, had told him how you carried those ten little boys out the window and down over a steep roof from their dorm, and how at the last minute a beam caved in and you were in a cast for three years. You're too darn modest, Bill Howland. It was a wonderful thing to do.

I said so to Grandfather, and he said, "Bill's a pretty wonderful young man, Alison. I find it a great pleasure and comfort to have him with me now."

I'm not being very coy or pulling any punches about how fast I fell in love with you, am I? Grandfather gave me one of his most sardonic looks when I asked, "Is he really my cousin?" After all, Bill, a girl has to consider her future.

"Not close enough to bother about," he answered, and I beamed. We understood each other. So then he told me how you'd come to work in the airplane factory, and how he'd liked you so much right off that he'd asked you to come and live with him.

"I suppose it's hard for him not to be in the war," I murmured, like the dope I was then.

"It is very hard," Grandfather told me. "It is even hard for me, Alison."

Bill, do you know I actually started to smile? It had seemed quaint enough to me that my father, who's almost fifty, was trying so hard to get into it, and for my grandfather to feel the same thing—

I don't believe I was very bright for my age. What did you see in me, anyway?

The next day, as you probably remember, was Memorial Day, but you had to work just the same, so Grandfather and I went out together to see the parade. I was all set to be—oh, touched, perhaps, but amused and sophisticated about it. We walked down to the Green, and out of a population of four hundred I bet half of them stopped and talked to Grandfather. The thing that stunned me was how he seemed to know everything about everybody. "Have you heard from Henry?" he'd ask. "Has Jim gone across yet?" "I hear Pete's got his wings." And so forth. I was baffled.

Almost everyone in town was gathered on the Green when we got there, all the school children in white dresses and sailor suits, holding American flags, and some soldiers and the State Guard with guns, and Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts. Then the soldiers lined up and shot off their guns, and a Boy Scout blew taps on his bugle, and all at once, from behind the red house that used to be a tavern in Washington's day, another bugle answered like an echo, very thin and trembly in the hot sunshine, and I burst into tears.

Bill, I was never so surprised in my life. The school band played a march, and

(*Continued on page 76*)

Not Love Thee, Dear...

BY PHYLLIS DUGANNE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN JONES

There's patriotic feeling and a lot of tender romance in this story of an old family whose proud name had always been on the town honor roll and always would be

"TIGER JACK'S" SPEARHEADS

BY WES GALLAGHER

"GENERAL PATTON'S armored spearheads ripped . . ."

Week after week last summer that phrase dotted the news stories of the American Third Army's unprecedented race across France. The lifting of security wraps now makes it possible to introduce you to Lieutenant General George Patton's prize "armored spearheads."

That is, if you can catch up with one. At the height of the summer campaign it was worth your life to do so—particularly with Major General John S. "Tiger Jack" Wood's crack Fourth Armored Division.

From July 26, when the Fourth jumped off from Cherbourg peninsula, until late September, when it breached the German line on the Moselle River, it operated virtually continuously behind the German lines. And when the Germans launched their big counteroffensive in December, tanks of the Fourth rumbled to the relief of the American forces holding the besieged communications center of Bastogne.

During the summer campaign, the Fourth at times was as far as seventy-five miles ahead of the bulk of the Third Army moving in its wake. Supplies had to be brought up in tank-guarded convoys.

Correspondents could catch up with the Fourth's combat commands with one of these convoys or could take their chances in sixty-mile-an-hour jeep dashes through German-sprinkled territory.

The roads behind Tiger Jack's clanking hard-boiled armored family were usually considered unsafe for "thin-skinned" vehicles, which means anything less armored than a light tank. And the Lord knows nothing is more thin-skinned than a jeep, unless it's a correspondent.

Most of Wood's thousands of soldiers from American farms and fields act as though they themselves were armor-plated—especially Wood. When mine fields halted his tank columns just outside of Coutances in the dash down the Cherbourg peninsula toward Brittany, Wood suddenly appeared at the head of his columns clad immaculately, as always, in polished boots, riding pants, a trim jacket, and sun glasses, which he wears rain or shine.

Wood marched into the town on foot under fire, captured a German soldier and found a patch through the mine fields. He picked his way through the town on foot, sending back a message for his tanks to follow him. The columns never stopped again until they ran out of gasoline six weeks later at the Moselle. The general was later awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for his bravery at Coutances.

Burly and as athletic at fifty-six as he was when he played end for the University of Arkansas and the Military Academy just before the last war, Wood is one general who looks the part. Eternally restless, he paces ceaselessly back and forth, even finding it difficult to sit still long enough to eat his meals. When he does stand still it is with feet wide apart, hands on hips, in an attitude that dares anyone to start something.

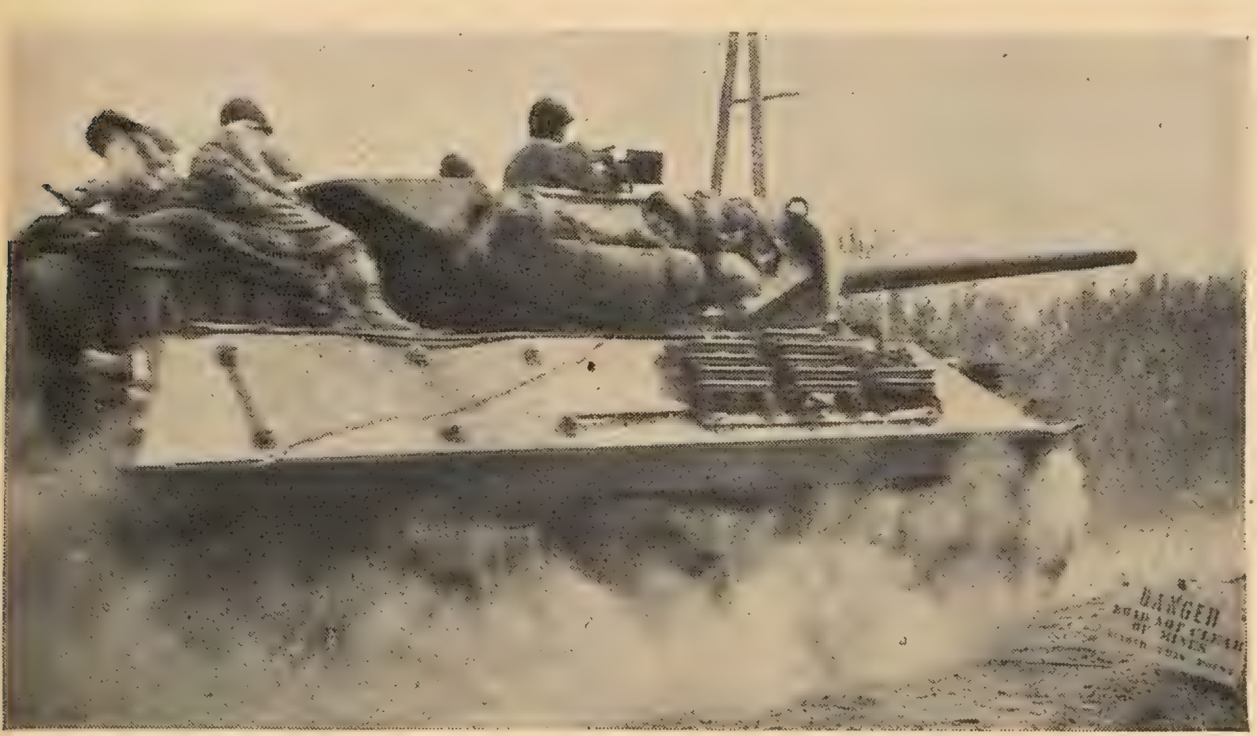
Wood is a long-time crony of the rough, tough Third Army's pistol-packing commander, and is one of the few subordinate generals who are not intimidated by Patton's roars of disapproval. When Patton roars, Wood roars right back at him. The pacing and roaring prompted one of the division's Cub observation pilots to pin the nickname "Tiger Jack" on him last summer, and it shows signs of sticking.

Wood lives in the field with his division and refuses to move out of his tent—and the mud—until his men can do likewise. That means he will be in a tent for the rest of the war. His restlessness and tremendous pride in the division send him on daylight-to-dark visits to every unit, and every man in the division feels Tiger Jack knows him personally.

The best description of Wood comes from an officer in the division who, for the sake of his personal safety, must remain nameless. "The general is a sort of Army edition of Clarence Day's father in Life with Father," he says.

In peacetime Wood used to work out his surplus energy on the tennis and squash courts, running his officers ragged, until he got the Palm Springs, California, tennis professional, Lieutenant Lewis Wetherell, as his aide. Wetherell can beat him at tennis, but Wood is tops in squash.

In daring ways of their own, the men of General Wood's Fourth Armored Division "attack, attack, and then attack again." Here is the meaning behind the words, "Armored spearheads ripped . . ."



Speed, surprise, and ingenuity are important weapons in the hands of men of the Fourth Armored Division, one of General Patton's "armored spearheads."

In battle, the Fourth's commander either flies over the area in a Cub plane as a passenger for a personal look, or grabs his field radio and indulges in a play-by-play direction of the fighting with his field commanders.

No order in the Fourth Armored Division is ever written. Wood gives orders to his field commanders verbally and in person, to make sure they are understood. His commanders do likewise.

The 800-mile drive through the heart of France conducted by the Fourth Armored Division, a masterpiece of strategy, was conducted on such a verbal and personal basis. Wood trained his division to work as a family. He mixed units until every commander was able to recognize another's voice over the field radio. That did away with confusing code names.

To understand the magnitude of the task of operating such an armored force, visualize a fair-sized small American town suddenly put in steel houses and trucks and zigzagged from New York to Chicago over strange highways so as to cover 1,900 miles—the mileage rolled up by some of the Fourth Armored's tanks in the fighting from July to September.

Visualize the problem of bringing up some thousands of tons of supplies weekly to feed and maintain this traveling steel village, not to mention the vast amounts of gasoline necessary to keep it rolling. In one day's advance last summer, the steel monsters consumed 700 gallons of fuel for each mile gained.

Then visualize traveling hospitals, repair shops, kitchens, and a complete telephone and radio system linking all the various units into a co-ordinated whole.

An armored division does not travel as one strung-out column. Usually it is broken into combat commands known as CCA, CCB, etc. The composition of the combat commands changes from task to task. One day CCA might be composed of a battalion of tanks and motorized infantry backed by other attached units, such as combat engineers to build bridges, its own antiaircraft units, tank destroyers, artillery, and its own scouting force of Cub planes and reconnaissance squadrons of armored cars and jeeps. The next day it might be changed to double the number of tanks, half the infantry, and half the attached units, depending on the objective.

The combat commands usually advance in parallel columns, with the tanks in the middle and the infantry on the sides, or vice versa, until opposition is met. Radio and Cub planes link the commands with Wood's headquarters, which is usually close behind the most advanced command. Each command is self-sustaining for limited periods. At times the commands of the Fourth have been engaged on separate tasks hundreds of miles apart, but usually they are fairly close together so as to be elf-supporting.

After you have started this vast mass of material moving on a strange road system, so co-ordinated as to arrive at a given spot at a given time, you have the task of maintaining its complicated mechanism day after day against a hostile force seeking to smash and disrupt it.

That, very roughly, is the problem of fighting the Fourth Armored Division, or any American armored division, for that matter. It is a problem which Tiger Jack's division solved with a perfection that has been unsurpassed in any battle during this war. No German Panzer division that smashed through Poland in 1939 or France in 1940 or Russia in 1941 accomplished as much in so short a period.

AN armored division does not have the room or facilities to take prisoners. Its mission is to cut up the enemy forces and destroy their communications, leaving isolated pockets behind to be mopped up by the infantry division. But the Fourth Armored in two months' fighting across France, from the last of July to October, captured more than 15,000 prisoners, killed 5,000 more Germans, destroyed 317 tanks, 150 large artillery pieces, and 1,500 other German vehicles. During this period the Fourth met and defeated elements of eighteen German divisions and brigades.

An armored division is designed to destroy the fighting power of an enemy and not particularly to capture territory. But consider what the Fourth did in accomplishing its mission. It swept down the Cherbourg peninsula on the right flank of the Third Army, captured Coutances, and raced down the coast to Avranches, where it took vital bridges and dams in an area where the Germans could have held up the American advance for many days if they had had time to blow them. From Avranches, the Fourth drove straight across Brittany, cutting off this great peninsula with its vital harbors by capturing Nantes and Vannes. As a by-product, the division contained the German U-boat base of Lorient.

Then it turned north in a great right hook while still on the right flank of the Third Army. It had the dual job of smashing the enemy before it and at the same time protecting the Army's exposed flank in central France. This was one of the most difficult assignments of the war.

Orléans, Sens, Troyes, St. Dizier, and Commercy fell in rapid succession to the division's highly-developed shock attacks. The Fourth pushed on to cross the Moselle River and encircle Nancy, forcing the Germans to withdraw from the city which for centuries has been the key to northern France. During the advance, crossings were forced on the Loire, Seine, Marne, Meuse, and Meurthe rivers.

Once halted north of Nancy, and only by lack of supplies, Tiger Jack's ironclad family proved it could fight as well on the defensive as on the offensive when it repelled the heaviest German tank counterattacks of the campaign, destroying more than 200 German tanks in fifteen days of fighting from September into October.

So much for the cold statistics on Patton's number one "spearhead."

The Fourth's energetic commander is not the only individualist in the division. It is full of happy extroverts, and all seem

(Continued on page 62)

Major General John S. "Tiger Jack" Wood. "When he does stand still it is with feet wide apart, hands on hips, in an attitude that dares anyone to start something."

The Man Called Lulu

BY RICHARD G. HUBLER

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

Our friend Retenu, the old marine sergeant, has another tale to tell—one of tender pathos and an abiding hate that spurred a man to deeds of valor

"TAKE women," said Retenu. "It is good to see them, to make love to them and—in extreme cases—to marry them, but I sometimes feel it is best of all merely to think about them."

He was sitting at sunset atop Bibolo Hill, the little roundtop just off the Munda airfield that had cost hundreds of marines and soldiers to win. The sea darkened beyond.

Retenu, the inevitable cigarette in his mouth, did not look at his audience of perhaps a dozen. As the oldest marine sergeant, he liked to talk about what he knew.

"Women can only come to the men who want them by imagination—and they are never so lovely in the flesh as they are in the thought. I am a little old and I regard women as a confirmed bachelor regards husbands; with a great deal of interest and some pity. But I do not desire them.

"Men like to talk about women much more and much longer than about war or money or power," he went on thoughtfully. "It may be the saving of the man, as in the case of Lu Wong."

He paused on the name. The sun, a red ball behind a veil of rain squalls far to the west, just touched the horizon.

"None of you knew Lulu. He was the only Chinese marine that I recall. His hair was black and straight and his temper was a fine and equable thing. Lulu was always willing to do more than his job.

"We came through the push from Viru and Wickham Anchorage together—it seemed as if it would never end, but it did—and I learned patience from it all. Lulu had no need to learn it. He came, he said, from a race where patience had been a major virtue for thousands of years.

"LULU was a member of a heavy-machine-gun squad. That is the most exhausting job of all on the trail, but Lulu never complained. And just at sunset—when the machine gun was set up and housed for the night, when he was ready to get into his foxhole—he would take a little brush and a bottle of India ink from his pocket and a notebook from his hip. He would make a few strokes in the notebook and put it away."

Retenu shook an ash from his cigarette and inhaled. "I asked him what it was, and he said it was a letter to his sweetheart. He translated a little of it for me.

"Her form (he said in his singsong reading voice there in the growing darkness of the jungle) was like a willow, her eyes like the well-shaped apricot, her eyebrows like the crescent moon, her fingers like the bamboo shoots in spring. Her hair was like the plume of a raven, the light in her face like moonlight on an autumn lake, and her name was Mei.

"I asked him how he had met her. Lulu said that he had first seen her little red lacquer shoes under a screen when he was talking to her father. He went on and described the whole courtship: he had seen her face for a moment that spring, framed among plum blossoms; she had stood on the porch of her family's house with her face in the last rays of the sun; they had looked at each other at a lantern festival that month—she shyly and he only a little less shyly; he had played the *ch'n*, like a guitar, under her window.

"They were sweethearts at last. But on the day there were to be official announcements, the Japanese marched into Shanghai. Mei and her family set out for the inner lands of China. Lulu, in a flame of patriotism and resistance, fled in the other direction. The Japanese followed his trail as though he were the personal enemy of their ambitions—down through the Philippines, through the Netherland Indies, finally stopping while he went on to the United States and somehow got into the Marines."

Retenu stopped. The sun was gone and the light was growing dim and glorious.

"Creeping through the jungle against Munda, Lulu felt he was on his way back to China and Mei. Each step he took was another on his pilgrimage back to her. He had not heard from her since the day he left, but he dreamed of her face at night and wrote little poems to her beauty.

"At last we took the air strip after weeks of bloody fighting. This hill, Bibolo Hill, was the final objective.

"It was bitter and maddening—those last few yards—going forward foot by foot with grenade and TNT blocks wrapped with ten-penny spikes, with flame throwers and machine guns. Once in a while we could hear the Japanese jabbering among themselves on the hill.

"Lulu knew a little Japanese and would serve as an interpreter for the captain when one or two of the enemy were captured. Sometimes, in the short periods of quiet, he would overhear a bit of information which was invaluable."

The night breeze picked up. Retenu snapped his cigarette down the hill and fumbled in his pack for another.

"Lulu listened to the Japanese and reported at intervals. A few minutes later orders would be passed along to move the way he had advised.

"That night our sector was comparatively quiet. Lulu crawled beyond our lines, just within the extreme range of a long grenade throw. There he dug in and kept his ears open. He was very near the entrance to the main dugout of the enemy. It could not be touched by bombs or shelling. Only frontal assault could take it.

"Suddenly there was a shout. It was Lulu. We saw him scramble up and jump toward the mouth of the tunnel. We followed and swept toward the cave, crouching, shooting. We had had no orders. Lulu was firing directly into it as he ran. I saw a black oval ball fly out; Lulu caught it, cradled into his stomach like a football, and fell.

"I dropped at the same time. When you have seen a great many Japanese grenades you cannot fail to recognize them. But it is instinct which throws you on your belly.

"The grenade went off, of course. But we were already at the cave mouth, lighting fuses, tossing TNT inside until the steady series of explosions was like an earthquake.

"WE found Lulu after the cave had been neutralized. He was still alive. The grenade had been a plastic cone—its fragments, not as dangerous as those of steel, had reacted in the unpredictable way of explosions and had only shattered his left arm. The corpsman reached him in time—tourniquet, morphine, and plasma with powdered sulfa drugs was enough.

"I spoke to him just before he went under the pleasant fog of the drug. 'Why,' I said to him, 'why were you such a damned fool, Lulu?'

"He looked up at me. 'I thought I heard her name,' he said. 'One of those men in the cave was talking about a girl he had—had known in Shanghai. *Mei*, I thought he said.' Lulu's eyes closed and I thought he was sleeping, but he opened them again with difficulty. 'I might have been mistaken,' he added with the faintly apologetic courtesy he always had. 'It may be I acted for all lost sweethearts.' Then with a fierce burst of energy he half raised himself.

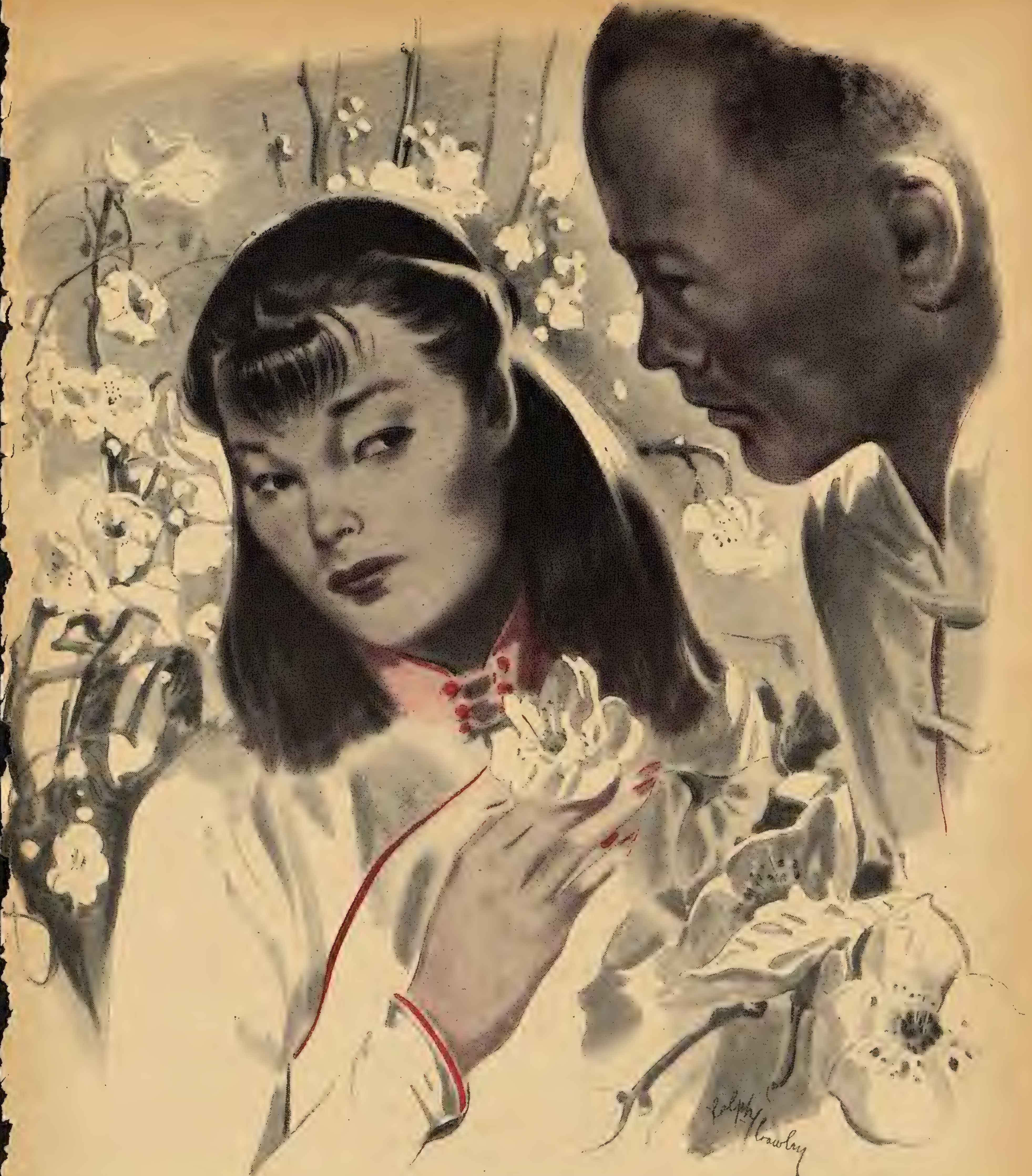
"'But I shall find out!' he said loudly. 'I shall find out!'

"I left him for my position. When I came back he had been taken to the rear, and I never saw him again. But I found his little black notebook. In it was only one thing I could understand, a single quatrain in English among columns of Chinese hieroglyphics:

"'The moon goes down the sleep road;
The same moon seen at home.
When shall I see home again—
The low house, the bamboo, my love?'"

The old sergeant smiled wryly.

"You are of the opinion that his dreaming of Mei sent him mad. So was I until yesterday. It was then that I changed my



He had seen her face that spring, framed among plum blossoms; they had looked at each other—she shyly and he only a little less shyly.

opinion. Perhaps dreams of women do more to win wars than we imagine."

Retenu flicked away his cigarette. "As a sergeant of long standing," he said obliquely, "I have certain privileges. Among them are talking to officers and seeing things perhaps I should not see. There was, for example, the other day, a report from Pacific headquarters. It concerned proposed landings on a new island to the west. Much farther west.

"It was, I was told, the work of a single spy. And, said the officer who told me, it was the work of a Chinese rumored to have but one arm, who moved among the Japanese as a servant, but who was in himself an army of destruction.

"The facts fitted. Between the taking of Munda and today would have been time enough for that little Chinese marine to come out of sick bay and back into action; to be trained and to be sent secretly overseas, landed on a sampan by plane in the night.

"But perhaps I have too much imagination. Perhaps what I was told and what I saw is too much of a coincidence to be believable. Yet, for my part, I should like to put the last word to my own belief: that the report from the island was merely a love letter—sent to Mei from her lover Lulu on his way back home."

THE END

RADIO WITHOUT SOAP

He kicks radio's limitations in the face and insists on giving you the best, whether it sells soap or not. At 34, Norman Corwin is the man who "drapes radio with long pants"

BY AIKEN WELCH

Norman Corwin here gets an idea, which might be one .

A HARD-SHELLED radio official tuned in on New York's experimental station WQXR one day in 1938, on his rounds to catch anything new on the air. The show he dialed was an obscure dramatic presentation, but it riveted his attention. He telephoned WQXR.

"Who's directing that show?" he inquired.

Norman Corwin.

"Never heard of him. Who cast it?"

Norman Corwin.

"Who read the prologue?'

Norman Corwin.

"Who wrote the confounded show?"

Norman Corwin.

"He's not a man. He's an industry!"

That was the first step toward Columbia Presents Corwin, an annual series of original half-hour plays presented on the CBS network, written, cast, directed, and produced by Norman Corwin.

Corwin at thirty-four is regarded as the Noel Coward of radio. Critic Carl Van Doren, emphasizing his pioneer quality, goes further and says that Corwin is to American radio what Marlowe was to the Elizabethan stage. The only author to have his name in the title of a big radio show, winner of more radio Oscars than anyone else in the field, he commands an audience that ranges from mere hundreds of thousands to millions.

Last November, Corwin put on one of radio's most revolutionary shows, a political program sponsored by the Democrats which bristled with new tricks in production. For the first time in radio, songs were integrated into a political program. Corwin says another innovation was "using little people as stars, and stars as little people." For example, when it came time to introduce President Roosevelt over the air, Corwin didn't give the lines to Humphrey Bogart, Judy Garland, Tallulah Bankhead, or any of the other stars on the show.

He gave the honor to a girl who had just become old enough to vote.

The election show drew an immense listening audience. But it didn't top the total of sixty million people who listened to We Hold These Truths, written for the 150th anniversary of the Bill of Rights and broadcast over four networks. True, the added attraction that gave Corwin the largest number of listeners a radio play has ever had was the address at the end by the President of the United States. But Crossley ratings show that Corwin is usually tuned in for his own sake.

We Hold These Truths is typical of Corwin's ear-minded method of producing a greatness of scene and showing our personal relation to it. From the streamlined blue-and-chromium studio, with no stage settings other than a few microphones, a talented and resourceful musician, and a few sound trappings, came the illusion of the thin-walled, echoing eighteenth-century Virginia Assembly.

Against a panorama of great events in the history of civil rights, individual farmers and blacksmiths were heard making up their minds to join in wresting from the reluctant lawyers and aristocrats the Bill of Rights. As each Article was taken up for ratification, a ghostly procession of men and peoples was heard and almost seen to go by. The clatter of muskets suggested Concord Bridge; Lincoln's rich grave voice, the Civil War; the scream of a woman might mean a medieval rack or a modern concentration camp.

Another big Corwin show has been on the fire since last August. It is a V for Victory Day program. Corwin has finished the script while leaving it fluid for changes. The script will be published by Simon and Schuster and, if all goes well, it will appear the day after the program goes on the air.

Though his work is his passion, Corwin is not at all the temperamental director. Throughout most rehearsals he is patient, even-tempered, and witty, dropping a wisecrack at a tense moment without moving a muscle of his face. He does, however, insist on strict attention. Sloppy reading and gossip while waiting for cues throw him off. "For heaven's sake, Joe," he'll trumpet, "stick to the script. Don't write your own lines."

But if Joe has really improved the passage, the artist Corwin takes over and accepts the change.

Corwin peers through the glass of the control room with the keen blue eyes of a New England fisherman. When he's not calling directions he slightly sucks his lower lip beneath his mustache. At the studio he is likely to have on a well-worn tan sack suit, a white shirt, a red-and-tan Paisley tie, and red garterless socks. Yet he somehow looks trim and tidy. His well-scrubbed Yankee face gives him the appearance of a boy who got dressed for a party and then fell to playing with his trains.

Most New England of all is his speech. His baritonish voice pronounces "market" to rhyme with "racket," and his flattened vowels twang like a Nantucket whaler's. He doesn't like his voice. When he hears one of his own recordings, the critic Corwin shudders, says, "I wouldn't take that from an actor."

To watch the bits and pieces at a Corwin rehearsal is to be quite certain that they will never fit into a finished performance. Sprawling in their chairs, the shirt-sleeved musicians try to understand what Corwin wants with his screwy yet wonderfully specific directions. The sound-effects men are put through their paces. "That's not a girl running to the phone," he'll say. "Without seeing you, I know you're stamping in one place. You sound like a man waiting to get into a public station."

Contrived and phony sound effects irritate him. In El Capitan and the Corporal, a pair of young lovers run about in confusion for a train. Corwin staged the scene with the nearest actual staircase. His actors ran as they would for a due train, talking into a microphone one of them carried. Other microphones were strategically placed at foot level below and above the stairs.

To the listener it was an unusually realistic station scene. To the radio professional it was a classic in the handling of microphones.

His musical directions written into the scripts drive his musicians mad—then on to the perfect score. *Music: A schmaltzy Rumanian combination playing a good five-cent tzigarnya.* Or, in another mood, *Music: Prelude; a statement of a five-note theme accented in the same way as the spoken name, "Czechoslovakia!" It is strong, as though you were declaring, "This is about the country of a great ally and we are much in earnest."*

Actors like to work with him. Veteran radio actress Minerva Pious says Corwin has a good understanding of actors' psychology. When a dress rehearsal goes too

behind this show which he is polishing with star Charles Laughton.

PHOTOS FROM CBS

Corwin signals from the director's room for a dramatic climax.

well, he always interrupts it, giving the actors a higher peak to aim for.

Charles Laughton, frankly a Corwin fan, says, "I believe it to be true that there is no actor on the stage, on the screen, or in radio who won't drop what he is doing to be in one of Norman Corwin's radio shows."

Most of author Corwin's plays read almost as well as they play. In theme, some are a judicious mixture of corn and social consciousness. He loves to parallel everyday affairs with cosmic ones; what happens to Alice in Peoria is translated on a larger scale to our nation on the planet Earth. Nor is it unusual for a heroine of Corwin's to interrupt a glowing love scene to remind her lover of the Spanish Republican cause and its relation to the present war.

UNTITLED, which is fast becoming the radio classic of the war years, is an example of his ability to combine the personally poignant with large, world-wide concerns. The story centers around an American boy, Hank Peters, who was killed in Italy. His family doctor, his teachers, his best girl, an editor to whom he once wrote an indignant letter, the Nazi who killed him, his pal, and his mother live through their memories, all vividly shown against a background of world events. "While you were going to the movies once a week," the narrator tells Hank's girl, "the Weimer Republic failed you. While you were fumbling on a sofa, a paperhanger laid waste your plans." The play culminates in a shock to the whole audience when Hank himself demands angrily from "his acre of now undisputed ground" that the right answer be given to his mother's question, "Why was my boy killed?"

Even those who disagree heartily with his views on life and politics admit that Corwin represents the future of radio. Puns, horseplay, earnest conversations on sociology, musical intervals, rhymed and blank verse are all grist to his mill. No mood or tone is untried by him. He has the longest reach of anyone in radio today.

But with all this, there's a large fly in his soup. "But Corwin is not commercial," goes the refrain. "You can't tie up his program with selling soap." And to many a radio director who gets several times as much as Corwin's $500 a week for yessing the sponsor, this is the higher criticism.

Corwin concedes that it gripes him. But it is not with the sponsors of so-called soap opera that he quarrels. He declares that he's perfectly willing to hitch an advertiser's car to his freight train. But his requirements are two: the advertising agency may send no representatives into the control room, and his material cannot be tampered with. When agency men realize he means it, they fade away.

So Corwin does not sell soap; but the Columbia Broadcasting System, not in business for its health, admits he sells radio.

A Corwin show requires attention. You can't listen and do your housework, bang doors, rustle newspapers, chat with your family. But after a few minutes of deliberate attention, chances are you'll shush anybody who comes into the room.

To Corwin, radio is a ripening medium whose possibilities are just beginning to trouble our sleep. That is why he often gives away, entirely without compensation, material asked for by radio stations he approves of, as he did recently to a noncommercial Australian network.

He has given gratis much time, energy, and work in the cause of democracy. He is a Jefferson-Lincoln-Whitman believer in democracy, he says, and it shows in most of his plays.

"Most of my liberal friends," says a colleague of Corwin's, "are so full of social theory that they beat their wives and cheat their friends. You know—everything for the masses, but nothing for their brothers and sisters. Norm isn't like that; he's just the opposite. He'll listen to your troubles and try to help you like a human being. I wish I had a nickel for every favor he's done for a nonentity in the eyes of the public. Who ever heard of John LaTouche and Earl Robinson until Norm picked their song out of a half-baked WPA show? Now it's the Ballad for Americans."

Corwin is a bachelor, but he is looking for someone to regulate his life and broaden his domestic streak. Now he writes and edits throughout the night, trails into the kitchen for cold cereal—when he doesn't forget to eat. There are bets on whether he'll ever marry, but the odds are in his favor, since he grew up in a happy home.

He was born in Winthrop, Massachusetts, in 1910, the third of four children. His father was a printer of copper engravings. His mother painted still life in oil before marriage, and afterward doodled Gibson girl profiles. Norman inherited his mother's talent for caricature, and will today expose your most shameful traits on a scratch-pad if you talk long enough. Very early he loved sound and learned to play the piano by ear.

WHEN he was still an infant his eavesdropping parents heard elaborate dialogues going on over Mrs. Corwin's sewing box, with buttons as actors. Outgrowing that, he used the buttons for a piece of astounding magic: he could make one disappear in his ear. One day he failed to retrieve the button and had to have the help of a surgeon.

He next dazzled his following with a self-illustrated literary masterpiece called The Adventures of John Ransford, a precursor of Superman, who, quite without the aid of Pershing or Foch, won World War I.

Between books and poems, worrying about his family took most of his energy. Once when his mother was late at market he organized a schoolboy posse which only her providential return prevented from becoming a country-wide woman hunt. He is still a worrier today.

At Winthrop High School his teachers encouraged his work in poetry and composition, for which he rewarded them by winning the prize in a state-wide short-story contest, and, as a final flourish, he wrote the Class Day exercises in rhyme

Then he bade farewell to school forever. To his family's pleas to consider college, he replied, "Nuts!" He knew where he was going . . . he hoped. He composed a letter, sent it to eighty-three Massachusetts newspaper editors, and sat back waiting for recognition. Many kind replies came, but only one, the Greenfield Recorder, offered a job.

So Norman at seventeen had the invaluable small-town experience of cover-

(*Continued on page 65*)

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Junk — here mostly starters and generators—comes back from the fighting fronts to the Army's reclamation center at Cressona, Pennsylvania.

How Ordnance handles a thousand tons of damaged war matériel a day, fixing it up like new and returning it to the fronts to fight again. It's your money that's being saved

BY A. D. RATHBONE, IV

JUNK GOES BACK TO WAR

It looked like plain junk, tons upon tons of rusted, battered-looking, useless stuff just ripe for the scrap heap. On the railroad siding was a carload of weather-beaten truck wheels and rims; inside the half-mile-long building, piled in great pyramids, were scores of boxes containing everything from jeep and half-track engines, in whole and in part, to rifles, bayonets, trench knives, helmets, watches, bazookas, parts of tanks, reconnaissance cars, trailers, gun carriers, and literally anything else you care to name among the thousands of items American soldiers use in fighting a war.

It was scrap gathered up after the fighting on beachheads of Normandy and the South Pacific, from battle grounds in France and Africa, on Tarawa and Guadalcanal, even from the Alaskan Highway, and shipped back to America.

But in the eyes of the Army's Ordnance department it wasn't junk at all. It was precious war matériel, much of it of a critical nature and hard to obtain. So valuable is it that three large reclamation depots have been established to counteract the shortage of certain equipment and spare parts by reclaiming as much as possible of the 1,000 tons that come daily to our shores from all the battle fronts. At Salt Lake City, Utah; Annison, Alabama; and the little town of Cressona, near Pottsville, Pennsylvania, this gigantic reclamation project is under way. The work to be performed represents a substantial saving to the government and appreciably diminishes the load on industry.

To look at that amazing pile of stuff at the Cressona Ordnance Depot, as an example of what is received at the depots, you would never believe that any of it ever would be fit for use again. Not all of it is, but, according to Major Howard P. Klair, commanding officer at Cressona, they salvage 95 per cent of all that comes through the receiving doors. With three officer assistants and a staff of thirteen civilians, Major Klair oversees the job being carried on by the firm of Day and Zimmerman, Inc., for the Ordnance Department.

Day and Zimmerman, on a cost plus fixed-fee basis contract, hires some 2,000 workers, all of whom have had from two to five weeks' special training by the Army to prepare them for the complicated business of identifying and processing between 400 and 500 tons a week of the most conglomerate mass of tools of warfare imaginable. Most of the work is done in an L-shaped building a half mile long. It was built at a cost of $25,000,000 by the federal government's Defense Plant Corporation and originally leased to the Aluminum Company of America.

When aluminum became more plentiful, the contract was abrogated. Meanwhile the Ordance Department reclamation program was getting under way, and the huge government-owned structure was exactly what was needed—fast! The Aluminum Company began moving its machinery out of one side of the building about October 1, while simultaneously the Ordnance Department and its contractor-operator, Day and Zimmerman, moved into the other. Classes in instruction were started immediately, and many men who had worked in the manufacture of aluminum continued right on with their new jobs with very little loss of time. The primary difference is that about 3,500 workers will be required on the Cressona portion of the reclamation project as compared with 1,500 needed to make aluminum.

From the first day the whole program was marked "Rush." Certain critical items such as transmissions, motors, heavy truck parts, and power trains—the entire assembly from the transmission to the wheels—were given priority over other items, and Ordnance sent one of its special traveling repair crews of twenty experts up from the Atlanta depot to speed the work on those larger and complicated parts, and at the same time to train local workers eventually to take their places. Within three weeks after the arrival of Major Klair and his staff, things were humming along. A good-sized trickle of matériel was coming in and going out, reprocessed and ready for another try at the battle fronts. But plant facilities still were far from sufficient to handle peak production.

Then, one morning, the major went out to take a look around. He found a seventy-three-car train of gondolas loaded with approximately four million pounds of salvable stuff. He shuddered involuntarily. It had to be unloaded or there'd be a little matter of demurrage—the extra premium you pay for keeping a loaded and valuable railroad freight car inactive too long on the siding. The Army frowns heavily on those who are responsible for payment of demurrage; it's an unnecessary expenditure of taxpayers' money. Yet, with a half-mile-long train to unload, there wasn't a crane on the premises, and lift trucks, dollies and other unloading and plant transportation equipment were scarcer than Heinies who like bazookas.

The major called a hurried council of the plant manager, George Vesselago; his assistant, Herbert Henderson; and George Heister, the operations expert. Heister remembered some chain hoists still in place in front of yet unremoved aluminum furnaces, and Henderson recalled seeing some spare steel beams lying in a corner. Twenty-four hours later there were three cranes in operation.

Meanwhile Major Klair had embarked on a scouting expedition, and he returned with a moderate number of lift trucks and other in-factory rolling stock. Where he found them and how he talked people out of them remain wartime "secrets," but they did get the gondolas unloaded in time, and the four million pounds started through the processing line.

An ordnance reclamation depot has two lines of operations—one for disassembly and another for assembly. Everything that isn't already a single piece by itself must be taken apart before it can be cleaned and rebuilt for war. Preliminary classification determines whether a box contains rear axles or what-nots, and their type and make. Sometimes a quickie cleaning must be resorted to in order to establish these facts, and sometimes one box contains hundreds of different items. That doesn't help matters any.

Then comes identification, in so far as it's possible. All combat items, such as pistols, rifles, knives, or other small arms, are sent to one area in the big building. The Cressona depot makes no repairs on these, but acts as a segregation center, sorting, identifying, and reshipping, usually to the Raritan Arsenal. All generators and generator parts go to another area; all engines and their parts to still a different section. Springs, carburetors, axles, transmissions, and so on, each have their respective departments where the newly-trained specialists, operating under guidance of an older hand, attempt identification.

To assist in this seemingly impossible task of naming thousands of different pieces, manuals and handbooks covering every make of American automotive equipment, all types of small arms, and all other items on the lengthy list of things that go to war were secured and a library was set up. To simplify things, all information on each item is being correlated into one book—a volume for carburetors, another for starters, etc. The mass of information is indexed and the books are placed on wheeled shelves so that they can be moved about the plant.

For cleaning, there are motor-driven wire brushes and buffers as well as hand-operated implements of all sizes and shapes. There is also a "washing machine" composed of four large buckets containing cleansing and rinsing solutions. Wire baskets filled with bearings or other small parts are dunked in the solutions.

But cleaning is merely one of the first jobs. Once the mud of France or the rust of the Pacific is removed, the inspectors have to find out what, if anything, is the matter with each item. Maybe a transmission was a spare in an overseas supply depot and rust is all that ails it. Again, a gear may have lost some teeth, or perhaps a bearing was burned. O. K., take it apart and find out. One thing the reclamation crews always can be sure of: there never is any information accompanying the returned material.

Suppose somebody sent you a huge box containing a miscellany of metal "who's-its" and said, "Here they are. We don't know what they are or what's wrong. You find out." That's just what they do at Cressona and the other reclamation plants. Every piece is checked, examined, weighed, measured, and otherwise put to tests. Inspection can have just three results: It's all right—ship it as is; it's in need of repair—so do it or send it out to be done; and, last, it's actually junk—scrap it. Inspection and repair call for meticulous care. If there is one cardinal principle in Ordnance reclamation depots it is that when an item goes *back* to war, it must at least be as good as new. Generators and starters, transmissions and transfer cases, and other movable parts are "run in," just as they were when they first came off the production line, to assure proper functioning under load. They'll tell you at Cressona and other depots that not even the best "mech" in America's overseas forces can distinguish between a brand-new part and one that has been processed.

Next comes the application of oil or a preservative to fight the inroads of moisture. We've learned a lot about preservation of metals from the elements in this war, and we had to learn it the hard way. Tons of war supplies have been unloaded from landing craft at high tide, as far up as the ships could go, in the hope they would keep dry, but waves of corroding and ruinous salt water still wash up on them, or it rains, or the sand blows, or the mud engulfs them. There may be enemy bombings and resultant fires. Ocean water may get into the holds of a damaged transport ship.

It has been estimated that during the early days perhaps 25 per cent of the material sent abroad to our combat units was damaged beyond use before it could get into action, but now, with the Ordnance Department's reclamation program under way, we are actually salvaging most of that lost 25 per cent. Meanwhile we have learned much about packaging. Once a part is cleaned and dried at a reclamation depot, it never again is touched by hand, for hands carry moisture at all times, and one fingerprint will leave enough to ruin the part with a spot of rust. On the Pacific islands, where it rains constantly and humidity barometers blow their tops, deterioration due to climate, mold, and insects is Nature's pet pastime.

Army Ordnance men attacked the problem scientifically and developed special acid-free, greaseproof wrapping papers. Then there is waterproof paper, of which only 16,000 tons were available in 1941. Today this new wrapping is used at the rate of two million tons a year. Boxing and crating was another problem that had to be licked. Ordnance found new methods of disassembling guns, trucks, range finders, and other items so they would occupy less ship space. All these developments in use to send new supplies abroad are also employed in the reclamation plants to reship the salvaged material.

Each reclamation depot has its own box factory. Imagine the headaches if you were asked to build a box for a jeep's rear axle in one minute, and in the next to contrive a container for tire chains, or one that would safely transport watches or other delicate instruments. But that's not the way Ordnance does it. At Cressona, for example, they plan their boxing and crating needs ten days in advance and the box-factory superintendent is advised accordingly. His division has a capacity of 1,500 boxes of varying sizes a day, and standardization is the keynote for each item.

The preparation of boxes and of identification and shipping tags is all a part of the process, and must be timed so that as parts come off the belt conveyors in their weatherproof wrappings, there is no delay. At Cressona, one line of freight cars is parked on the track on one side of the long building, disgorging their disreputable-looking contents, while into a string of empties on the other side go boxes of identical items, but now so new-looking you find it difficult to believe they're not right off the factory line.

Even Major Klair, hardened as he has been by exposure to the enormousness of the Ordnance Department's wartime job ever since he first began service at Aberdeen Proving Grounds in 1940, is affected by the endless stream of odds and ends

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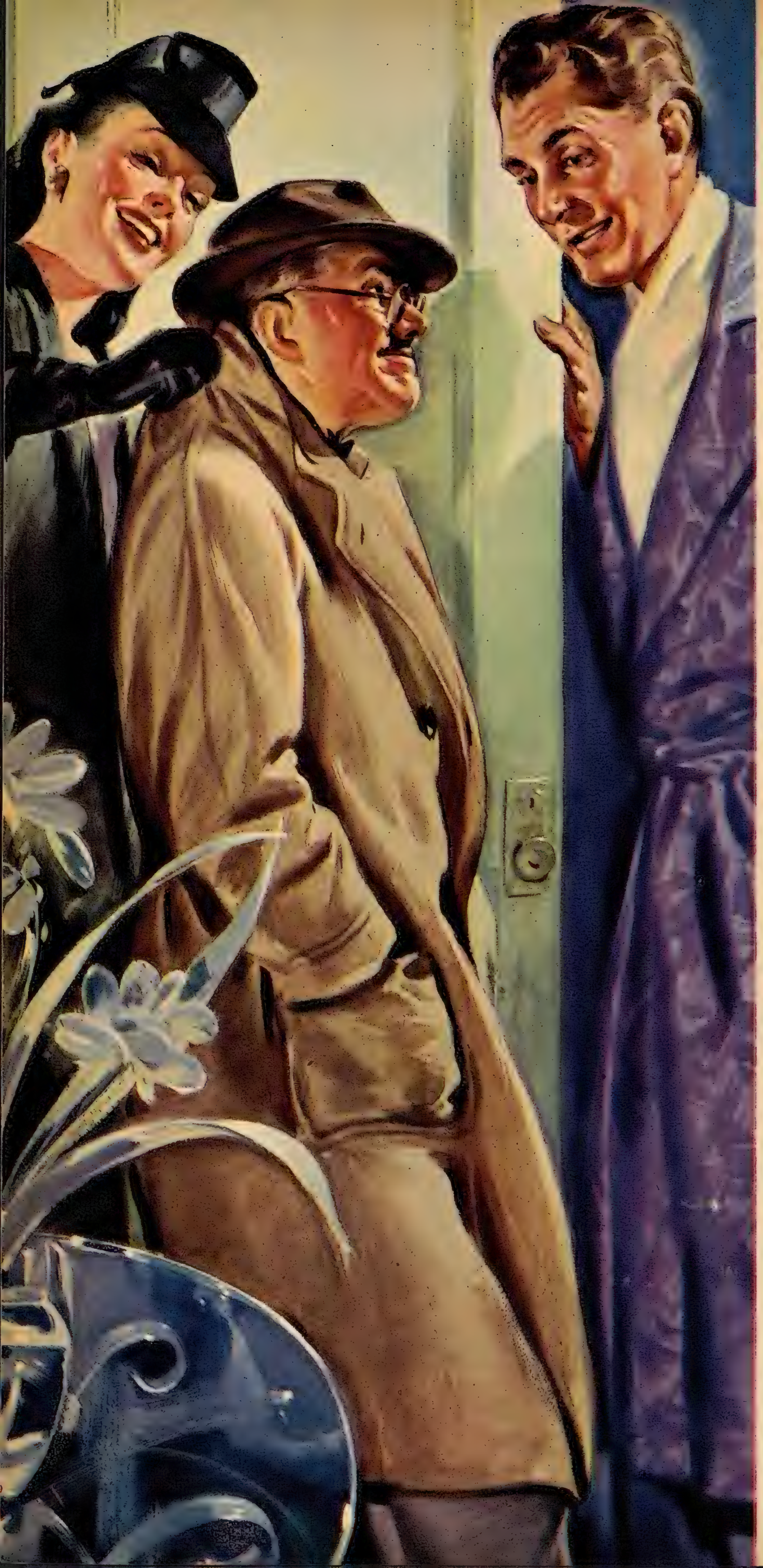
After being sorted and cleaned, the damaged units are repaired. Hundreds of tons of junk a week are processed; in all, ninety-five per cent is salvaged for further use.

From conveyors the finished parts are taken and packed for return to the war.



BY EDWIN RUTT

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

CHLO CALDER, secretary in chief to T. K. Dark, guiding genius of the advertising firm of Dark, Devlin & Disbrow, pressed an ear against the partition that divided her office from her employer's. It was a shameless case of attempted eavesdropping.

Beyond the partition the voice of T. K. rumbled steadily. At intervals a pounding punctuated the rumble. As a desk thumper, T. K. took blue ribbons.

But his secretary, clinging to the wall like an exotic and highly-decorative ivy, couldn't make out a word he said.

Thwarted, Chlo turned away. No good would come, she felt, of T. K.'s reading his Grade A lecture to Chuck Eiler, ace copy man, and Pixsley, art director par excellence. No good, at least, to Dark, Devlin & Disbrow.

Chlo was very fond of the agency, and of T. K. Dark. From nine to five on working days, her chief interest was the welfare of D., D. & D. And normally D., D. & D. justified her interest. It had always been a firm that had warmth and color and—well, personality. But right now it was torn by tension.

Chlo sat down at her desk and fumbled with a paperweight. She was definitely worried. Apparently, though unbelievably, T. K. had been bitten by the prevailing virus. Never before had he called Eiler and Pixsley, her particular confederates, onto the carpet in just this way.

Five minutes of fruitless paperweight fumbling passed. Then her door was flung open. Chuck Eiler appeared, a tight expression on his sharply-chiseled face.

"Niccoletti's!" Eiler almost hissed, mentioning the oasis of the trio. "In ten minutes!" The door slammed viciously.

The command was practically Napoleonic. Chlo shrugged, and powdered a nose that rarely needed powder.

"Not so good," she informed the large dark left eye confronting her from the compact. "Chuck's upset, plenty."

IN Niccoletti's she found Eiler and Pixsley at a corner table. They looked chastened but belligerent. Eiler still wore his taut expression. Pixsley, a brown-faced dwarf of a man accustomed to grin, hadn't even a shadowy grin.

"This," said Chlo, "has all the earmarks of an undertakers' convention."

Eiler waved her into a chair. "No wisecracks tonight! Pix and I are quitting."

Chlo started. "Just what would you mean?"

"What he says," Pix told her. "We're not working any place where a heel like Harold Harkness Beacham is office manager."

Chlo sighed. She had known that Mr. Beacham, the current white-haired boy around the agency, was behind this.

"Perhaps," she said, "you'll tell me what it's all about."

Eiler cleared his throat. "What happened is that Beacham, snooping as usual, caught us shooting cards and reported us to T. K. Well, T. K. got tough about it."

"So!" said Chlo. "I knew that down-the-river would get you into trouble."

Down-the-river was a game, requiring only a soupçon more intelligence than old

"No beggars, canvassers, or other bums allowed in this building," said Chuck. "What's that thing you got with you?"

The Goon Must Go

A stuffed-shirt efficiency addict in an advertising agency loaded with screwball geniuses means a minor riot. So Chlo, the supersecretary, felt called upon to make it ladies' day

maid. Between developing advertising campaigns, D., D. & D.'s star production team played it assiduously and heatedly.

"It isn't just today's business," Eiler went on. "Beacham's been in our hair before. Messes into our departments, makes suggestions we don't want. He's a top-flight pussyfoot. But T. K. backs him up. Why was he ever hired, anyway?"

"You know perfectly well," said Chlo. "Some of our bigwig contact men got the idea that the agency needed tightening up. So they ganged T. K. and pushed Beacham over on him. Beacham made quite a reputation at Consolidated Superheating."

"Maybe," said Eiler stormily. "But he doesn't belong in an advertising agency. He's been here short of two months and already he's turned the shop into a machine. Gives office boys pep talks. Devils typists till they're too jittery to think. Why, heck, somebody even saw him scavenging through wastebaskets to see if the girls get the last ounce out of carbon paper! Well, I swore off efficiency experts when I was in short pants. And when one of them noses into my business and the boss cheers him on, I'm through."

"Check," said Pixsley.

"Did you tell that to T. K.?" Chlo asked.

"Partly," Pix said. "But we only decided to quit on the way here. And we aren't kidding. Either that goon goes or we go."

Chlo Calder probably looked less like a bull terrier than any girl in New York. But back of her heart-shaped face lay a brain with bull terrier tendencies. It was characteristic of Chlo that when things didn't go her way, she immediately set out to change the course of events.

Now she squared slim shoulders. Chuck and Pix were simply not going to walk out on T. K., and on her. Because if they did, her daily life would be robbed of most of its meaning. Chlo had many friends, but Chuck and Pix ran at the top of the list.

"You ought to know," she began soothingly, "that T. K. doesn't mean what he says when he's excited. And right now he's excited and upset. Day after tomorrow he has to go to that soap convention in St. Louis, and then to San Antonio to see Maxton of Rio Grande Oil. He'll be gone two weeks and he hates traveling."

"That's tough. But he can't talk like that to us."

"Look!" Eiler weighed his words. "Time was when Pix and I wouldn't have quit for double the dough. But if D., D. & D.'s going to be a run-of-the-mill agency, we'd be dopes not to leave for more money."

"You think you could get more?" Chlo squinted at him. But she knew that these two could write their own ticket anywhere.

Chuck looked at his brother-in-arms. "Shall we tell her?"

"Sure," Pix nodded.

"Well," said Eiler, "it seems that Titian here, and myself, have a firm offer. From Brookins-Craftwood. And it's sweet."

Chlo blinked. "Oh, dear," she said.

"Yes, your ladyship," Pix grinned finally. "Furthermore, according to Brookins, we can take the offer up any time."

Chlo's lacquer-tipped fingers tapped softly. This was worse than she had supposed. Pix spoke almost gleefully, as if visualizing himself already wallowing in Brookins-Craftwood's blue chips. Eiler seemed only a shade less enthusiastic. And . . . Suddenly she was angry—at T. K., for letting himself be persuaded to hire Beacham; at Chuck and Pix, for failing to understand that, once hired, Beacham had to be given a chance to do a job; at Beacham himself, for tossing wrenches into her way of life.

"Listen, you two," she said, black eyes snapping. "You're not prancing over to Brookins-Craftwood until I see what I can do about this."

Eiler whistled. "That tells us, eh, Pix?"

"Maybe this is ladies' day," Pix ventured.

"Be funny!" Chlo swept over this feeble patter. "But you're not. You admit you don't really want to leave?"

"Wouldn't think of it if the Gestapo wasn't taking over."

Chlo's teeth clicked. "Then I want you to wait. For at least three weeks. I'll find some way to lick Beacham."

"And just how will you begin, Beautiful?" Eiler asked softly.

"I haven't the faintest," said Chlo. "But anyhow, I'll put up a fight."

Pix grinned again. "O. K., Miss C. We'll give you three weeks. But remember, if we're to stay, the goon must go!"

"You cute little sloganeer, you!" said Chlo.

On the following morning Chlo ran into Mr. Beacham emerging from the sanctum of T. K. Dark. He had evidently gained admittance while she was in the basement cafeteria for ten-o'clock coffee.

Mr. Beacham was a solidly-built man of forty. He wore his prematurely iron-gray hair pompadour style; gold-rimmed spectacles shielded eyes sharp as new needles; his habitual expression was one of vast profundity.

"Good—er—morning, Miss Calder," offered Mr. Beacham.

"Why, good morning, Mr. Beacham," Chlo smiled sweetly upon the enemy. But she thought, Up to more monkey business, dar-r-ling? Well, I'll soon find out.

As Beacham's sedate back vanished, she slipped into T. K. Dark's office. That dignitary, a short round ruddy-faced man, sat at his desk, scowling slightly.

"Ha!" he ejaculated. "You, eh? Well, what is it?"

"Nothing, T. K.," Chlo said innocently. "I just thought you might want me."

T. K.'s bright blue eyes narrowed.

"When I want you," he said, "I'll buzz for you. But, now you're here, what do you think about a time clock? Beacham's asking for one."

Chlo stared in horror. "Time clock?" Then her voice became as hot oil. "But it's a wonderful idea, T. K.—for a glue factory."

"Maybe," said T. K., a touch shamefacedly, "we need factory methods. This place is in confusion. People running in and out at all hours. Slipshod. There're too many individualists around here."

With difficulty Chlo stifled a laugh. He was so obviously quoting. Evidently Beacham had been sowing more seed.

"But, T. K.," she said, "you'd have to punch it too."

He jumped. "Who? Me?"

"Why, of course. You set the example for the agency."

Mr. Dark leveled a short finger. "There's no joke," he boomed. "Beacham has it figured out. We'd save about—aargh, I don't remember what he said. Anyhow, we'd save." He paused. "Good man, Beacham. Knows his job."

You sweet old thing, thought Chlo, regarding him as if he were a pink tidbit covered with whipped cream. You're just whistling in a graveyard. You know darn well Beacham was foisted on you and that you don't like his type. But, having hired him, you've got to appear to justify him. T. K., you're in a spot.

"Well," growled T. K. uncomfortably, "say something."

Chlo's tall slender figure moved to the door. "All right, T. K. You asked for it. So—Frankenstein'll get you if you don't watch out." She escaped.

Mr. Dark, left abruptly alone, scratched a close-cropped graying head. "Sometimes," he muttered, "I think the girl's crazy. Now, what did she mean by that?"

Clearing T. K. for shipment to St. Louis, Chlo reflected, was probably no more of a major operation than getting Hannibal off for Rome. Until three in the afternoon she was unaware of pausing for breath. Then, almost forcibly, she shooed T. K. out to a belated lunch and collapsed at her own desk.

She was permitted exactly one half hour of collapse. Then her buzzer buzzed wildly.

T. K., livid, was stamping up and down his office. He pounced on her.

"Look here!" he shouted. "Those two, Eiler and Pixsley, are willfully defying me."

Oh, good Lord! Chlo murmured inaudibly. What now? Aloud she said, "Why, T. K., what gives you that idea?"

"Bah!" stormed T. K. "Don't tell me you don't know that I had a run-in with them the other day. I know you do. You three are in cahoots."

"It wasn't really a run-in, was it?" Chlo temporized.

"Humph! Don't know what else you'd call it. I had to—er—take them to task. And they talked back to me, by gad!"

"But what's that got to do with today?" inquired Chlo.

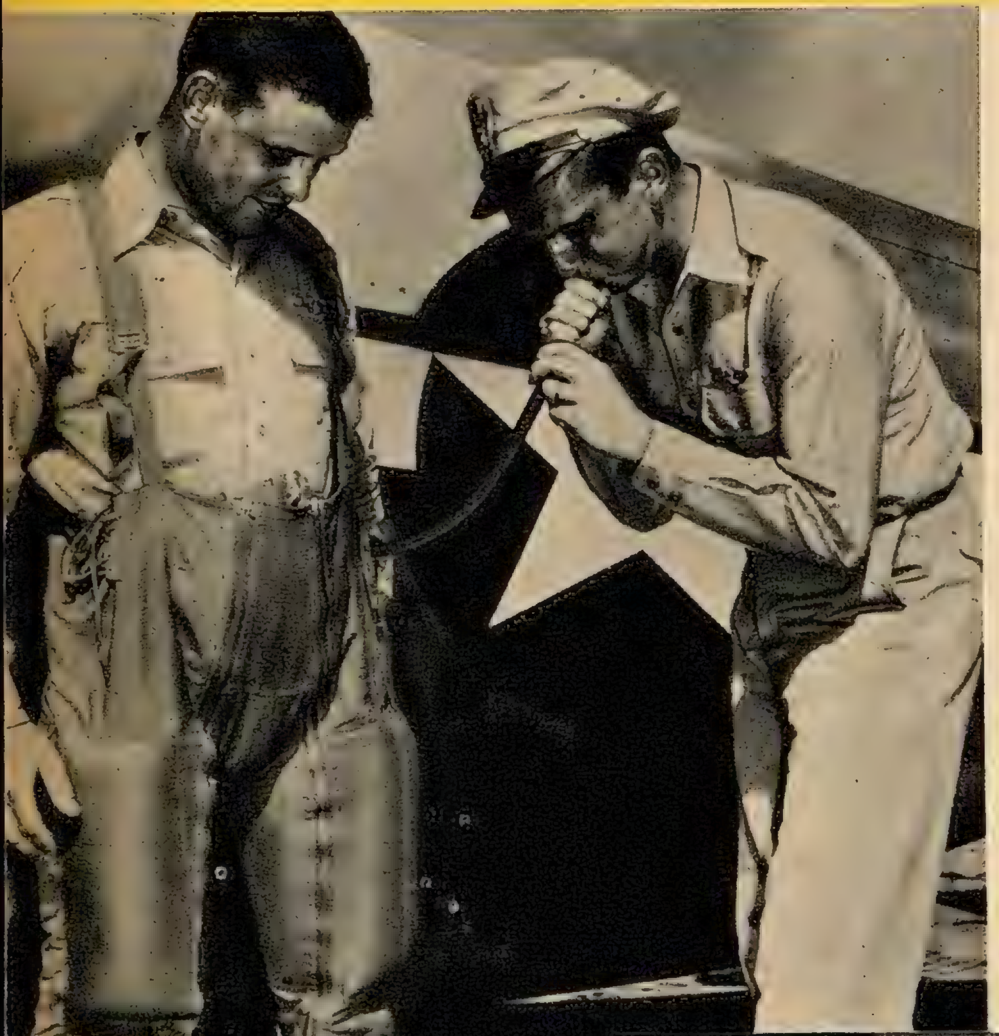
"Everything, in my opinion." T. K. swung on her. "Just now I had lunch at the Green Peacock. Sandwich and a glass of milk."

"T. K.," said Chlo, "that was very wrong.

(Continued on page 68)

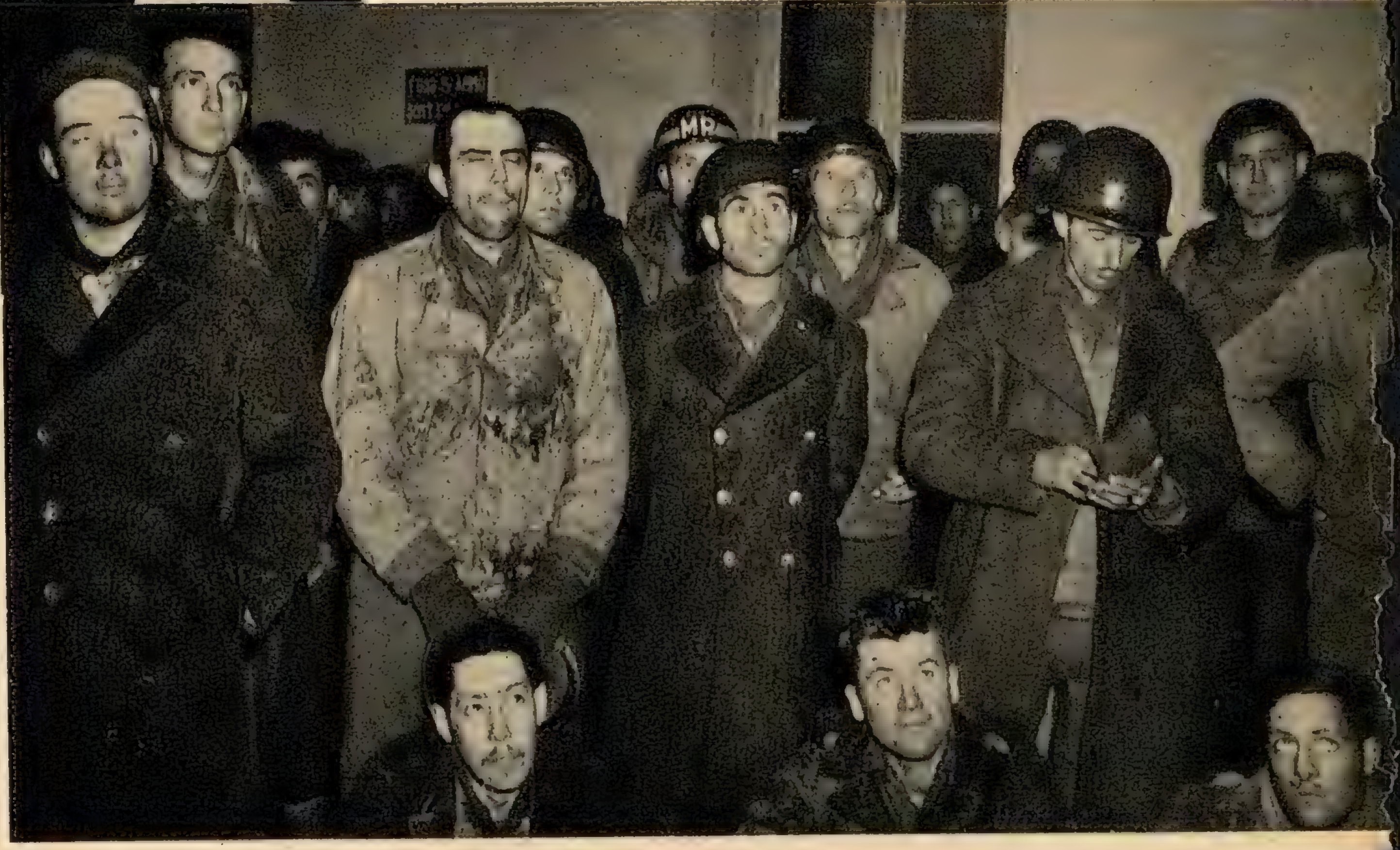
The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



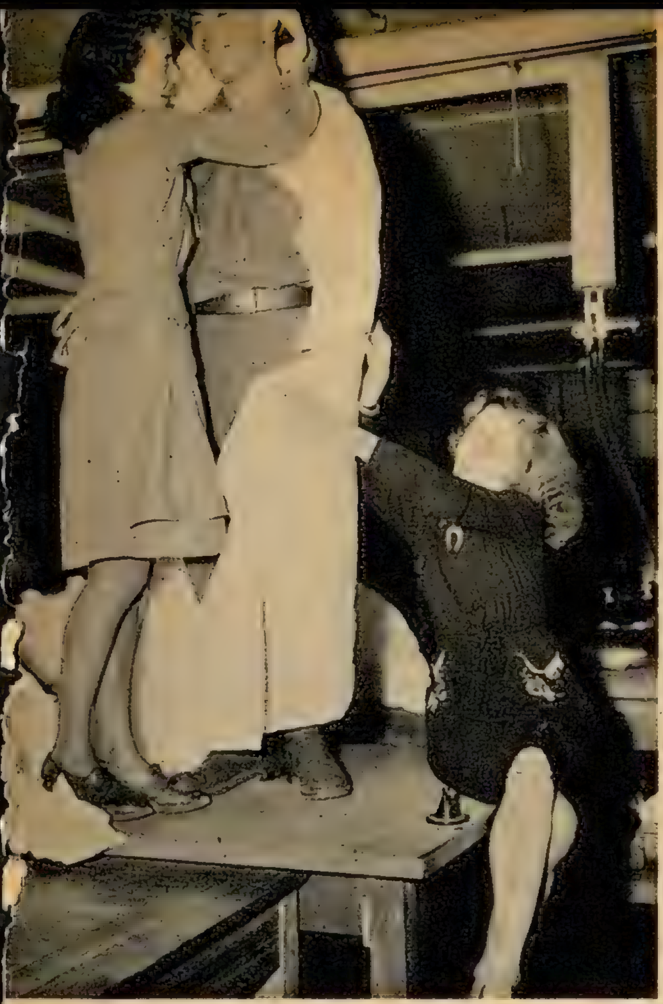
WELL, BLOW ME UP!—This is the new "G suit" for our pilots, which when filled with air exerts a pressure that keeps the flier from "blacking out" when he makes a dive or turn.

LONELY (AND LUCKY) G. I.—Because he hadn't heard from his girl in eleven months, Corporal Robert C. Wilson of Titusville, Pa., stationed at Camp Haan, Calif., was dated by Warner Brothers' beauties Lynne Baggett, Dolores Moran, and Jean Winfield.



BACK FROM HELL—These soldiers of the Third Army, in combat a few hours before, have just been granted a thirty-day leave to go home. Their faces show doubt, disbelief, and shock at realization of every G. I.'s dream.

A BRONC WITH WINGS—Pilot Walt Williams, getting tips from conventional cowboy Frank Robbins, is rounding up wild horses by plane on federal grazing lands in Wyoming. Makes room for cows, and we need beef.



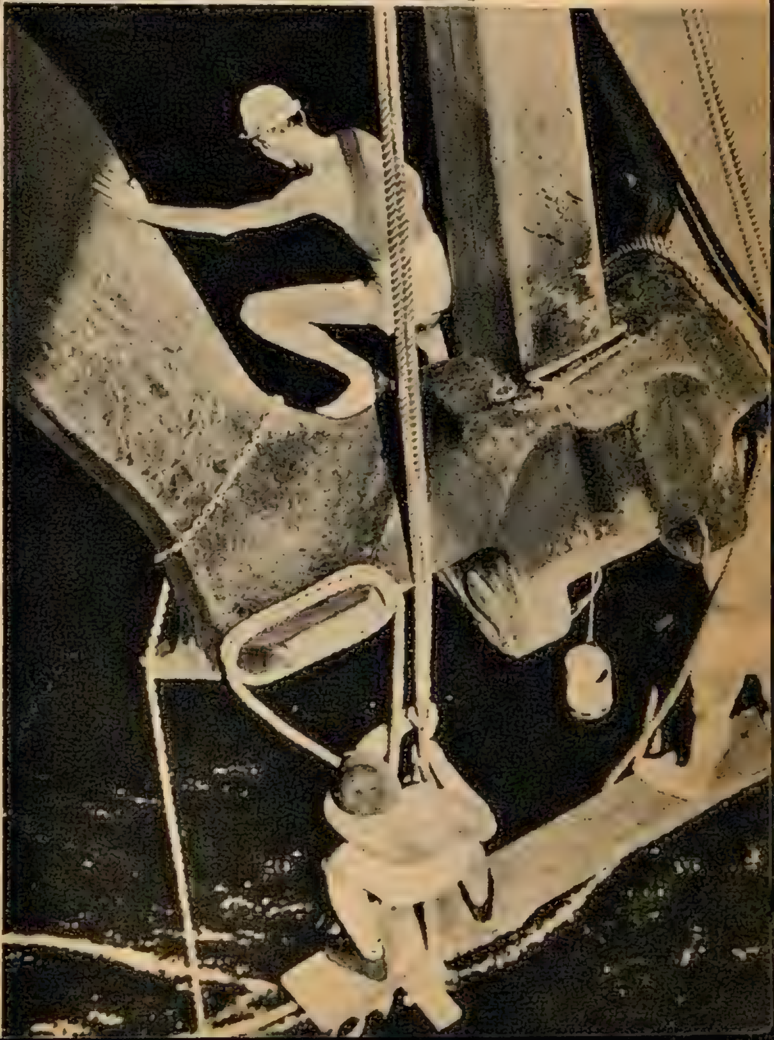
MILITARY MODE—The outfit being draped on Pvt. Donavi Macomber in Belgium is not for beauty, but has grim utility. It is a snow cape to be used for winter fighting.

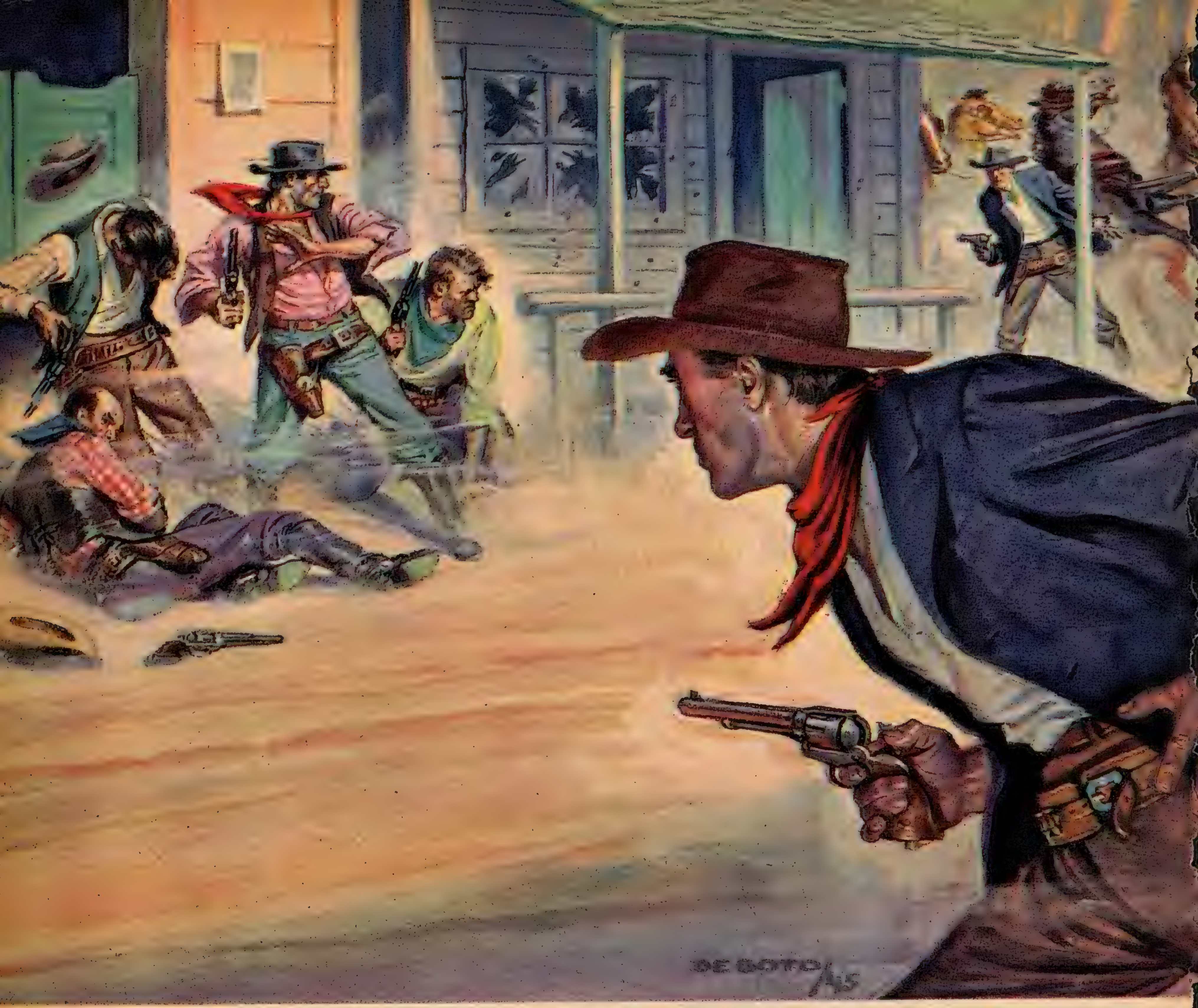
BOMBS AWAY!—During a strike by Flying Fortresses against the German oil plant near Merseburg Leuna this picture was taken, framing in the open bomb-bay doors of one B-17 the others ahead of her over the target.

MULES FROM MARS—Not literally, for they are merely members of the new U. S. Mars task force in Burma, which is seasoned with veteran Merrill Marauders who double as Jap skinners.

SHORTER SHORTAGE—Returned combat pilot Lt. Floyd Kisner, convalescing in Florida, has a unique solution to the current cigarette shortage. He cuts a pack in half and then smokes 'em in a holder.

BEHIND THE EARS, TOO—The anchors would be equivalent to that on a big Navy carrier. And even they come in for a scrubbing when the ship is overhauled, cleaned, and painted.





Then the second ranger's deep shout resounded in the street. "Drop your guns! You're lined from both sides!"

Hostages to Fortune

There are two ways to meet a deadly challenge: with headlong courage and gun in hand; or with patience and humility—for a time. Either may be a good way

SOUTHWEST of Houston the long-leaf pine had died out; and the tang of ozone in the hot air had been gradually replaced by the flat, faintly-sour smell of sun-baked cedar and creosote as the stagecoach rumbled deeper and deeper into brush country.

All morning David Logan, up top beside the driver, had ridden in silence, his Ranger hat pushed forward and his broad shoulders hunched slightly against the beat of the desert sun. Hours ago the driver, a naturally talkative man, had abandoned his futile efforts toward conversation. Now from time to time he cast a sidelong frustrated glance toward the lean hard-bitten man at his side, then shrugged and turned again to his horses.

The noon hour was three fourths gone when he finally pointed ahead with the butt of his whip and spoke:

"There it is, Mister Ranger. Town of Hangdog. What there is of it."

David Logan caught the undertone of irritation in the driver's voice; and his sudden smile banished the hardness from his lean tanned face and gray eyes.

"I turned out to be a pretty unsatisfactory seatmate, didn't I, driver? Sorry. I was preoccupied."

The driver was instantly appeased. "Preoccupied," he repeated. "I reckon a law man who's got business in Hangdog these days has got a right t' be."

David Logan said, "Maybe I'll be more

talkative on the return trip this evening."

The driver's soft drawl matched that of the Ranger: "Fer one thing, I won't be drivin' that northbound stage. An' fer another, you won't be on it."

Logan cast him a questioning glance.

"Men who c'n draw an' shoot a gun like this here Poague," the driver explained dryly, "come one in ten thousand. No matter how fast you are, ranger, my money says he'll down you."

Not disturbed, David Logan received the idea and held it pendent in his mind. The presence of such a gun wizard in Hangdog might prove embarrassing. But local reputations, experience told him, were almost invariably exaggerated.

"The man I'm after," he said, "doesn't happen to be named Poague."

The driver shrugged. "Whoever you're after, if he's an outlaw an' stayin' in Hangdog, you'll have t' face Poague t' get him. Now, if there was a dozen rangers, instead o' one, four-five of you might stand a chance o' coming out alive an' with prisoners."

David Logan said, "Here today, gone tomorrow," in a noncommittal tone and looked ahead as the stage rounded a final curve and the road widened into the town of Hangdog. Presently the stage stopped in front of a rambling sun-bleached one-story structure with a wide unsheltered gallery reaching to the board sidewalk. The warped wooden front bore the single word HOTEL; and in one window stood a printed sign: "Agent. Wells Fargo Express." Four or five empty rocking chairs stood on the gallery.

David Logan went down over the wheel, and the driver's words followed him.

"Luck, ranger. You'll need it."

DAVID LOGAN stood for a moment on the hotel gallery, surveying the town. Like all towns in this sparsely-settled brush country, it was little more than a wide place in the road, a man-made open space in the enveloping wilderness. Business houses, all one-story wooden structures with false fronts, flanked the road on each side in its widest part. They were six in number. On the west side, the hotel, a restaurant, and a bank. Opposite them, a store labeled GENERAL M'D'SE, a bullet-riddled print shop with jagged glass fringing its empty windows, and, beyond a dusty wagon lot, a saloon. Farther on, where the road narrowed down, eight or ten small residences straggled along its sides.

BY

BRUCE DOUGLAS

ILLUSTRATED BY RAPHAEL DE SOTO

Half a dozen saddled horses drooped at the saloon hitch pole. A loafer leaning against the saloon front stared across the long diagonal toward the hotel, then turned and went hurriedly through the batwing doors.

David Logan watched the retreating stagecoach disappear around the base of a low hill at the edge of town. He waited until it reappeared again beyond the hill and was presently swallowed up in the tall brush. Turning then, he entered the hotel.

A bald-headed one-eyed man stood behind the counter, writing at the top of a fresh sheet in the register. As David Logan entered, the hotel man reversed the register and held out a pen. David Logan leaned over the register and read, "September 1, 1877."

He turned back a page and studied the last entry. It was dated May 8, 1877.

Returning to the fresh page, he signed. As he wrote, he said, "Your business doesn't appear to be exactly thriving, mister."

"The only business in Hangdog which is thriving," the hotelkeeper said in a tone of bitterness, "is our local Boot Hill."

He whirled the register about, read "David Logan, Texas Rangers," and looked up.

"Three years ago," he said oracularly, fixing David Logan with his single black eye, "Reconstruction bein' deemed complete, th' Rangers were reorganized into two forces. There's th' Frontier Battalion that's pushin' the Indians onto reservations an' at th' same time tryin' to ketch up with Sam Bass's train robbers up in Denton County. An' there's th' Special Force of Rangers who're assigned to quell outlawry along the Rio Grande. We got no Indians here, ner no railroads. Hangdog is a long whoop an' a holler from th' border; but we're close enough t' be overrun by outlaws."

David Logan said, "I'm Special Force of Rangers," then held the hotel man's single black eye with a steady stare.

"You seem mighty interested in which branch I'm in, mister. There was a One-Eye Johnson that the Frontier Battalion—"

The hotel man cut in: "My name is Smith."

David Logan nodded gravely. "Then it couldn't be you." He went on, after a slight pause: "Hotel business is bad in an outlaw town. Travelers go right on through without stopping. So a hotel man's interest should be on the side of law and order. I'd like to feel that if I was out on your gallery, nobody would slip in through the rear and plug me in the back."

"I'll lock the back door," One-Eye Smith agreed. "But that's as far as I c'n go. Now, if there was a dozen of you—"

David Logan picked up the key from the counter. The hotel man said, "That'll be two dollars. In advance."

David Logan smiled. "As bad as that?"

One-Eye Smith nodded. "As bad as that. Dead men are gen'rally poor pay."

David Logan laid two silver dollars on the counter, then followed the hotelkeeper along the corridor to his room.

HE took his time about washing up, and came out, refreshed, to walk through the furnace heat of outdoors to the restaurant.

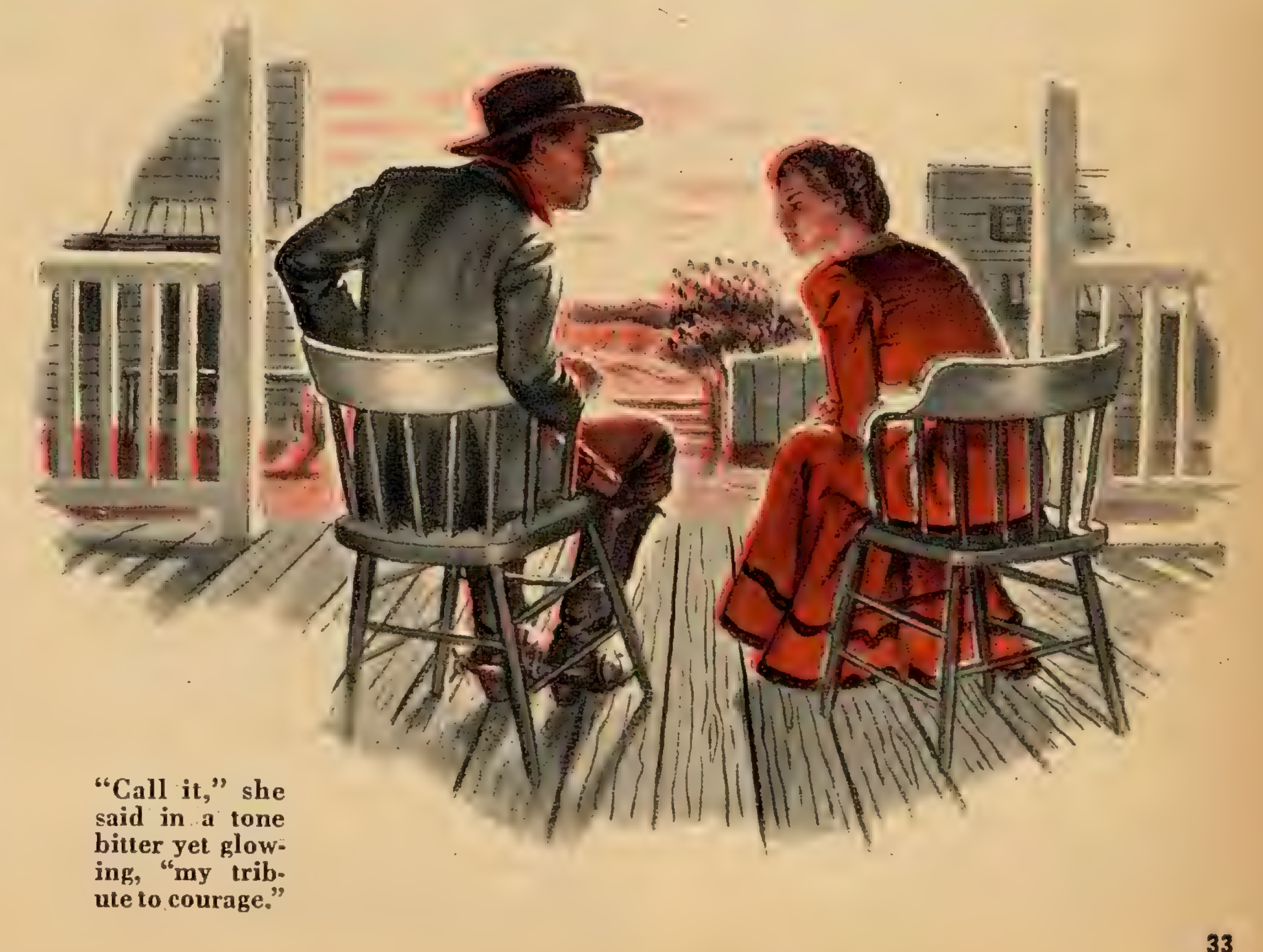
For a brush-town restaurant, it was surprisingly clean. The rough board floor was scrubbed and spotless, and the red-and-white-checkered napery had been freshly laundered. Crisp white curtains bordered the window, and each table held a bowl of dark-centered Mexican zinnias. A woman, David Logan decided, was in charge of this place, a woman with pride and high rigid standards. If she was married, her husband would be freshly laundered, and her children would be clean and well fed.

The kitchen door opened and the woman came in. David Logan noted first the way she walked. Straight-backed, poised, with a smooth bodily rhythm that reminded him of a line of poetry. Her simple blue cotton dress, immaculately clean, bore out the impression gained from the room, as did the neat brown braids coiled about her shapely head. But her face presented a sharp contrast to his preconceived picture. Her lips were fuller, more sensuous than he had expected, revealing a livingness bound by an iron restraint. And the expression in her brown eyes reached him with a sense of physical shock. There was disillusion in them. It was as though she were going through the motions of orderly living out of sheer fixed habit. As though the pattern itself were used as a shield the relinquishment of which would mean final surrender.

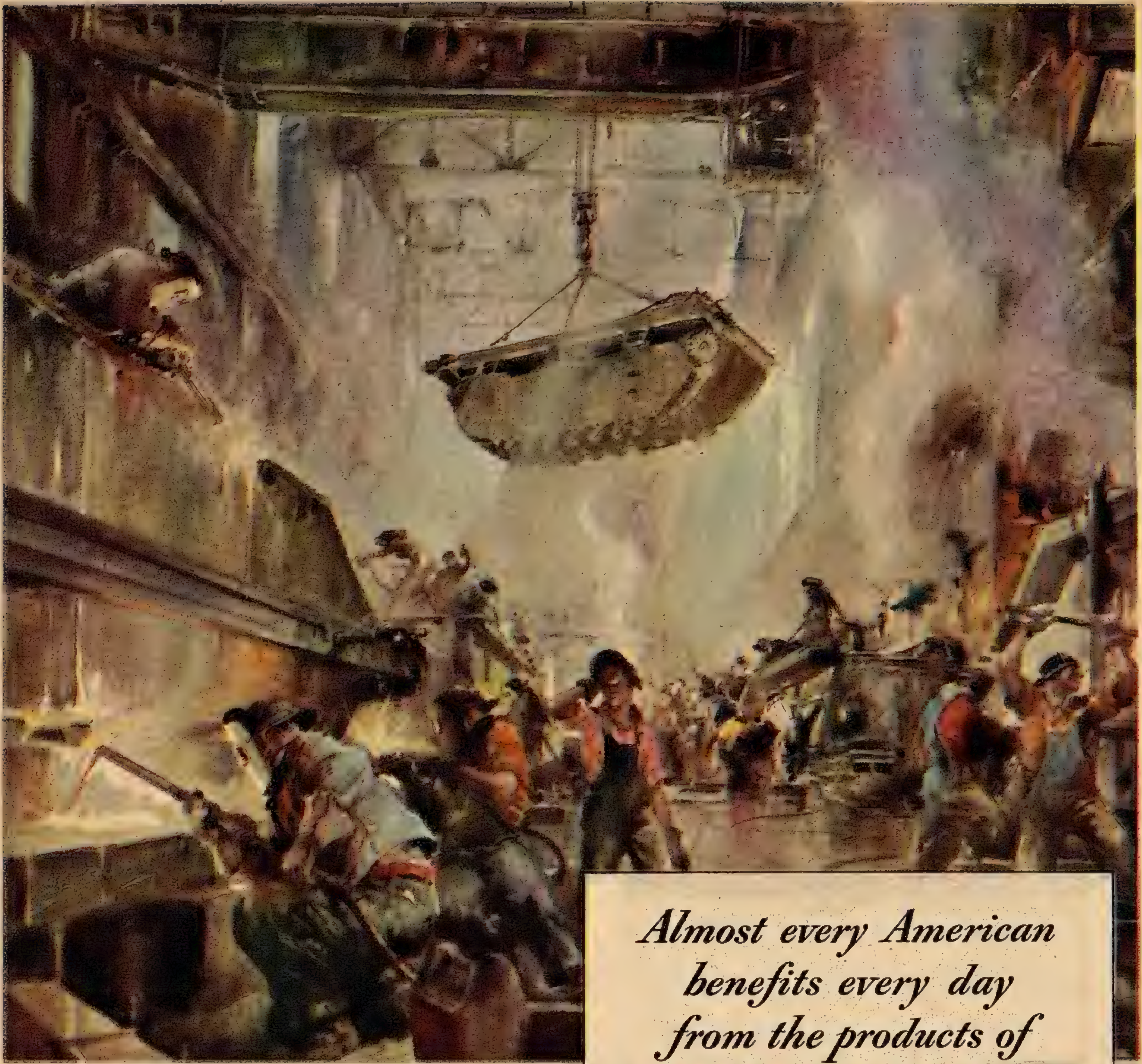
David Logan looked up at her as she stopped beside the table. She would be three or four years younger than himself, perhaps twenty-three; a woman grown, her readiness for living already seared by something revealed only by that strange mixture of resignation, protest, and resentment in her eyes.

She said, "The dinner?" and David

(Continued on page 54)



"Call it," she said in a tone bitter yet glowing, "my tribute to courage."



JAMES SESSIONS *paints his impression of Borg-Warner's Ingersoll plant at Kalamazoo. Here, where furnaces are made in peacetime, Borg-Warner-designed amphibian "Beachbusters" are now built by mass production methods.*

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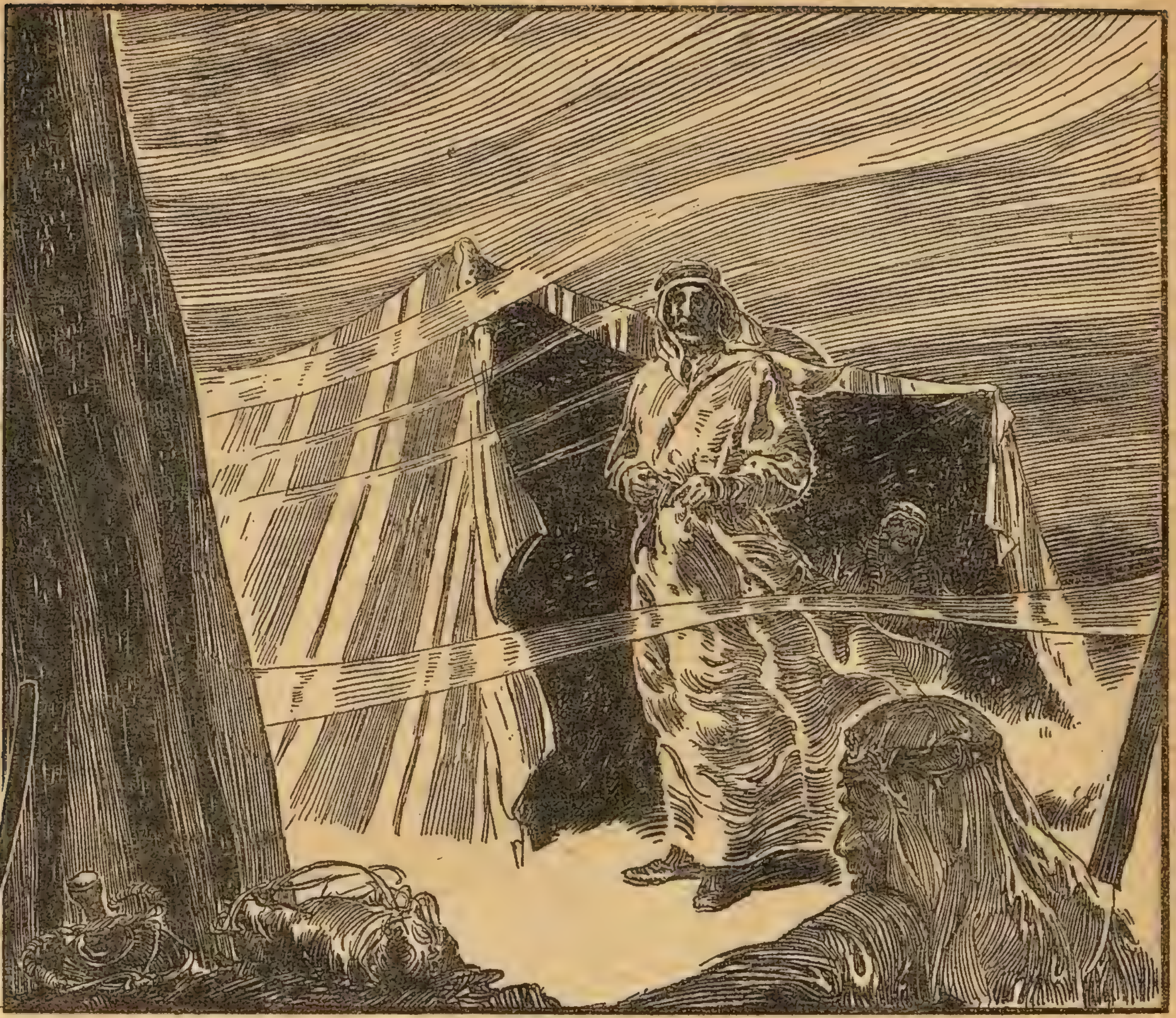
ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK GODWIN

A
Liberty
BOOK
CONDENSATION
READING TIME
ONE EVENING



Wind in the Sahara

BY R.V.C. BODLEY

The enthusiastic reception of this book has proved that the down-to-earth realities of Arab civilization are more interesting than any glamorized version of it. Islam will be vitally important in the postwar world, and Mr. Bodley's intimate picture of its men and women is of timely significance.

ONE day at the Paris Peace Conference after the last war I told Lawrence of Arabia that a suggestion had been made to me by Lloyd George to take up politics. Lawrence blew up. He called me a lunatic, a moron, a traitor to my principles. When finally I was able to get in a word, I said:

"It's all very well to talk like that, but what else can I do? With the war over, a uniform's a handicap. You know what civilian employers think of ex-officers of the Regular Army. With the market jammed with men looking for jobs, what chance do I stand?"

"None," replied Lawrence.

"Well, then?"

"Go and live with the Arabs."

I stared, waiting for more. I thought he had gone crazy. But he reminded me that what had first made him take an interest in me was my connection with North Africa and my curiosity about desert people.

In the 1860s my grandfather, who was the uncle of Gertrude Bell, that Englishwoman who made the Arabs' cause her own, had bought a home in Algiers. My mother-to-be spent her girlhood winters there, and there she met a young Englishman called Bodley. They were married in the English church in Algiers. I was not born in North Africa, but I went there at a very early age and continued to do so. Algeria, the fringes of the Sahara, and the Arabs were known to me.

Lawrence pointed out that nomad Arabs lived by sheep. A small capital would buy the preliminary flock. The sheep would multiply. But even if I did not find material wealth, I would regain my health, I would become young again, I would have peace of mind.

"Go and live with the Arabs!" he cried. His frail figure was trembling. His blue eyes pierced me. His emaciated face shone. Then he was gone.

For a while I stood staring at the door which had closed

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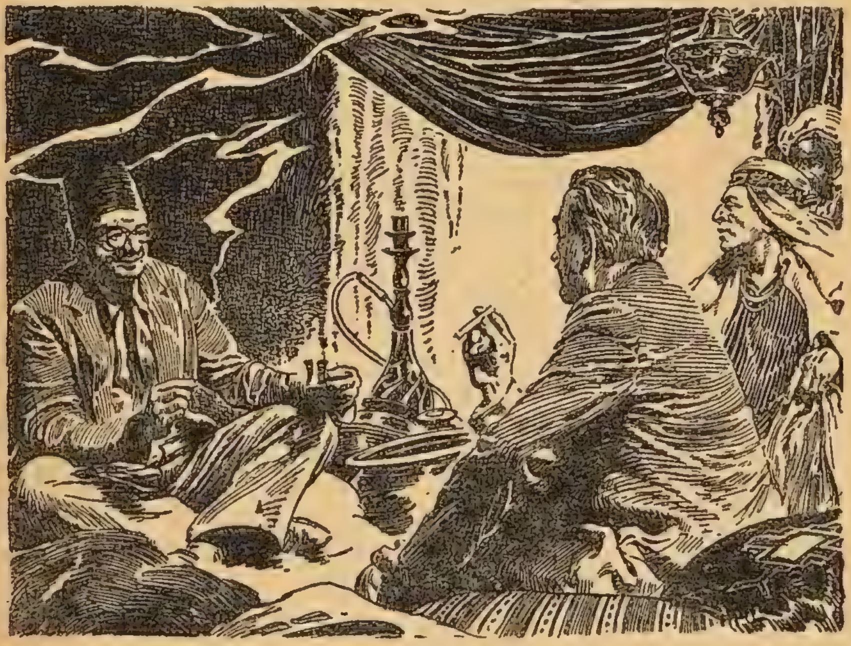
on the little man. I tried to laugh, but I knew that Lawrence had planted something in my mind which would have to grow.

I never saw Lawrence again, but I often feel those piercing eyes destining my future. I often hear that voice ordering me away from all that had been given me by birth and upbringing.

For ten years I had been a soldier. I had served in India. I had played polo. I had explored and hunted in the Himalayas. I had been through the storm and mud of war and had seen my friends maimed and killed. I had now, at the Peace Conference, watched the politicians, who had sent these men to death and mutilation, playing with the futures of the new generation as if they were stakes in a poker game.

I told some of my friends of what I had in mind. A few of them thought fit to give me a farewell party. There was a lot of champagne and a lot of kidding. One of the toasts was to a speedy return. Six weeks was set as the limit of time I would last in the Sahara. I did not come back for seven years.



FIFTEEN hours of continuous traveling separates the first real Sahara oasis from the Mediterranean. At a dismal place called Djelfa the railway comes to an end and a motorbus continues the journey south. The country becomes more and more desolate. Camels and donkeys replace other means of transport. With every revolution of the wheels one seems to be speeding into the past. The flocks, the shepherds are the same as they were twelve hundred years ago.

The road turns sharply to the left, round the flank of a barren ridge like the teeth of a saw. A dark mass breaks up the empty panorama. The mass defines itself more clearly. Palm trees detach themselves, then more palm trees, thousands of them. A white column leaps to the sky. It is the minaret of the mosque. It is the first great oasis of the Sahara.

The passengers climbed out of the bus. Arabs greeted friends. For a moment I stood, bewildered, and a wave of discouragement passed over me. I glanced at the calm faces of the Arabs, who did not seem to be aware that I was there. For a moment I thought of leaving my bags in the bus and traveling in it when it left again for Djelfa. The owner of the inn put an end to this idea. He stood before me, bowing and smiling and showing his white teeth. I judged him to be Corsican. But, whatever his background, he was so eager to make me feel at home that I had my things brought in.

Monsieur Paoli never knew how much he had to do with the reshaping of my life.

I went to bed my first night in the oasis discouraged. I woke elated. There is no sunlight in the world equal to that of the Sahara. It saturates everything, penetrates shades and shutters, purifies all that comes within its range. The sun and the fresh dry air were giving new life to my tired blood. Breakfast, which used to be a formality, became a necessity. After it I sat under the arcades of the pink-and-blue inn looking into the sun-drenched street. In the immediate foreground a boy, so black that he seemed to be carved out of coal, squatted in the dust. The clothes which covered his body consisted more of patches than of the original material. As I caught his eye, a grin displaying a row of white teeth spread across the polished ebony face. It was so engaging that I grinned too. Then I asked if he spoke any French. The grin broadened and was followed by a nod.

"What is your name?" I inquired.

"Blanchet!" he answered. "Would you like to take a walk?"

"I want to see the Sahara," I said.

Blanchet turned up a steep narrow alley, stumping along ahead of me with patches of shiny black skin showing through his tatters. After a while he left the street and began scaling a rocky ridge. He reached the crest and then turned toward me and pointed in the direction of something I could not see. I quickly joined him and stopped. Blanchet said, "Sahara!" and looked as if he expected some comment. But I could find nothing to say.

THE first view of the Sahara is one of the most amazing sights of the world. It has an immensity which creates a greater feeling of awe than the Himalayas or the Grand Canyon or the Arctic Sea. There is nothing to which the mind can compare this vast expanse rolling out until it merges into an infinite horizon. It is frighteningly empty, yet strangely attractive. The blinking wastes of stones and scrub, the rosy rocks, the brilliance of the light overpower one.

For a while I let this fantastic panorama soak into me. Then I took a look at the oasis. From where I stood, I could see the town, clustering on either side of the rocky ridge. The mosque was in the center, and to the north and south were gardens and date palms. There seemed to be a great many, and I gauged the circumference of the oasis to be not less than ten miles. I turned again to the desert. I felt drugged by its silent vastness.

My thoughts were interrupted by feeling someone beside me. A slim poorly-dressed youth of about eighteen was watching me. Had he been in rags, however, they would not have deprived him of his dignified calm. There was something sublime in the peace of his gray eyes.

"Good morning," he said in French. "You are admiring the Sahara."

I nodded. For a moment he continued to look out at the view. Then he asked, "What is your name?"

I told him.

"Boodli," he repeated. "My name is Mohammed ben Tahar."

Mohammed let his eyes rest for a minute on the black boy who had curled up on a rock and gone to sleep. He shrugged his shoulders. "What a savage! He sleeps when he has this to look at!"

"He has probably seen it often," I suggested.

"I have seen it often," said Mohammed.

He returned to his contemplation. I watched with him as the sun grew stronger and the country began to blink and shimmer.

"Tell me, Mohammed ben Tahar," I asked after a while, "what is beyond that horizon? More desert and more desert, or are there oases?"

"There are both," he replied. "There are oases and desert, and desert and oases. Wherever the Behar Tahtami comes to within a hundred and fifty feet of the surface of the ground so that it can be reached by the roots of the date palms, there is an oasis. The palms spring up with their feet in the water and their heads in the flames."

"What do you mean by Behar Tahtami?" I asked.

"It is the sea of the underworld," replied Mohammed. "It is what makes oases."

For a while we sat watching the palms swaying and fluttering in the breeze. Then I asked, "Has a foreigner ever become a nomad and lived in a tent?"

Mohammed looked at me with his big gray eyes wide and questioning. "Of course not. How could he? Even I, who am an Arab of pure descent, could not be a nomad. My parents are oasis people who live in houses. We could not wander. We know nothing of the raising of sheep. My father is a *taleb;* he teaches the Koran. Soon I will teach, but I could not be a nomad any more than I could be an Englishman or an American."

The verdict sounded final. But I made up my mind not to accept defeat—yet.

"Who is the most important chief in these parts?" I inquired.

"Sidi el Hadj Jelloul ben Lahkdar, Bash Agha of the Larba tribes which pasture in this area," replied Mohammed.

"Could you arrange for me to speak to him?" I asked.

"I can take you to the café where he always goes," replied Mohammed, "and you can sit with him. *I* am too young to go into the same place where he is, but he knows French well and is interested in foreigners."

"Lead the way, Mohammed ben Tahar," I said. "I will speak with the Bash Agha of all the Larbas."

Mohammed gathered his robes about him and, with a final glance at the desert, began making his way down the cliff. Blanchet roused himself and stumped after us.

Strictly for Tourists

Jelloul ben Lahkdar, Bash Agha of the Larbas, had the dignity of an emperor. He was a blond Arab with hazel eyes and a white beard which at one time had been fair. Like most of his race, he was not tall, but he had a majestic way of talking and walking that made up for any lack of stature.

That morning Jelloul was sitting outside an Arab café at the foot of the mosque. At respectful distances stood younger chiefs, among whom Mohammed pointed out the agha Daylis, the Bash Agha's son, and the sheik Marhoun, his grandson. Both these men were fair-haired and blue-eyed. A little outside the circle of chiefs were the retainers: a tremendous Negro and two men in royal blue burnooses. None of them spoke or smoked or sat. They stood like courtiers in the presence of their king.

Occasionally a passer-by came into the café to kiss the Bash Agha's forehead or shoulder. The more humble kissed his hand. The old man took no notice of these salutations and continued to smoke his water pipe. Occasionally he would address one of the chiefs, who would bound forward and listen attentively. I came to the conclusion that the moment was not opportune to carry out the plan of introducing myself. So I walked on with *my* two retainers, trying to look dignified.

I continued on my way down the arcaded street, which by now was thronged with people walking to and fro. They moved without hurry, greeting their friends formally and courteously. Without thinking about it, *I* ceased to strut and fell into the stately gait of the promenaders; but I wished I wore robes. In a sports coat and flannel trousers I could never achieve the proud bearing of these wanderers of the desert.

My walk was halted by a fantastic little man who came smilingly toward me from the entrance of a shop. He wore a bright red velvet fez, a European cloth jacket, and dark green embroidered baggy trousers. His slippers were orange, and he completed his outfit with a pair of white cotton gloves and huge horn-rimmed spectacles.

"It's Atalla Bouameur," muttered Mohammed. "He keeps the curio shop."

Before he could say more, Atalla was beside me, bowing and smirking in such an engaging manner that I accepted his offer of coffee and followed him into the store. This also was an amazing contrast of East and West. Brass trays, hookahs, hair tonics, talcum powder, scimitars, scissors, cigarettes, tapestries, print dresses, and I know not what were strewn everywhere. Atalla pushed his way through the customers and led the way behind.

We had now reached the kind of room which Occidentals associate with Arabs and the Orient, but rarely see. It had a huge divan heaped with embroidered cushions. On the walls hung tapestries, ivory-stocked guns, scimitars, and daggers. Brass trays, brass coffeepots, brass ablution bowls, tables and chairs inlaid with mother-of-pearl were littered about. From censers aromatic smoke curled up toward the dimness of the ceiling.

On a huge cushion Atalla sat cross-legged, looking owlish in the semiobscurity. He did most of the talking, skillfully cross-examining me and finding out who I was and where I came from. Then he turned to business—so casually that it seemed to be part of the conversation. Would I not like some small souvenir to take back with me to England? As I said nothing, a bad imitation of a Persian carpet was spread before me. This was followed by a brass tray with "factory made" written all over it. I began to feel irritated. I did not want to offend Atalla, but I wanted him to realize that I knew something of North Africa, so I asked:

"Where do these things come from? What factory? You must have some big place within reach to turn out trays and bowls and carpets by the dozen like this."

"But—" Atalla was peering at me curiously.

"We all know that the old stuff is only found in private homes or in museums, and I've always wondered where the kind of things you sell originate. Other dealers have never told me the truth, but you are obviously not an ordinary dealer and I am sure you will understand my curiosity."

Atalla's grin gave me hope that I had not fared badly in my first attempt at dealing with Arab psychology. He helped himself to coffee and lit a cigarette.

"Practically everything in here comes from a central factory in Damascus," he said unhesitatingly. "Some of the carpets are woven in Belgium, but they are delivered a little *too* fresh-looking, and I place most of my orders in Syria. The goods are well made and look sufficiently genuine."

I laughed. "And this room," I hinted, "is it also arranged for the benefit of tourists? I'm sure you don't live in the midst of all this stuff."

Atalla chuckled. "You are a wizard," was all he said.

As I had guessed, it was all fake. The astute little man had traveled and had gauged Occidental mentality and realized what visitors expected to see in the Orient. Here, for an hour, the few Americans and Britons who penetrated so far south could relax on cushions smelling of stale amber. They could finger the exotic goods in a state of exotic abandon.

I WAS delighted by Atalla's frankness and sense of humor. I felt he might understand my problem, and I decided to try and approach the Arabs through him.

Without confessing what was at the back of my mind, I suggested that I would like to be on friendly terms with the people of the desert. Mohammed ben Tahar stirred uneasily. I saw a glance pass between him and Atalla. There was a short period of silence. Without speaking, Mohammed and Atalla were flinging the problem to and fro. Atalla spoke first. He said:

"You are not in any way connected with the French government?"

I shook my head. "You think I might be an agent sent to spy on the Arabs?"

Atalla hesitated a second. "Yes."

"I have no means of proving this," I said, "but one of the reasons I came here was to escape officials and officialdom, to be natural, to be among men who seem to lead sensible lives."

Atalla thought for a moment. Then he said, "I have been to Europe. I have been lost in the Métro and taken the wrong bus. I have heard the noise of a big city. When I first went to France, I had only one thought—how to get away, how to return to the peace of the Sahara. I know what this man feels."

Mohammed said, "You are older and wiser than I, Atalla Bouameur."

Atalla turned to me. "I do not know how the nomads will take to your idea. They are people with century-old customs which nothing has changed. They are Moslems, as we all are, but stricter and more primitive. Before anything else, you will be to them an infidel! I will have you meet the nomad chiefs. They will ask you to dine. They will take you out hunting, but they will not understand your wish to live among them."

I had spent barely twenty-four hours in the Sahara and had met nothing but opposition and discouragement. That I did not turn back was due partly to perverseness, but chiefly to the wonderful sensation of well-being which was soaking into my mind and body. I decided not to give in; at any rate, not before attacking the problem from every side.

With that ability which Arabs have of remaining silent without appearing rude, Atalla and Mohammed and Blanchet said nothing. We sat quietly on the divan in the fake harem room surrounded by Damascene junk and sipped our coffee. I discovered a third reason why I should not turn back:

I instinctively liked these Arabs. I felt at ease in their company.

I Am Accepted

My transformation from an Occidental citizen into a desert wanderer took quite a while. When it came, the change was unexpected and rapid.

As I should have appreciated, every Arab, with perhaps the exception of the Bash Agha, who was above gossip, was intrigued by my arrival. Their interest increased when Mohammed and Atalla repeated what I had said about living in the desert. The first reaction was astonishment; the second, suspicion. I was a spy, an *agent provocateur* sent by the French government to see what the Sahara Arabs were up to. Luckily I didn't know what was passing through the Arab minds, or I might have packed up and gone to the South Sea Islands. And one day when I was walking in the oasis with Mohammed ben Tahar, I complained of the stupidity of the French military. Two weeks later I was asked to dine with the agha Daylis.

Although a nomad by birth, Daylis had a house in a kind of oasis suburb. He had not deserted the Sahara life; but he had married a city girl and it would have been impossible to break her to the wanderer's existence. Being rich, and rather inclined to comfort himself, Daylis kept a desert and a "city" establishment, and divided his time between the two families. He was a jovial little man with a fair, pointed beard like George V and twinkling blue eyes.

The dinner was a fine one, with all the princely dishes, including the lamb roast whole, reserved for honored guests. Men only, of course, were present, and after the meal we sat on cushions and drank coffee and passed the time of day. It all seemed quite informal, but I felt that I was being studied, analyzed, judged.

One of the chiefs especially attracted me. He did not wear the party robes which the others had put on in my honor. But his deep blue eyes were noble and looked at me with friendly sincerity. His pink cheeks and flaming red hair and heavy mustache made him look more like a Scotch gamekeeper than an Arab nomad. I liked him, and I knew he liked me.

While some of my hosts dozed and others played dominoes on the floor, the caid Madani and I talked. His French was excellent, and I learned that he had fought through the war as an officer in a cavalry regiment in France. We discussed sheep raising in the desert, and he warmed up as I showed interest in his pet subject. But he was taken aback when I suggested that I would like to take up sheep farming myself in the Sahara.

"You are not a nomad," he protested. "How can you take up something about which you know nothing?"

I shrugged. "A man can do anything if he wants to enough." Madani pushed his turban onto the back of his head and eyed me thoughtfully for a moment. A smile gradually spread over his red face. He held out his hand and said:

"In sha Allah!" (If God wills it!)

In this way our partnership was formed.

But though I had taken a step toward my objective, it was only a step: an investment in sheep, which Madani would look after. That was all. However, with this contact many barriers were lifted. If I was not a nomad, I was a business associate of one. From being asked to dine formally I was advanced to being told to drop in when I pleased. I was lent horses and taken out hunting.

As the envelopes of reserve fell apart, I discovered what real men these Arabs were. Their splendid dignity was not put on; it was the breeding of generations. They *were* great gentlemen, old-fashioned country gentlemen to whom honor and a thoroughbred horse meant more than wealth. They had infinite kindness and charity. There was none of the business rivalry of Occidentals, where friend tries to outwit friend in the struggle for position or money. Each one worked for a common cause—the tribe, the Arab, Islam.

Gradually I began to think as they did. I learned to believe in the fatalistic outlook of these wanderers of the south who have always lived face to face with nature, and I wondered how I had ever bothered to wage the uneven battle at home. But even with this way of thinking, I was still not a nomad. My intimacy with Madani and the others went to a certain point and stopped. Three things held me to my Occidental past: my clothes, my language, and my faith, or lack of it.

It was not difficult for me to discard my unsuitable European clothes and dress like an Arab. It was comparatively simple for me to learn the desert dialect which the shepherds spoke. The first two steps toward nomadization presented no real obstacle. The third was not so easy.

With the Moslems, religion is not centered in the mosque. Islam means a complete surrender to God's will and has its place in every phase of a Moslem's daily life. The prayers five times a day, the abstention from pork flesh and liquor, the fast of Ramadan, the giving of alms, the call of the muezzin—*"La ilāha, illa Allāh; Mohammed rasul Allah!"* (There is but one God and Mohammed is his prophet!)—are all part and parcel of the twenty-four hours. If I went and lived among the Arabs and sat around while they prayed and fasted, or cooked myself a dish of ham and eggs, or did not give part of my earnings to charity, I might just as well have remained in Europe.

Ninety-nine per cent of the Arabs believed implicitly in all they had learned from the *taleb*. In Europe or America there were telephones, radios, something alive within reach which could be summoned. But in the Sahara there was nothing like that. The Arabs, I know, felt it; and that is one reason, I am sure, why they never omitted their prayers. It gave them a kind of anchor, a sense of security, a sensation of being protected by something real and reliable. In the midst of their daily duties these men would turn aside, slip off their shoes, and face the east. In a few minutes they rose and went back to their occupations with unmistakable serenity.

Desert Cavalcade

My relationship with the desert people was changing completely. My giving up tweeds and flannels for turbans and burnooses had led to a lot of discussion.

When it came to the actual choosing of my wardrobe, the Arabs behaved like a lot of girls helping a bride buy her trousseau. Madani was set on my getting the roughest ready-made kit. Daylis recommended the best tailor in the oasis. The Bash Agha wanted me to have my clothes woven in the desert. I forget how I managed to please everyone; but one day there I was, in the arcaded street where I had walked so disconsolately the first day, in full Arab regalia.

The shepherds were delighted. I had already started to learn their dialect. Madani watched without comment; but when he saw that I was really feeling my feet and slipping into this nomad's life without effort, he made preparations to establish me in a camp of my own.

Up to that time the sheep I had bought had run with Madani's flocks under his shepherds. Now they were separated and placed in charge of men who would be responsible to me and paid by me. Madani still supervised, but I was the boss in my own sphere and had an executive's tent. From now on, this tent would be my home, the desert my country.

The tents in which my nomads lived, in which I now lived, are nothing remotely like the pavilions of motion-picture sheiks. They consist of a kind of very large black-and-tan-striped blanket made of closely-woven camel and goat's hair. The blanket is stretched over posts and pegged down on three sides, the fourth left open. It is really a kind of awning. On the floor are thick carpets and hard headrests stuffed tightly with grain. The Arabs call them cushions! For the married, the tent is divided by another blanket. The man occupies one side; the wife, or wives, and the children, the other.

My own camp consisted of eight tents in which fifty men, women, and children made their homes. The only people responsible to me, and whom I paid, were six shepherds and a head shepherd. The other forty-three persons in the camp were the shepherds' families who tagged along with us. The women and the girls cooked for the camp, milked the goats and the ewes, made butter, wove carpets and tents. The youngsters helped look after the sheep and drove the pack animals when the caravan moved. In return for this help they fed at my expense. It was an admirable system and never let me down.

Owing to the amount of physical work they had to do, owing to the constant moving and bustle and unexpectedness of camp life, our women were never veiled, but one hardly ever saw them. They had the most extraordinary ability to keep out of the way of their own men and turn their backs on strangers. This was a pity, as they were much better-looking than their cousins of the oases. The sun and the wind had given their skins a rich tan, and their active lives had got rid of all the flabby fat of the town girls. Some had stunning figures. Their hair was plaited and hung in two strands over their shoulders. There was no make-up except about the eyes. Many wore finely-wrought silver ornaments studded with turquoises, not unlike the Navaho Indian jewelry.

These nomad women were extremely gay, and their babies were gayer. One never heard that aggravating wail of the spoiled child. Whatever happened, the girls always laughed, and when things really did go wrong, they never complained. At the end of a long march they were as smiling as at the beginning, and set about putting up the tents and getting ready the dinner as if they had been making the move in chauffeur-driven limousines. When they had babies, no one paid much attention. I have seen pregnant women helping to load the camels in the morning, and on the same evening, twenty miles farther on, I have seen them suckling infants.

As long as there was enough for our flocks to graze on in the neighborhood, we remained camped in the same place. It might be a day, it might be a week or more.

At dawn we rose and said our prayers. This was followed by a little coffee or mint tea. Except for an occasional date taken as refreshment in the field, my shepherds ate only one meal, at the end of the day.

After "breakfast" we counted the sheep. Soon after, the head shepherd and I, and usually Madani, rode onto the desert to look for grazing.

In a country where a really good rainy season consists of ten wet days in spring and ten wet days in autumn, pasture is hardy but scattered. A sheep must roam a long way to fill itself; and when a flock strikes a patch of grass, it is gone in no time. It is thus the business of the head shepherd and the owner of the flocks to look ahead for new pasturage.

By the time we made the noon halt, we might have ridden anything from ten to fifteen miles at a walk. If the Arabs were not going to eat, their horses had to. To an Arab, a horse means more than his flocks, his rifle, his tent.

"He who has a brave horse can undertake anything; he is invulnerable," runs an Arab saying. "A man is never truly courageous except on his horse," says another.

An Arab never walks anywhere. He may stroll in a street or go from one oasis garden to another, but he will make no journey, undertake no hunting, except on horseback. The high-backed saddle forms a kind of chair, and on this he will sit and doze during the thirty or forty miles he sometimes covers in a day. Except when hunting, he does not let his mount break out of a walk.

The horse is looked upon as part of the Arab's family. Although it is heavily bitted, the reins are rarely used. It is controlled by the rider's voice.

When the camp or oasis is reached, the horses are unharnessed and allowed to roam free. They will graze around the place and always come when called. When visitors are present, the Arab chieftain does not introduce his family. Moslem etiquette forbids that; but he summons his horses, and they trot gracefully to the guests for a pat or a lump of sugar.

The Arabs rarely talk among themselves for the sake of talking. If they have nothing to say, they just let their minds relax and keep quiet. The silence is not awkward or strained. On the contrary, it is friendly. Until the Arabs knew me well, they prattled like Occidentals. When I became one of them, they stopped. I, too, fell into their silent habits.

When the Arabs do talk, the topics are always the same: sheep raising, agriculture, and the weather. The sun and the rain mean life or death to the nomads. When it rains at the right time of year, there will be food and clothes and prosperity for millions. When it does not rain, or the sirocco strikes at the wrong moment, there may be famine. Watching the sky for clouds in spring and autumn is as tense as waiting for bombers to come over.

Sometimes we hunted with guns or falcons or greyhounds, but we were back in the camp for dinner on the dot of sunset. However weak or faint we might feel, the prayer had to be said first. When it was over, one of the shepherds' sons passed around the ablution basin and a ewer from which he poured water over our hands. A second boy placed in our midst a tureen of spiced soup called chorba, in which were several spoons. Each man took his spoon, the only eating implement which an Arab ever handles, and with an eager *"Bismillah!"* (In the name of God!) began noisily to drink soup.

Then a dish of bourak was placed before us—a kind of sausage roll made of minced mutton, sage, and mint, baked in light pastry. After the bourak came mutton or gazelle or hare or bustard stew seasoned with prunes and sweet almonds. The main and important dish, the dish which no Arab, rich or poor, is without, the famous couscous, came next. Couscous is wheat kneaded into tiny round balls and cooked over steam. With it is a spicy vegetable sauce called marga, and sometimes legs of partridges or chickens. It takes the same place with the Arab as rice does with the Chinese.

We ate couscous by taking some in our hands and making it into a ball which we shot into our mouths with our thumbs. To do this cleanly requires as much practice as eating properly with chopsticks.

When we were gorged with couscous, cakes made of flour and honey and almond paste and orange water, called heloua, filled up the cracks.

When everything had been eaten, we all drew a deep breath and said, *"Hamdullah!"* (May God be praised! or May God be thanked!) Then the shepherd boy appeared for the final time with the ablution bowl and the tea and coffee.

I never decided which I disliked most—the thick sweet Arab coffee or the sugary green tea. Both were sickly.

The coffee is a concoction full of grounds. The tea is a pure Arab invention. Here is the recipe, copied as I watched the brew being prepared:

In a small teapot place three spoonfuls of rather inferior green tea, two sprigs of fresh mint if you have it, dried mint if you have not, and a quarter of a pound of sugar. More, if you can afford it. Pour boiling water over this and serve in cocktail glasses. The result is very hot, very sweet mint sauce! Not tea!

The worst of this tea-and-coffee business is that the Arabs serve it on the least provocation. It is a gesture of hospitality and impossible to refuse at the risk of giving offense. Some Occidentals remember Arabs only with nausea, and all because of the mint tea!

After we had had our coffee or tea, had prayed again, and perhaps listened to some old, old story or to a shepherd playing on a deep-toned reed flute, we slipped onto our carpet under the tent. The long day in the open had tired us physically; the big meal on a hungry stomach had relaxed us. We had no cares which had not been foreordained, so there was nothing to fuss over. The only thing to do was to sleep.

Our yearly routine was as regular as our daily one, and, like it, was controlled by the sun.

During the autumn we pastured not very far from the oasis where I had first met Blanchet and Atalla and Mohammed ben Tahar. If the season was good, we stayed in that area quite a while. The moment it became cold, our migration south began. When it began to get really hot, we turned north again. That is, the flocks turned north. A nomad has really nothing to do with his wandering. It is the flocks which wander in search of grass; the nomads follow the flocks. And it is not the sheep, either, who decide where to roam; it is the goats. Sheep are the stupidest animals in existence. If left to themselves, they would eat the pasture immediately before them and then die of starvation. It would not occur to them that there might be food around the corner. The goats, on the other hand, are as alert as the sheep are dumb.

My nomads always kept a dozen goats in every flock of two hundred and fifty sheep. When my shepherds slept, they always had a goat on the end of string attached to their wrists. In this way they were sure of being warned if the sheep were in trouble.

So when the lengthening of the days made the grazing less fresh, the goats turned north, the sheep turned north, and we turned north too. By mid-spring we were back in our pastures around the oasis.

THERE was always great excitement when the tribes came back from their winter or summer pastures. Life in the oasis was never thrilling, and it was quite dead without its nomads.

The day after pitching our camp in a gully where there was pasture enough for three or four days, Madani and Ali and I rode to Atalla's to pick up news and gossip, and get into touch with the other chiefs.

I do not know who told that we were in Atalla's reception room, but within a few minutes of our arrival the agha Daylis, his blue eyes twinkling, joined us. Following on his heels was a crowd of caids and sheiks. For a few minutes we hugged one another, inquiring and inquiring again as to the states of our respective healths, praising God that we were well.

Arabs always behave in this way when they meet after short or long partings. It is obvious from everyone's appearance that no one could be better, but it does not damp the eager inquiry and the no less sincere reply. Then the curtain across the door was brusquely drawn back, and a cavalier in a royal blue burnoose appeared dramatically on the threshold. The Arabs all looked up, then arose, as the bash agha Jelloul came majestically into the room. It was like a scene in grand opera where all the characters are engineered onto the stage without explanation of why or how they got there so opportunely. The Bash Agha nodded acknowledgment to Madani's respectful kiss on the shoulder. Then he asked:

"Where's Boodli?"

I came out of my recess and stood, undecided. Was I still an Occidental who should shake hands and forget about the old man's rank, or was I a nomad of no standing who could only kiss the hand of the paramount chief? The Bash Agha solved the problem by taking me in his arms and kissing me on both cheeks. He held me at arm's length and examined me. Then he laughed approvingly.

On my way back to camp that night Madani said, "We have a lot to do. The Bash Agha tells me he is going to make an early move to the north this year. We must sell our lambs, shear and dip, before we go."

But the Bash Agha forgot all about his idea to get away before the first summer heat, and no one dared to remind him.

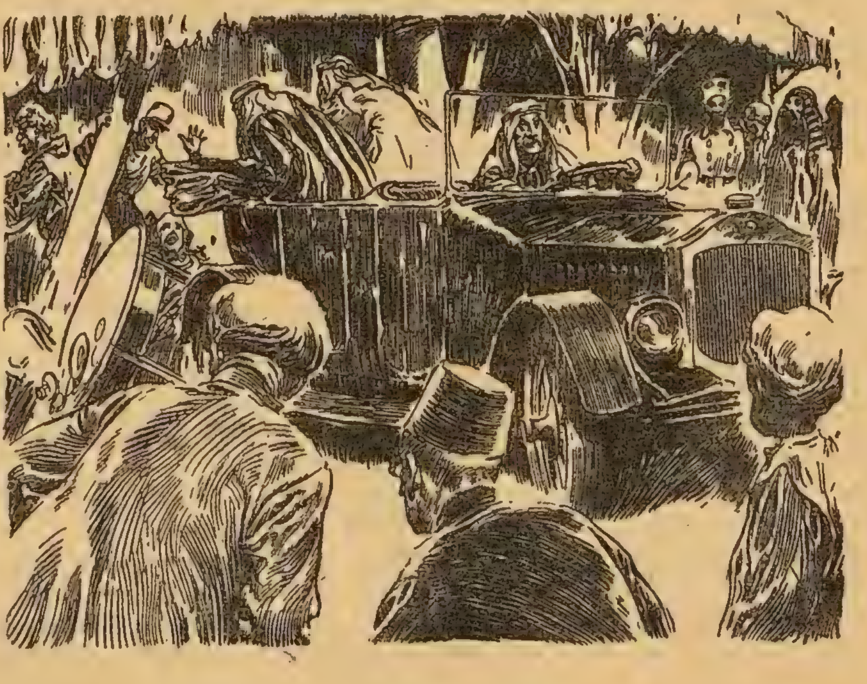
When I began to show impatience, Madani said:

"What does it matter when we start? We'll be doing the same thing there as we are doing here. What's a day or a week or a month in our lives?"

But I was not the only one to become restless. As the days grew longer and sultrier, the goats again turned toward the north. But the summer migration was not as simple as the winter move. Our waiting for the Bash Agha was not just another polite gesture; it was a necessity.

As long as we were in our southern territories, we were in Arab-run country with room for everyone. On the slopes immediately north of the Sahara we would be encroaching on the great tribe of the Ouled Nail. Beyond them we would be on land not normally occupied by nomads: the grain country. Into this territory we could only penetrate with the permission of the property owners, who did not like uncontrolled invasions by nomads. The only way, therefore, that we could get there was under the leadership of the Bash Agha.

Finally the old man set a date. On that day the whole of the confederation of the Larba tribes gathered at sunrise on the plains outside the oasis—ten thousand men, ten thousand women and children, two thousand camels, three thousand horses, and as many donkeys and dogs. Each tribe with its chief riding at its head, his tribal banner carried by a retainer in a royal blue burnoose. Each bassour decked in tribal colors. Way out in front, the Bash Agha in his scarlet and gold, imperial on his white stallion. Beside him, the retainers with his banner; behind him, the aghas and their retainers. Somewhere in the rear, a gray thoroughbred mounted by an Englishman in burnoose and turban, with no retainers, but prouder of his little band of tattered nomads than of any crack regiment.



Our move to the hills was a noble sight, never to be forgotten. Its dignity, its majesty, its vastness impressed me more than durbar or coronation, than any parade I had ever seen. There were no words to describe its simple magnificence. Because, in spite of the splendid array and the colors and the prancing horses and the bassours, its tone was simplicity. The Arabs taking part were no more impressed by the sight that so amazed me than by a mirage. This spectacle, which belonged to a world of the past, which no one who came upon it unexpectedly would believe, was not a super-motion picture; was to them part of their life. Their naturalness became part of my wonder.

I have taken many journeys since then by all manner of means and in all sorts of countries, but I have never known anything to equal the march of the Larba tribes from the Sahara to the Atlas.

The Marriage of Marhoun

The sheik Marhoun, the son of the agha Daylis and grandson of the bash agha Jelloul, was going to be married. Madani thought it would be a great idea to produce a car for this festive occasion. What could be more impressive than for the bridegroom to make his appearance at the wedding in a Ford!

That Ford of Madani's was a wonderful contraption. He was madly proud of it, though, as with all Arabs, his knowledge of machinery was zero and his ability to control a machine about the same.

Marhoun and I prepared to make a triumphant start from the village square in Chellala. Madani, resplendent in his scarlet burnoose, was at the wheel. Behind us, on the sidewalk outside the inn, Frenchmen and a sprinkling of Arabs sat drinking and smoking. To right and to left had gathered Madani's and Marhoun's retainers to witness the departure of the bridegroom.

After a few false alarms Madani got the motor started and began to fiddle with the gears (it was one of those old Fords with everything on the steering wheel), and, nodding to Marhoun and me on the back seat, glanced ahead of him to see that the way was clear. He then let in the clutch. . . .

I have no idea of what happened exactly, but the car seemed to take a flying leap—backward—and the next thing I knew, we were all sitting on the bar inside the hotel!

After that, Madani drove only when he was in the desert. It was by order of the Bash Agha. The damage done to the Chellala inn, to the gentlemen and their *apéritifs,* and to nomadic prestige was incalculable.

An Arab wedding is a fantastic and paradoxical performance.

The selection of the two to be mated is made by the parents. If the young man is particular, he can have his sisters report on his future wife; but on principle he knows nothing about her. The girl knows still less about him. Even the marriage contract is drawn up without either of the interested parties being consulted. The Kadi does this with the parents, and it usually calls for the bridegroom to furnish his wife with a comfortable home and the means of living to which she has been accustomed. The bride brings her trousseau, her jewelry, pots and pans and other household goods.

The weddings last seven days and seven nights and are conducted at the home of the girl and at the home of the man. For a week the bride's mother entertains the bridegroom's mother and her friends and her daughter's friends. The groom, in the meanwhile, is entertaining all the men connected with the two families.

There is, of course, no liquor, but a great deal of music and eating, and nauseating quantities of mint tea. On the seventh night of the feast the bride is brought in her bridal finery to the home of the groom. If after three days the bridegroom or the bride finds that he or she cannot bear the sight of the other, they may part. The contract is torn up, and both go their ways, free to have another trial marriage. This kind of rupture happens rarely, but it does happen and can always happen, according to law and tradition.

FOR Marhoun's wedding the Bash Agha must have slaughtered a flock of lambs to feed the men who turned up claiming kinship with the bridegroom. There were the musicians too, the dancers, male and female, and a platoon of Negro performers all with healthy appetites.

These Negroes, descendants of the Numidians of Jugurtha, were as savage and primitive as the Arabs were cultured and civilized. They did their dancing to a low moaning chant and to the clashing of small cymbals which they carried.

One evening they got themselves so worked up that nothing would make them rest. On and on they went, moaning and stamping and clashing their cymbals. The Bash Agha ordered one of his retainers to tell the blackamoors to have done. They did not even listen. The dance grew wilder. One of the Negresses began tearing off her clothes. The men followed her example. The Bash Agha became annoyed and commanded that the dancers be thrown out. This was done without effect on the dancing or the chanting. Into the street they went, their cymbals clashing, their bodies rhythmically swaying.

As I was walking back to the Kadi's house, where I was staying for the wedding, I suddenly came upon the black people. They were still dancing. Some of them had fallen out from exhaustion, but eight still moaned their terrible chant as they pranced and swayed and clashed their cymbals. They did not notice me, they did not pause. Until they fell fainting in the gutter, nothing could arrest their savage rite.

I slept fitfully that night. It was probably the result of the five-hundredth cup of tea. Whenever I woke, I could hear those black people as if they were in my room. Dismally and relentlessly they chanted and clashed. As long as it was dark, their hideous dance continued. They seemed to be mocking me. They seemed to be taunting the stranger who had tried to lift the veil which chastely shrouded the Sahara, who had tried to defile its mystery. They seemed to be triumphing over his confusion.

Next day I saw one of these fanatics. She was placidly laundering sheets in the public washing place of Chellala. One of her partners was prodding a small donkey laden with the city garbage.

I turned my back, wondering if I should ever understand.

Belara

The autumn of that year came rainless. September passed, October passed without even a cloud. The nomads said little, but their expressions were worried. Morning and night they turned from their prayers and watched the northern horizon. But the sun set in a glory of gold and rose dazzlingly white. Then I woke one dawn with the sensation that the hair was being scorched off my head. I sat up and saw that Madani had already left. The nomads, men and women, were working like feverish ants hammering in tent pegs, tightening ropes. The sheep and the camels and the donkeys huddled together, heads down, their backs to the wind which came in suffocating gusts. I looked up at the sky and found none. A pall of yellow dust obliterated everything. As the daylight increased, so did the heat. My throat felt parched, my eyes smarted. The wind came in a steady roaring rush.

Madani and Ali came across the open space between the tents. The shepherds followed. I looked questioningly at Madani. He only shrugged. With the wind licking about us like angry flames, we recited the morning prayer. When it was over, Madani led the way back into the tent.

"I was afraid of this," he said as he squatted on his carpet. "We might have managed the drought, *In sha Allah,* but combined with the sirocco, it's hopeless."

"What are you going to do?"

"As soon as this is finished, slaughter all the lambs. They couldn't survive, anyway, with nothing to eat, and it may save the ewes."

"How long does this last?" I asked.

Madani looked up. "What, the sirocco?"

I nodded.

"Three days, six days, or nine days," he replied without hesitation. "It never lasts less than three days."

Night and day, day and night . . . wind. There was nothing but wind. One wondered if there was ever a time when there was no wind. The sun was completely shrouded. The dawn was jaundiced, the sunset dark yellow. One could hardly breathe. And all the time, this frightful, infernal heat.

The animals suffered terribly. We had enough skins of water to have an occasional drink. Food was heavily seasoned with sand, but it was available. The animals could neither eat nor drink. They were too afraid to move, and if they had, there would have been nothing for them. When, on the third evening, the wind died down and stopped as suddenly as it had begun, I saw that every sprig of vegetation had been burned as if there had been a prairie fire. The air was still filled with dust, and it was days before we saw blue sky. It was a relief, though, to sleep without that nerve-wearing scream of the wind.

Madani was magnificent. During the storm he had made no comment. The sirocco was blowing, and there was nothing to be done about it until it stopped. He prayed at the hours appointed for prayer. He ate when food was brought. He slept when it was dark. He showed no sign of panic. But when the storm was over, he sprang into action.

He sent horsemen to round up all the nomads and flocks of his tribe. Their orders were to make for a water point to the immediate south of where we were now camped. Before moving, all lambs were to be slaughtered.

As the weather cleared, the great migration began. Men, camels, sheep, horses, donkeys overflowed the desert. The only nourishment for the beasts were small shriveled herbs. These were eaten by the strongest. Those unequal to the struggle died in their tracks.

The discipline at the well was a lesson. There was no stampeding. Everyone had his share of water. As soon as one group of flocks had drunk, it moved on. Soon we were all streaming across the desert toward the south. In a little while vegetation began to appear. Madani got out his dirty notebook and once more started to make calculations. Including the lambs we had slaughtered, we had lost sixty per cent of our stock, dead by the roadside.

"Not too bad," he said. "We might have lost everything. Now, at least, we have forty per cent with which to make a fresh start."

"Hamdullah!" was all I could say. Madani's philosophy —or was it courage?—had something which I lacked. In any case, I was being shown the Sahara under an even stranger aspect. Perhaps the ordeal of the sirocco had initiated me into this country's innermost secrets. Perhaps, in future, I could say that I did know a lot about the Great Sahara Desert.

I laugh when I think of my fatuity.

Soon after that, Madani and I went on a hunting expedition. With our thinned flocks, we had to depend almost entirely on game for meat. Late in the afternoon Madani said, "I don't know where we are." Just like that. It was a terrifying admission for a nomad and jerked me bolt upright in my saddle. "I've never been in this part of the Sahara before," he added by way of explanation. We rode on in silence. The night was dark and quiet. Madani looked about him and shook his head. Then he glanced at the ground. With an exclamation, he dismounted. For a moment he studied something at his feet. He nodded and remarked, "We aren't far from camp."

"How do you know?"

"Come and take a look."

I peered at what his finger indicated in the dust, but I could not see much. "It's something like the print of a man's foot," I ventured, "but I'm not sure."

Madani smiled. Though perfectly sincere, I was playing up beautifully. "It is the print of a young girl, probably unmarried, of the Chamba tribe," he said.

I stared again at the dull outline. "But why? How?"

"Without two prints before me, I cannot show you the difference between the footprint of a young girl and an older woman," he said, "but I know."

"Still, that doesn't tell you if the camp is near or far," I insisted.

"Oh, yes, it does," he answered. "There's sand always being blown about in these parts. A mark like that would be gone two hours after it was made."

"And how about the tribe?" This time I thought I really would get him.

BUT he went on like a prize schoolboy who never had his lesson wrong. "There's a date stone beside the footprint," he indicated, "and that kind comes from a date which grows only in the oases of the Chamba people. Come! Let's go! We'll dine and sleep in comfort after all."

Madani handed me the date stone and I saw that, as he had said, it was fresh. With an unconscious gesture I put it in my pocket. I had an odd feeling that that date stone was in some way mixed up with my life, but the thought passed as quickly as it came. Madani had already mounted and was riding in the direction toward which the footprint pointed. I quickly followed him. In about an hour, tents loomed up before us in the moonlight. A man appeared from one of the tents. Madani said:

"Ask who they are."

I hailed the man, announcing Madani and myself and the name of our tribe. Then I asked his.

"Chamba!" he called back.

Madani chuckled triumphantly. A fine old nomad got up from the entrance of the biggest tent and greeted us. He seemed to be a friend of Madani and did not appear to think it peculiar for us to pay him a visit unannounced and long after sunset. As a matter of fact, even if Madani had known no one in the camp it would have been the same. The law of hospitality in the desert obliges strangers to be received and lodged and fed at any hour of the day or night.

Suddenly a girl appeared out of the ghostly moonlight and crouched beside the old nomad.

It is hard to tell an Arab's age, but this girl was probably in her middle twenties. Although dressed as a nomad, she was different. Her hair, though plaited, did not look as if it had been dressed five years ago and left to accumulate the dust of the Sahara. It was glossily black and tied with a fresh ribbon. Her face was as fresh and white as a dewy gardenia. The lips were full and red. She had very big and very black eyes. I had never seen eyes like that before.

FOR a few minutes the girl sat staring at me. It was not a rude stare. It was, rather, a careful examination of something unusual and unexpected, something she wanted to make sure about. And I stared back, equally interested. When the staring was finished she smiled. Turning to the nomad, she asked:

"Who is that?"

The old man glanced quickly at me and at the girl. "He is our guest," he said, "a friend of the caid Madani."

"He is not a nomad," said the girl. "He is not even an Arab. He has not the nose of our people, neither has he the teeth. The only thing which *might* be Arab are his hands. They are small and nicely shaped."

Madani chuckled. I began feeling self-conscious at this analysis. The arrival of dinner changed the subject. But even while I ate, the girl continued to stare. Sometimes she smiled. It was disturbing. It was so young, so fresh, and, at the same time, was that of a mature woman.

She disappeared as suddenly as she had come. Neither Madani nor our host took any notice. They were discussing the eternal pasture question and were so engrossed that I could not ask them the things which burned at the end of my tongue. I had to wait till Madani and I were alone. Then I said:

"Who was that girl?"

Madani shrugged his shoulders. "Her name is Belara."

"Is she the daughter or the sister or the wife of our host?"

Madani shook his head. "No," he answered, "she is no relation."

"But she has a husband in the camp? A family?"

Madani shook his head again. "No," he replied, "she has no husband and no family."

"But she must have a father somewhere around?" And I added, as Madani did not reply at once, "She *is* an Arab, I presume? She *is* a nomad?"

"Yes, yes," said Madani, "she's an Arab and a nomad, but I don't know who her father is!" And the way he said it sounded like: I've a perfectly good idea who her father is, but I'm not going to tell you. It's none of your damn business.

With that, he closed up and rolled over on his carpet. I had broken all the rules of Arab good manners with my questioning. But the girl had intrigued me, and Madani's evasiveness had added to my curiosity. So I lay on my back trying to figure it out for myself. It was hot, and the ground felt hard; so did my pillow. Finally I got up and slipped out of the tent.

The moon was high up in the sky, and the desert was a lake of luminous glass. Except for the black tents, everything was like polished silver. The Sahara wind was singing a serenade.

I sat down beside the tent. In a few moments a figure came cautiously across the space between the tents. In the moonlight I could see the white skin and the black eyes of Belara. She seated herself beside me and put something into my hands.

"I've baked you a date-and-almond cake," she said. "It's very good. Taste it."

I took a cautious bite. However nasty it might be, I was not going to tell her that I did not like the cake she had baked specially for me. It was very good. I said so. I said so enthusiastically, comparing it to the usual nauseating Arab sweets.

"That is because of the dates," declared Belara proudly. "I love good dates. I eat them all the time."

"And you drop the stones by the roadside."

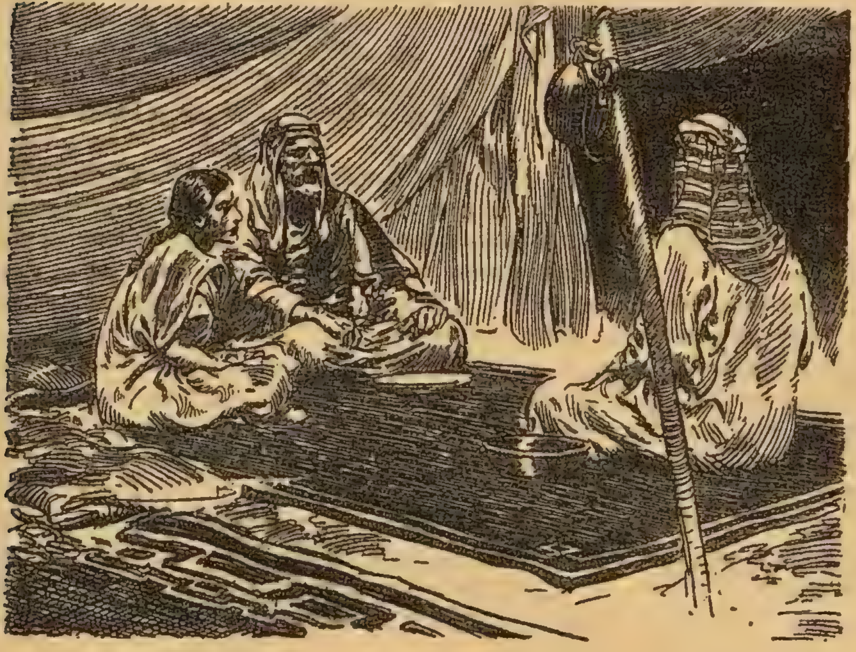
Belara looked up quickly. "Yes. Why not? Is it wrong?"

"No, but it explains something."

"Explains what? Don't talk in riddles. I don't like riddles unless they are good. Do you know any good ones?"

I laughed. "Your way of talking is much more like an Occidental than an Arab nomad," I said. "I wouldn't be surprised if you spoke English or French."

"French, yes, but not English," she replied instantly in French. "And as my French is much better than your Arabic, I shall talk to you in French."



"But where on earth did you learn French?" I exclaimed. There were very few nomads, except the important chiefs, who had a word of French, and certainly none of the women.

Belara laughed.

"I'll tell you one of these days."

"One of these days?"

Belara nodded. "Yes, I'm coming with you."

"But—" I began.

Belara put her hand over my mouth. "No buts," she said. "I have waited a long time for someone like you. Perhaps for you. How many sheep have you?"

"About a thousand."

"Wonderful. I have the same number. That will make two thousand. Our partnership will be half and half. In every way it will be half and half."

Madani and I went back to our own camp and forty-eight hours passed without any sign of Belara. I was beginning to think that I had dreamed the whole thing, when she appeared.

She looked at me, smiling. "Aren't you glad to see me? I'm sorry I didn't come sooner, but I had to round up my flocks."

I had seriously made up my mind to tell Belara that this idea of hers which sounded fine in moonlight just would not work in the sober sunshine. But she was so charming, so childish, so obviously sincere that I did not have the heart to.

I had also a fairly good notion that what I said or wanted would not make much difference. I had fallen in with a young lady who was accustomed to having her own way.

Before Belara had been in the camp a day she had made friends with the other women and knew the names of their children. She had told Ali to take charge of her sheep as well as mine. She had eaten the first meal in our circle. Her position in the camp had been settled without a word being said.

During the trek north to the oasis she did the same share of work as myself and Madani.

The change when we reached the oasis pastures was unbelievable. Where we had left a yellow, scorched, grassless land strewn with dead or dying animals, we found a green country, bright with desert flowers. Every ewe had a lamb at foot, and the camels' udders were bursting with milk. Rain was still falling, and the river bed around the oasis was a turbid, raging torrent.

Madani was exultant. He laughed and giggled and rubbed his hands. "Gold from the skies!" he kept on exclaiming. "Liquid gold from the skies. This will repair all the damage of the sirocco."

The oasis, too, had changed. From the apprehensive city of anxious tradesmen whose livelihood depended on the nomads' prosperity, it had become a bustling business center. The coming of the flocks, drawn from all parts of the desert by the news of the rain, was trebling business. The coffeehouses and shops were jammed. The only gloomy faces were those of a group of tourists. Outside Atalla's shop they stood in shiny raincoats with water dripping from their umbrellas which they had just bought. In unison they denounced North Africa and the Arabs and the desert. One traveler in particular, a bony, masculine woman with a voice like a corkscrew, was getting so indignant that I could not help staring at her. Suddenly she turned on me:

"And you, you lousy Arab!" she shouted. "What are *you* gaping at? Get out of my sight before I push you. Shoo!"

The sudden attack caught me unawares. I forgot my robes and my turban and what I looked like after months on the desert. I said:

"Listen, lady. If anyone's going to do any pushing around here, it isn't you. Get the hell out of here yourself. Scram! The whole bunch of you!"

Incredulity, amazement, consternation came and went on the faces of those tourists. Their mouths opened and shut. They looked at me and at each other. Then they went down the arcaded street as if a prairie fire pursued them. Atalla, who was standing at the entrance of his shop, laughed.

It occurred to me that I ought to get Belara something at Atalla's. But what? She was not just another nomad girl dazzled by a colored scarf or a bottle of cheap perfume. So I left it. When I returned to the camp without a gift I explained the reason. Belara smiled.

"Don't you know, blue-eyed Roumi," she said, "that when a woman loves, it does not matter what her man brings her? The value of the present has no meaning. It is the thought, the gesture."

The Truth About Harem Life

Belara had a house in the oasis, and to it she would ask friends and have me there. Although Arab men are handsome, their women, with rare exceptions, are not beautiful. They have pretty hands and arms, but their legs and ankles and necks are thick. Most of them have fine eyes, but their bodies are heavy. This is due to eating too much and taking no exercise. To an Arab this does not matter. He prefers his dumpy, homely girl to any streamlined Occidental beauty. He would no more think of carrying off a blonde on the bow of his saddle, as suggested in movies and novels, than omit his prayers. He is shocked by bare arms and dresses which leave nothing to the imagination. His idea of elegance and seduction is someone in a brightly-colored embroidered velvet dress, tied around the middle with a sash, under which are several cotton petticoats, black woolen stockings, and leather slippers. The face is daubed with mascara and rouge and powder.

A true harem, which is pronounced "hareem," has nothing in common with our ideas of Haroun-al-Raschid and Scheherazade. There are no gorgeous furnishings or sumptuous divans. It consists of nothing more than a plain room or rooms, the size of the place varying according to the means of the owner. A poor man has to share the harem with his wife. In this case it is partitioned off by a curtain. A husband and wife, whatever their station in life, never sleep or eat in the same room together.

However, whether the harem is large or small, it is never luxurious. There is no furniture and the walls are usually bare. The floor is strewn with carpets more or less rich, and cushions more or less gaudy. Clothes are kept in gaily painted boxes like old-fashioned traveling trunks. Meals are eaten at low tables which are brought in and placed before the diners, who sit cross-legged on the ground. The night is spent on cushions on the floor.

There are usually a number of clocks, all showing different time. The clocks are there because of that passion of unmechanical people for things mechanical.

In an average harem the wife or wives occupy the main living room. The children have separate quarters, and there is a kitchen and servant accommodation.

The husband has his own quarters to which he summons a wife when he wants to be alone with her.

This gesture does not provoke ill feeling or envy among the other wives. All marriages are arranged by the parents, and consequently there is no love involved. Consequently no jealousy. Polygamy is more the wish of the wives than of the husbands, who find it an expensive luxury. In the monogamous marriage it is the wife who has to be alone all day while her husband is at work. I only heard of one Arab woman who objected to polygamy.

An oasis man I knew, called Sliman, got bored with his wife and wanted to marry a second. But the wife—her name was Aïcha—did not want a companion Mrs. Sliman. Sliman, however, was set on having the other girl, who was a catch with a big dowry. So he divorced Aïcha.

Aïcha, having put herself in the wrong by refusing to permit what was a perfectly normal and legal thing for a Moslem to do, had no redress. But she made up her mind that she was not going to give up her man without a struggle. When she saw that the divorce was going through, she went to an old witch called Messaouda. I knew this crone; and if ever there was a creepy fourth-dimensional creature, it was this wrinkled hag with glittering eyes like a snake's. Messaouda took on the case and started weaving spells. On the night of Sliman's second wedding, she ordered Aïcha to prepare a feast and invite all her girl friends. "At midnight," she added, "your husband will return to you."

Aïcha did as she was told. It was a gay party, with buckets of mint tea and trays of almond cakes and everyone having a good time. Aïcha enjoyed herself too, and had almost forgotten about the witchcraft business when, at midnight, there was a banging at the door. A maid opened it and found Sliman in a dazed condition begging to be let in. Acting on Messaouda's instructions, Aïcha refused to receive her husband until he had three times implored her forgiveness.

I cornered Sliman one day and asked him what it was all about. He shrugged his shoulders and assured me he had no idea. All he knew was that just as he was going to see his new bride for the first time, he felt impelled toward Aïcha. He struggled against the impulse, but before he knew what was happening, he was running as fast as he could back to his wife's home. That was all he could tell me. And as long as I lived in those parts, Aïcha never had to bother about her husband wanting another wife.

Arab women are not educated. They can neither read nor write. They have no idea of what is going on in the world. They are not interested. An American girl I knew was once staying in the agha Daylis' harem. After a while she got deadly bored. To pass away the time, she thought she would teach her hostesses to play bridge. But she encountered an unsurmountable obstacle: None of the women knew how to count.

The veil of the oasis people (nomad women do not veil) is not the traditional yashmak of old Turkey, which covers half the woman's face and often makes her intriguing. The true veil is a cotton shroud, blue or white, which covers the woman from top to toe. Nothing is left showing, not even her hands or feet. One eye peeping through a slit in the shroud is all that enables the wearer to see her way about. So complete is the disguise that one cannot tell whether a young beauty or an old hag is brushing by.

The conditions under which the wives of poorer Arabs live are less monotonous than those of their wealthier sisters.

The wives of men like the Bash Agha or Atalla never saw anything outside the interiors of their harems and gardens. As their husbands had summer and winter residences, they actually knew two harems and two gardens. That was all. They did not even know the routes between their two homes. The yearly moves were made at night, in cars with drawn shades. Occasionally they saw their mothers or their sisters or their fathers, but paying calls was not encouraged. In fact, such Moslem women of the upper classes were completely ignorant of the outside world except by hearsay.

The wife of a poor man had a much gayer time. She had no servants and was obliged to do her own shopping. Shopping took her into the streets; and although bundled up in her shroud, she had that one eye peeping out. Needless to say, it missed nothing—Arab chiefs in their scarlet cloaks, French officers, tourists, automobiles, people, and happenings which Mesdames Jelloul and Atalla had hardly dreamed of. She could gossip with other women and with the shopmen from whom she bought.

The only Arab woman I ever knew to give up the veil and leave her harem did so at the suggestion of her husband, who had served for several years as an officer in a cavalry regiment in France. The relationship of his French colleagues and their wives appealed to him, and he brought his own wife from her oasis in the Sahara to Paris. At the end of six months the lady implored her husband to have her taken back to her harem. There I saw her. The things that girl told me were revelations of how irksome modern life can be to someone who has not been brought up in it. . . . The changing of clothes for morning or afternoon or evening occupations. The complicated way of eating with different kinds of spoons and forks instead of fingers. The meaningless conversations.

THE fact is the average Arab household is happy. The men are kind to their wives and devoted to their children. They give their families a feeling of security; and, as in most communities, this is what a woman chiefly looks for in marriage. Being confined to a harem and not allowed to see unrelated men is no hardship if it is the custom of the society in which one has been brought up. An Arab wife waiting for her lord may seem a rather grotesque, a rather sad figure to an Occidental. All her finery, all her make-up, which have taken hours to put on, are for the benefit of one man who may be too preoccupied to even notice her when he gets home. But she will not mind. She knows that she is safe. Her husband may be spasmodic in his attentions, but he has his wife in mind, and the welfare and the honor of his home count for him before all.

Belara made me realize a good many things. Yet, from an Occidental point of view, she had no education. I never found out who her parents were or why she had this independent fortune. That she was pure Arab, there was no doubt. She had the easy gait of the nomads, she had their laughter, she lived as one of them; but there were moments when she showed a dignity, a sense of things which did not belong to any Sahara camp. I am not sure that I ever wanted to learn anything definite about this girl with the great dark eyes. When we separated, I felt as though I had lost something very precious.

Our parting was as unexpected and as sudden as our meeting. One evening she came to me in the tent and, kneeling before me, said:

"Queequee—" She always called me that. I do not know why or what it meant. "Queequee, I come to you now as the friend you have shown yourself. I come for forgiveness and understanding. Queequee, I have to leave you."

"Leave me?" I asked anxiously.

Belara bowed her head and whispered, "Yes, Queequee. Forever."

Unpredictable as Belara was, I was not prepared for this. I wondered if something in my instinctive Occidental way of behaving had upset her. As if sensing these thoughts, she said:

"This has nothing to do with you, dear. I am the only one involved."

"But where are you going?"

"I'm going to be married."

"To be married?"

Belara nodded, and added under her breath, "to Sidi el Hadj Abdallah, the Marabout of Teniet el Had."

"But he's an old man! You must be crazy, Belara! He can't mean anything to you?"

"He doesn't," she said. "Marrying him is like becoming a nun. That is as it should be. I belong to Islam, and Islam calls for more than just doing what one feels inclined to.

"One day you will go back to your own people. But I couldn't go with you, you know that, any more than you could always stay here. So I have made up my mind. I go to the Marabout. He is a good man and needs my flocks and my houses and my money for Islam, and I shall be a nun. It is better so."

And one morning she was gone. No one told me. I did not have to ask. I just knew it was all over. With that admirable tact for which the Arabs have no equal, the matter was not mentioned. We carried on with our work as usual and only talked of things connected therewith. Once only was it referred to. Out of one of his silences, Madani remarked:

"Women are strange creatures. When they love, their emotions surpass anything a man can feel. They become sublime."

Knowing nothing of Belara's background, I shall never understand why she did what she did. She belonged so much to the Sahara. She *was* the Sahara; the wind in the Sahara, restless, never the same for two hours running, trying one's temper to the limit of endurance and then breaking down all resentment with her smile. . . . She was one of the most sincere, ingenuous women I ever knew. Her name meant Crystal.

A Royal Command

When the time came around for the summer migration to the hills, I did not move with the others. I wanted to be alone for a while.

The sun heat in the Sahara has no equal. During June, two minutes in the open without something on one's head puts one out, probably for good. Madani must have gauged how long I could stand the heat, for just as I was considering making a dash for the coast, I had a royal command to come and stay at the Bash Agha's farm in the Atlas. There was no suggestion that I might refuse, or start when convenient. The note concluded with: "You will take the bus to Djelfa on Thursday night" (this was Thursday evening), "and on Friday morning, the train from Djelfa to Boghari, where a car will fetch you, *in sha Allah*."

In sha Allah—meaning if God wills it—was the most important part of the letter! But in my haste to escape from the heat, I passed it over. Only taking time to tell a shepherd that I was off, I mounted my horse and rode into the oasis.

I made the bus around midnight. I made the train around 6 A. M. I made Boghari around midday. But I made no Madani car!

The whole of Saturday passed without any change in the situation. By nightfall I was irritated. I imagined myself being asked for a week-end at home and having no one meet me for days. I made up my mind that if no car turned up before the train next day, I would go to Algiers. I would let Madani and his family go hang!

My thoughts must have been carried on air eddies, for at sunrise on the following morning Madani's car drove into the caravanserai with the Bash Agha's Numidian chauffeur at the wheel. He waved me good day, refused an offer of coffee, and said he must get back to the farm, as he was in a hurry. I could think of no sufficiently sarcastic comment, so I joined him on the front seat and we started to climb into the wooded hills above Boghari.

The greenery and the smell of vegetation and the fresh mountain air calmed me, and when, three hours later, we arrived at the farm, I had little resentment left.

NO one was at home, so the chauffeur led me into a room in the middle of which was a huge brass bed. In five minutes I was between the sheets. Before I had had the time to appreciate them, I was asleep.

When I awoke, it was afternoon. Madani was sitting beside me on a wooden chair writing in his dirty notebook. He greeted me in the traditional manner. But the bed was making me feel Occidental, so I made him no satisfactory report on my health. Instead I asked what had happened to the car. He looked puzzled, so I added:

"Supposing I invited you to stay and told you I'd fetch you on Friday and the car did not turn up till Sunday, wouldn't you ask questions? Wouldn't you want to know what had happened?"

"No," he answered, and smiled as if that settled the matter. Then, as an afterthought, he added, "You're here, aren't you?"

"Yes, I'm here," I replied, "obviously I'm here, but I could have been here two days ago instead of wasting my time in Boghari."

Madani looked at me thoughtfully and inquired, "What would you have been doing if you had not been in Boghari?"

I shrugged my shoulders and fell into the trap. "I don't know. Nothing much."

"Well, what are you fussing about? You can do 'nothing much' just as well in Boghari as in the Sahara or as here. Come, dinner is ready."

He gave me a friendly pat and went out.

In the patio I found the Bash Agha and the agha Daylis and Marhoun, and various other members of the clan whom I had met at the wedding. They all embraced me and cross-examined me about my health. But no one asked me why I was three days late in arriving or what sort of journey I had had.

In the middle of that night there was an earthquake. It did not last long, but for a few moments the farm quivered. The household rose in commotion. Children screamed, servants shouted, dogs barked. The Bash Agha rushed into my room fully dressed, proving that, even when away from the camp, these men never took off their clothes. Seeing me still between sheets seemed to surprise him.

"My friend," he exclaimed, "you lie calmly in bed while the earth shakes and trembles?"

I laughed. "Your bed's too comfortable," I said. "Besides, according to you, if I'm fated to die in an earthquake I shall die in an earthquake, wherever I am!"

The Bash Agha's eyes twinkled. With a meaning glance, he silenced me and went out of the room, closing the door quietly. Two minutes later I heard him berating the others for daring to question their destiny. Next morning no one mentioned the earthquake.

The next morning we went to a village thirty kilometers distant where the weekly market was being held. The road was thronged with men on horseback and on foot, with sheep and goats and donkeys.

The selling and buying of sheep at an Arab market takes a long time. Most of the transactions are left to the head shepherds. The chiefs stalk around for a while feeling sheeps' backs and examining wool, but they really come to the market only to meet their friends and to gossip.

Having nothing to gossip about, I persuaded Marhoun's younger brother, Sheik Ali, to come with me to the local inn for a bite.

We sat down in the café and the waiter was just bringing us our breakfast when, without a word, Ali jumped up and went into the street. Rather taken aback by the suddenness of his move, I followed. Still without speaking, he went into another inn, sat at a table, and gave the identical order he had given in the other place. Suspecting that he had sensed something "unclean" in the first restaurant, and not wishing to appear an ignorant infidel, I asked no questions. This time the breakfast was brought and placed before us. But before I had time to pour the coffee, up sprang Ali again and made for the street. Afraid that I might be in some way responsible for these delirious movements, I went after him and caught up with him just as he was going back into the original café. This time I asked the reason.

"Didn't you see?" was all he said.

I shook my head. "Didn't I see what?"

"My great-uncle, the agha Yahia!"

It sounded like a Shakespearean ejaculation, but all I said was, "Well, what about your great-uncle, the agha Yahia?"

"He came into the first café we were in."

"So what? Don't you like your great-uncle, the agha Yahia?"

"Of course I like my great-uncle, the agha Yahia," he replied, "but I cannot remain seated when he is in the room. I cannot remain seated when my father or my uncles are in the room."

I nodded. "Yes, of course, but what happened in the second café?"

"My great-uncle, the agha Yahia, came there, too."

"I see," I said, "and I suppose we shall go on chasing around the village until we find a place where your great uncle, the agha Yahia, does not come."

Sheik Ali shrugged his shoulders.

"But I am hungry," I protested, "and I want my breakfast."

"So do I," agreed Sheik Ali, "but what can we do?"

I thought for a moment, then I said, "I don't know what *you* can do, but I know what *I* can do, and I'm going to do it right now!"

With that I returned to the second café and, taking my coffee and bread, seated myself at the table of Sheik Ali's great-uncle, the agha Yahia. He was a kindly old gentleman and seemed glad of my company. I explained what had brought me to sit with him. He smiled politely, but he made no suggestion that his nephew join us. As far as he was concerned, Sheik Ali might wait all day for his coffee.

THE Arabs respect age. Age and dignity are the only things they pay any attention to in judging a man. Military or tribal ranks mean nothing to them unless they are accompanied by personal qualities which are found equally among the rich and the poor, the highborn and the lowborn. The Arabs are natural socialists.

The bash agha is the paramount chief, the caid is the head of the tribe, but their authority does not depend on their titles. A tribesman will not go to his caid for help or advice if he does not command respect. He will go to the oldest nomad. Most caids and sheiks do command respect, otherwise they would not be holding these positions.

The bash agha's son has a better chance of becoming bash agha than anyone else, but if he does not show the makings of a good ruler by his own personality, he will be passed over. The father will be the first to recognize that his son must not inherit the scarlet cloak, and will designate someone else.

Neither does the red and gold impress anyone but tourists. Arabs do not go in much for dressing up. A foreigner has no idea of who an Arab may be by his clothes. Marhoun was a dandy; so were many of his unimportant friends who spent a lot of time in Algiers, while Madani usually looked like a shepherd who could not afford a new outfit. Yet when Madani appeared at a tribal council, everyone knew that his place was to preside.

It was the same with me. No one cared whether I was rich or poor. They respected me because I had more dignity than the average Occidental. I did not fly into rages or order people about or hurry or want things which the desert did not supply. They did not know what an effort this was sometimes. If they had, they might have respected me more!

I Become an Oasis Dweller

The Sahara had now held me for nearly three years. During that time I had known no home but my tent. I had read no books. A newspaper had rarely fallen into my hands. The only thing that really mattered to me was whether it rained or not. I was content, and I saw no reason why I should ever give up my life of a nomad Arab.

What actually climaxed my decision to modify my mode of life is hard to explain. It began one night alone on the desert in late autumn. The nomads were moving with their flocks toward the south. Hunting gazelle, I had become separated from my caravan. Now night was falling. Soon the stars stood out, huge and bright in the ebony sky. I stretched out in my robes to sleep. But sleep, usually friendly, was sulking somewhere. My mind was alert and carried me back and forth through my life. All kinds of forgotten scenes and people whom I had not thought of in years appeared and faded before me.

For more than thirty months I had done absolutely nothing for which I could show anything except an increase in my flocks. Was this all I had been destined for? Was "escape" really my goal? Had my elaborate education and careful upbringing been given me also that I might become a nomad of the Sahara? Why not? I was happy, wasn't I? Was that to suffice? I was still young. Were the remaining years of my existence to be immersed in the inertia of fatalism? Would I live and die a bedouin of the desert?

The next morning, rather incoherently, I let flow to Madani the thoughts which were troubling me.

He made no immediate comment. For more than an hour he rode on as if he had not heard. Then he said:

"You are probably right. You have prayed with us and eaten with us as one of us. But although I love you as my brother, I know better. Inside of you is the Occidental, and the Occidental is stirring." He paused, and his blue eyes were filled with concern. "But I cannot advise you. I am too young. Soon we shall come to the parting of the caravan tracks. One track leads to the south, the other to the east. I will take the track to the south. You will take the track to the east. In three hours you will come to the oasis. There you will find the Bash Agha, *in sha Allah*. Go and see him. He will tell you what to do."

I went straight to the Bash Agha's house.

I tried to order my speech better than in the morning, but it was still confused. However, Jelloul seemed to follow, and nodded his head as I made each point. When I had finished, he wasted no time and said much the same as Madani. He concluded his remarks with:

"I do not think that you can make a change suddenly. You have become used to desert life. If you went to live in America or Europe tomorrow, you would go crazy. If you will take the advice of an old man who knows the world of the Roumi as well as the world of the Moslem, I suggest you become one of the oasis dwellers. We will find you a house here, and you can gather your things about you. If you want, you can have your friends visit you, but don't give up your camp or your flocks. You can spend three, four, six months in the desert; the rest of the time in your oasis home. In this way you can regain touch with what is now making you restless and, *in sha Allah*, retain your Arab friends."

The house which the Bash Agha found for me in the oasis looked like a cake. It was square and white and had a kind of crenelated green fringe around the edge of its flat roof. The rent I paid was the equivalent of four dollars and fifty cents a month.

To solve the furnishing problem, I had to become inventive. I had to develop instincts of Mr. Robinson without any of the natural resources which the South Sea Islands furnished the Swiss family.

Atalla Bouameur had some hideous Damascene chairs and stools made of stained wood inlaid with mother-of-pearl. I bought some carpets and cushions and couscous platters. Blanchet produced a lot of empty wine cases. These we nailed together and painted to serve as dressing tables and washstands.

I ordered a bath from Algiers, an ordinary white metal bath which should normally have stood in a tiled bathroom with taps and waste pipes and other gadgets. I had it placed in the lumber room on the second floor, against the outer wall of the house. In this wall I knocked a hole where the waste pipe should have been. In the hole I placed a kind of wooden spout which, when I took the plug out of the bath, sent the water cascading into the alley below. I instructed my servant to build a fire every evening in the second courtyard, and on it to heat buckets of water. These were carried upstairs to the bath.

The soapy water, as I have explained, shot straight out of the bath into the alley which skirted one side of my house. The surface of the street was, like everything else in the oasis, made of mud. Mud is firm to walk on as long as it is dry. It is not firm to walk on when it is wet. As, however, it is never really wet in this part of the world, the mud street goes on unchallenged. My mud street, or rather the water of my bath mingled with the mud street, might have continued also to go on unchallenged if it had not been that this particular street led to the cemetery.

At an Arab funeral the corpse, wrapped in a shroud, is placed on a kind of stretcher and carried to the grave on the shoulders of chanting men. Crowds of people follow in the procession. Some of these are friends and relatives of the corpse; many just happen to feel in the mood for a funeral. But regardless of the degree of kinship or acquaintanceship, every able-bodied man must, for a few yards, take a hand at bearing the "stretcher."

Where the alley passed beneath my bathroom was the last lap before reaching the cemetery. It was, therefore, the spot where an almost free fight began for the privilege of giving the corpse a helping hand to its final resting place. The chanting, too, became louder and fiercer, and groups of men who had nothing else to do swelled the procession. One can thus imagine the confusion when, on the morning after my fourth or fifth bath, a man in one of these funeral processions who was just relieving one of the corpse bearers, slipped in the slime. With his feet going away from under him like greased lightning, he let go of the stretcher, and the corpse was precipitated into the mud.

The rest of the parade, singing fanatically and unaware of what had happened in front, pressed on and piled up on the stretcher carriers, who were feverishly trying to recover the corpse. In less than a minute that dignified chanting procession had become a heap of bellowing creatures slithering about like players at a football match on a wet Saturday afternoon.

I WAS quite ignorant of what had taken place, and at first no one attributed the funeral mishap to anything having to do with me. But when the same thing occurred a second time at precisely the same spot, and then a third time, the wise began to smell coincidence. Why was this part of the funeral route always wet and muddy? An investigation followed, and my bath had to be moved to the opposite end of the lumber room where the water could leak into the garden.

I found that it was much simpler to return to the primitive than to the modern. As I dressed each morning, I realized how completely I had lost my Occidental habits. My stomach, no longer accustomed to breakfasts and midday meals, did not call me instinctively to table. After dinner I wanted to go to bed. Once in bed, I could not sleep. It was not indigestion or nerves. It was something quite unexpected. If I had not mentioned my insomnia to Daylis, I might never have found out the cause.

He said, "Your head's cold. When I go to a hotel in Algiers or Paris, I undress and get into bed like a Roumi, but unless I have something on my head, I can't sleep."

I realized that he was right. After years of sleeping in a turban, my head could not accustom itself to the night air. Henceforth I wore a fez in bed and had no more sleepless nights. Today, even, when I cannot drop off at once, I put on a hat. Nine times out of ten it works faster than any sedative.

No Arab Anti-Judaism

In every Sahara oasis there are many Jews. In ours there were more than thirty.

There was no Arab anti-Judaism (or, as I have heard it said, Arab anti-Semitism! . . . Semite anti-Semites? . . . One might just as well speak of American anti-Americans).

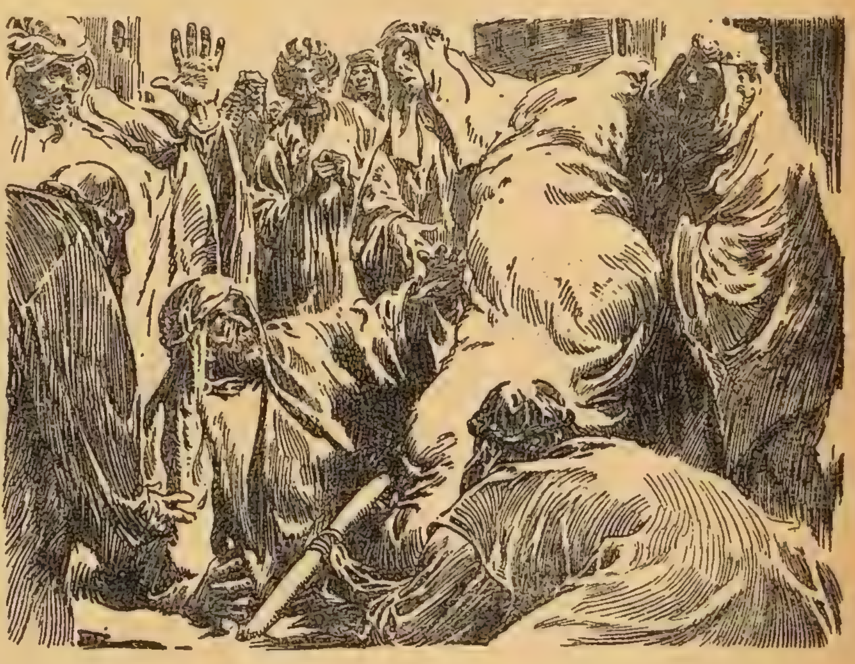
The Israelites, Hebrews, or Jews, as they are differently called, belong, with the Arabs, to the great Semitic branch of the human race said to be descended from Shem, the eldest son of Noah.

Until the appearance of Moses, the Jews were just another tribe or group of tribes living on the borders of the Arabian peninsula. Until shortly before the beginning of the Christian era they were nomads. The reason these Israelites got themselves mixed up with the building of the pyramids was that old question of sheep and pastures which formed the basis of most of our Sahara conversations. The Land of Goshen was a fertile grazing area in northern Egypt. There the Israelite nomads followed their flocks. When, after their escape from Pharaoh under the guidance of Moses, they wandered about the country round Mount Sinai, it was for the same reason that Madani and I wandered about the Sahara—to feed their sheep. Jesus spoke of Himself often as a shepherd caring for his sheep because, even at that time, it was a simile which every Jew could understand.

Abraham was a nomad. His family and descendants were nomads. If Abraham or any of his contemporaries were resurrected today, they would be the only people who would find their country much as they had left it. The tents, the pastures, the shepherds, the shepherds' clothes, the breed of sheep are as they are described in the book of Genesis.

The early books of the Old Testament are stories of nomadic life. To our nomads the summaries of the chapters of the Book of Exodus might have been contemporary headlines of Sahara news.

The Jews were almost indistinguishable from the Arabs. To a tourist, a Hebrew in his robes or an Arab in his were the same. The features, the build, the calm were similar.



The Jews in the oasis had gardens and shops, but they were chiefly merchants. They imported grain, they exported sheep. They were our contact with the outer world.

The Jews of the oases depended on the nomads of the desert for a livelihood. The nomads depended on the Jews. Without the nomads, the Jews would have had no sheep to buy; without the Jews, the nomads would have had no one to sell their sheep to.

The sheep business in North Africa was important. Something like five million sheep left the Sahara every year for distribution to Algeria and France. The Jews handled the whole thing admirably. During the time I was living in the Sahara I never heard Madani or Daylis or Jelloul or Ali (the head shepherd) complain of a deal made with Jews. They observed the current market prices, they knew what they wanted, they paid cash. When we came to the market with our lambs, we knew that the Jewish merchants would be there to take our goods, pay us for them, and absolve us from all further worry.

In every way the Jews and the Arabs got on admirably. The Arabs were in far greater harmony with the Jews than they were with the French. Even over the Crémieux Decree, which gave the Jews of North Africa unconditional French nationality and did not concede this right to the Arabs, there was little friction. The Arabs understood the French motives for this discrimination. They respected the Jews, and the Jews respected them, and they remained on the best of terms. It was not unusual to meet prominent Jews dining with the Bash Agha; and, while Jelloul did not go out much himself, I often went to Jewish homes with Daylis or Madani.

The only places where there were sometimes clashes between Jews and Arabs were in Algiers and Oran and Constantine. I have an idea, though, that these incidents were brought about by Occidental politics. I have the same idea that the strife between Arabs and Jews in Palestine has the same origins. If unprovoked by outside influence, there is no reason why the Jews should not work as peacefully with the Arabs in Arabia and Palestine as in the Sahara.

Out of Gas, by Allah's Will

Summer in the oasis was more trying than on the desert. On the desert one made up one's mind to roast. The heat was unbelievable, but there was nothing one could do about it. In the oasis there were all kinds of imaginary respites from the blazing atmosphere which only emphasized the feeling of being grilled. I sent a wire to Madani. He had migrated north with the flocks in May and was pasturing around Chellala. He wired back at once that he would be glad to see me. I could live in the camp or stay at the inn.

I began by staying at the Chellala inn. The day after my arrival, the Bash Agha asked me to dine.

Jelloul seemed to have houses wherever he went, or else accommodating relatives who turned out when he appeared. I was never sure about this. But whoever the owner was, the Bash Agha always behaved as if he were in his own home.

Arab meals are good and satisfying, but they are not imaginative. Within three or four variations, they are always the same. When, therefore, the soup was followed by a dish of fish, I forgot my Arab manners and showed surprise.

The Bash Agha was delighted.

"You didn't expect that, did you?" he exclaimed. "Would you like to catch some fish yourself? I am going to Taguine tomorrow morning. If you will come here at eight, I will take you out. You can lunch with me there, and fish."

The next morning, somewhere around six, one of the Bash Agha's retainers walked into my room and said that everyone was waiting for me.

I pointed out the time to the man, adding that I had been told to be ready at eight. He showed no interest and repeated that everyone was waiting for me. I gathered that he expected me to come along in my pajamas. The real nomad, who rarely undresses, does not understand that a man cannot wake up and go straight to his daily duties. I tried to explain my shaving and dressing problems, but the man was unimpressed and left, repeating that the Bash Agha awaited me.

Half an hour later Madani came into my room unannounced and abruptly informed me that the Bash Agha was waiting. I said, "But he told me to be there at eight, and it's barely seven now."

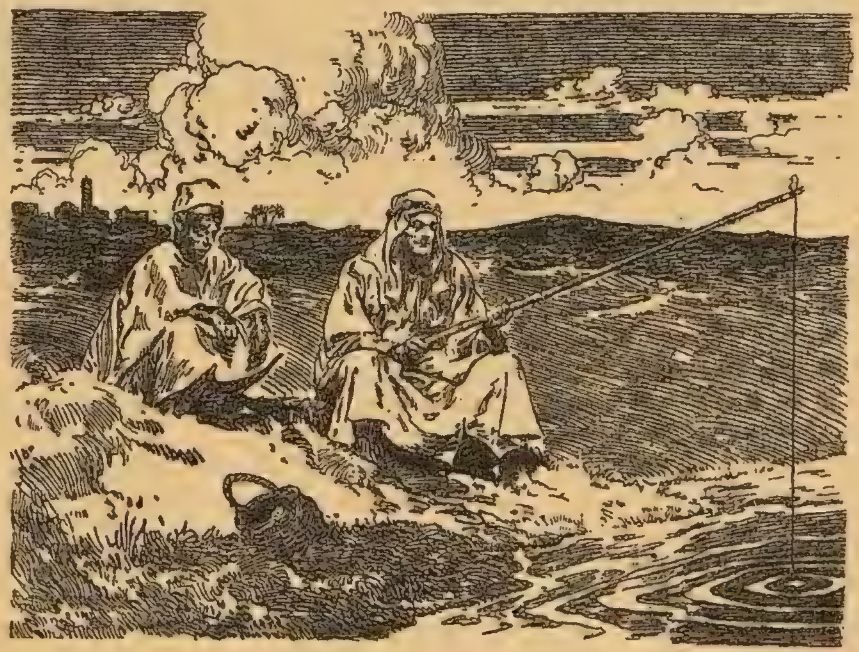
He said, "But the Bash Agha is ready."

I said, "Well, he should have told me to come earlier."

Madani shrugged. "The Bash Agha is waiting. Perhaps you will hurry. I will sit downstairs."

I laughed and began to dress. Oasis life had made me forget nomad ways.

I found the Bash Agha sitting outside his "host's" house smoking a meerschaum pipe. Around him stood a number of Arab chiefs. The Bash Agha greeted me and made no reference to my being "late." He did not seem to be in any hurry, and waited till he had finished his pipe before joining the driver on the front seat of the waiting car. Madani motioned me to get in behind and got in after me. The agha Yahia got in after Madani. Marhoun got in after the agha Yahia. The Kadi got in after Marhoun. Sheik Ali said:



"I don't think I'll come. There isn't enough room."

Everyone protested, so he got in too.

At the entrance to the village, Marhoun suddenly asked, "Have we enough gas to get there and back?"

"In sha Allah," replied the driver.

The Kadi, who has a sense of the practical and dislikes impromptu nights in the open, said, "I think you had better make sure."

The driver made sure—and found there was enough gas to go about one mile downhill. We therefore turned back. No one seemed to mind.

When we had filled up, we moved off again. As soon as we reached Taguine, the chiefs went off to attend to their affairs and I was dispatched to fish. My guide carried a long pole to which was attached two yards of thin rope with a hook knotted at the end.

After trudging for about half an hour through fields of standing barley, we came to a broad ditch at the bottom of which trickled a little muddy water. In it a few tortoises paddled.

"The river," said the guide proudly.

I must have looked disappointed, for he added quickly, "The fish are farther on."

We followed the ditch for half a mile until we came to a slimy pool. The Arab squatted beside it and, after baiting the hook, handed me the pole. I took it, feeling inclined to laugh. I was reminded of that Christmas game when one fishes for useless presents out of a tub. However, I lowered the worm into the opaque water and waited. Two minutes had hardly passed when I had a bite. Memories of tumbling streams, of lines hissing out, of bent rods flashed before me. But they were only memories. I had struck so violently, and the rope at the end of my pole was so strong, that I had jerked the two ounce fish out of the pool and onto the bank. Finally, tired of this crane-like occupation, I went back to the house where the car had dropped me.

I found my friends looking hungrily out of the door at four Arabs who slowly turned a lamb on a spit before a brushwood fire. One of the cooks came in and asked if he should serve.

"Of course," said the Bash Agha; "but where is the caid Madani?"

"He is saying his prayers," ventured Sheik Ali.

The Bash Agha said, *"Hamdullah."* But his eyes expressed, "Why the deuce must this half-wit pray at lunchtime?"

A low table and tray were placed before the Bash Agha. He motioned me to sit beside him. He called the agha Yahia and another aged agha, who seemed to have grown out of the earth at the smell of food. The others squatted at a respectful distance and spoke only in whispers.

The long Arab meal began. As the Bash Agha's party finished each dish, it was taken to the other group. There was no conversation until a bowl of skimmed milk had been passed around. *"Hamdullah,"* I repeated with Yahia and the aged agha, and was echoed by the younger chiefs. The Bash Agha and the old agha lit their pipes. The others looked on enviously. They were just edging toward the door for a cigarette outside when the Bash Agha's voice halted them:

"I wish to play cards!" From the folds of his gandoura he produced a greasy pack.

"Go on, Madani," whispered Sheik Ali.

"No, it's not my turn," he protested.

"And it's not mine," said Marhoun.

"The Kadi must play," suggested Madani.

There was a murmur of approval. The Kadi shrugged resignedly and squatted opposite the Bash Agha. The fisherman brought in some stones and placed them beside the players for counters. The Kadi held good cards and played them well. The Bash Agha turned cross, then he got sleepy. His head nodded. Soon he was asleep. The Kadi winked at me and, gathering up his winnings, slipped out of the room. I, too, dozed. Arab meals in the middle of the day are hard to keep awake on.

I WAS roused by Madani. "We ought to be starting back," he said, "but the Bash Agha is still asleep."

"We'll wake him."

Madani shook his head. "I can't. None of us can. Only you are able."

"Oh, I'm too sleepy," I replied. "Why don't you tell the Kadi?"

Madani thought this a fine idea and joined the others, who waited at the door. My message made them laugh, and they began to push the Kadi in the direction of the Bash Agha. The Kadi resisted, and, in the scuffle, the brass tray on which lunch had been served fell with a crash on the floor. Like children caught doing something wrong, the chiefs scuttled out onto the plain. The Bash Agha opened one eye and seemed about to sleep again. However, he was prevented by the arrival of the aged agha to say that there was a man with a petition.

The Bash Agha sat up, settled his turban, and looked imperially about him. The other chiefs stopped their giggling and formed a dignified circle.

It was an extraordinary picture belonging to the days of Moses. . . . The Bash Agha on his throne of cushions. The chiefs in their burnooses stood on the blue-and-red carpet. The petitioner eagerly talking, but without movement or gesture, his eyes anxious as he prayed for justice.

When the Bash Agha had weighed the case, he turned to Madani, and said:

"This affects your tribe. You will send a horseman forthwith to Beriane. He will apprehend the robbers and have them drive the flocks back here. When this is done, you will bring the culprits before me."

"In sha Allah," said Madani.

Justice had been rendered. A man was to ride to a vague place in the desert more than a hundred miles away and bring back the robbers and the stolen flock. That was all. It was another example of the simplicity of Arab lawgiving.

The Bash Agha got up. The complainant kissed his turban and we all followed the old man out and piled into the car. In a few minutes it began to pour. As we made for "home," the usually dry river bed was beginning to trickle, the track was becoming slippery, the wind growing stronger. Soon we punctured.

Everyone got out of the car and looked at the flat tire, but no one said anything.

"Suppose we change the wheel?" I remarked casually.

The driver shook his head. "The spare wheel is punctured too. We must put in another inner tube, but I don't think it will last long."

The inner tube was got out. A preliminary pump-up revealed that it held little air. Another was found which was in better condition. There was no excitement or recrimination against the driver. The man had forgotten to mend the spare tire. It was the will of God, and nothing could be done about it.

We started again and slithered along the track. After a while another tire went. We stopped and all got out of the car again.

"No more inner tubes," said the chauffeur.

We all climbed in and drove on. In a few minutes the original tire went again. We all got out and all got back. Slowly we crawled along on the rims. My feet began to get cold and wet. I asked Madani what was happening, but he was telling his beads and made no reply. I moved my legs about and discovered that my feet were dangling in space. Looking down, I found that the bottom of the car had fallen out. I had a sudden vision of myself and the other chiefs jerked off our seats and running between the wheels of the car without being able to make the driver hear. However, the car stopped of its own accord.

"No more gas," said the chauffeur.

"No more gas?" queried the Bash Agha. It was the first time he had spoken since we left the lunch place.

THERE was silence as we stood there in the cold rain looking at the car. Then suddenly the Bash Agha said, as if to the skies, "I pray Allah that it is raining like this in the Tell." (A district of the Atlas Mountains.) "My brother's crops are in great need of water."

"In sha Allah," they all said.

It was magnificent. For a moment I forgot the discomfort of my soaked burnoose; but in a minute the Occidental in me had taken charge again.

"That's fine," I said, "but what are you going to do?"

"I don't know," replied the Bash Agha. "We are on no caravan track, and few people come this way. What do you suggest, my friend?"

"There's only one thing to do," I replied: "Walk back before it gets dark."

"But the rain and the mud and the wind?" protested the Kadi.

"Staying here won't keep you out of the rain," I said.

"He's right," agreed Marhoun. "We can leave the driver with the car, and we'll be home before six."

"Come on," said Sheik Ali. "I know a short cut across the hills."

The Kadi began murmuring again, but seeing that the seventy-year-old Bash Agha was all ready to go, he shrugged his shoulders and fell into line. In single file we started across the rain-swept plain. Soon we came to a goat track and began climbing into the hills. As we got higher, the mist closed down and wrapped itself damply about us. I no longer saw Madani, and the Bash Agha was only a dim form before me. The Kadi I did not have to see. His wail of maledictions against automobiles and excursions and idiots who lived in outlandish places never ceased.

After an hour we reached the crest of the hills and started down on the opposite side. Soon the rain stopped. In a few minutes the sun burst through the clouds and lit up the great plains of the Sersou with the blue Atlas Mountains in the distance. Everyone except the Kadi cheered up.

"You'll be in dry clothes soon, Kadi," I said encouragingly.

"Yes, and I'll take good care not to leave my home again," he muttered as he shook pebbles from his slippers.

My laugh was interrupted by Marhoun, who began to sing one of those melodious songs of the South. Madani picked it up and sent it back, trembling and melancholy. Marhoun returned with the refrain:

" 'My love is fierce as fire, and it consumes my heart.' "

I repeated the line to myself, realizing how little I knew about these people; how improbable it was that I should ever know any more.

THE END.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

BY JOSEPH ANTHONY

POLLY, the London waitress who provides the romantic interest in **Robert St. John's** novel **It's Always Tomorrow,** gives force and distinction to what would otherwise be just another book about the life of a foreign correspondent.

Polly is a perfect embodiment of a London cockney. Her accent, with its dropped aitches, has been the butt of a thousand stale jokes in a thousand issues of Punch; but her candor, her courage, and her fierce loyalty to her background have seldom been portrayed.

Robert St. John

Polly's brand of patriotism, when we first meet her, is strictly a local variety—confined to one section of one city. When she hears the fine phrases of statesmen, she remembers her father, who came back from the last war a cripple. He was one of those to whom Lloyd George had promised "a land fit for heroes"—but what he got was a chance to sell violets on the streets. The idealistic correspondent, having won Polly's heart, wants to win her mind also—to make her share his own burning conviction that this war is really a fight for "the little people." The story of his struggle and his eventual success, told against the background of the aerial blitz, is an honest and powerful job of writing.

Curiously, there's another girl in this novel who is as thoroughly phony as Polly is real. Yashna, the sinister Polish beauty who keeps popping up at odd moments to inject a note of mystery into the proceedings, might have been assembled out of spare parts on a production line for Grade B spy pictures. But a writer of Mr. St. John's talent is entitled to an occasional indiscretion.

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., Garden City, N. Y. Price $2.50.

"IT is not a profession, it is not a nation, it is humanity itself which with uncovered head salutes you."

This speech, says **Rhoda Truax** in **Joseph Lister, Father of Modern Surgery,** was made to Lord Lister by the American Ambassador in 1902. But before that point in Lister's career had been reached, Miss Truax tells, the great apostle of antisepsis had had to wage a twenty-year war against prejudice, ridicule, and medical politics.

Joseph Lister

The offense that it took Lister so long to live down was his adoption of Pasteur's revolutionary idea that infections were spread by germs. When he first tried the sterilization of wounds by the use of carbolic acid, the sound of fuddy-duddies muttering into their beards about "malpractice" echoed through the London medical world like a rumble of thunder.

The dramatic story of the first use of anesthesia will also be found in this book. Before the introduction of ether, says Miss Truax, "speed had been the first consideration of the surgeon. The one question all patients asked was, 'How long will it take?' and the man who had the reputation for operating rapidly was the one to whom they would go. . . . Sir William Fergusson used to warn his audiences not to wink or they would miss the operation entirely."

At a time when new ideas are clamoring for a hearing in every field, books like this are of special value. Not every advocate of a new method turns out to be a Lister—but at least we're learning that the laboratory, and not the lecture platform of a pundit, is the place for a try-out.

Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. Price $3.50.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 Person whose nose is higher than his taste
5 With men who know tobacco best, it's 2 to 1 you can't get these
14 It's a long one that knows no Turner
15 Chief ingredient of the fastest-selling hamburger in the world
16 Pretty choice
17 Pahson Jones' flock done say, "Yeah man!" fo' dis
18 These wee wees get wee-er every day
19 Nothing on a mit
20 Same old plateau anagramed
21 Unglamorized sarong
22 Descend the ladder into the she of matrimony
24 Why-donacha-do-this? Why-donacha-do-thats? (fem.)
26 Pins this up, backward
27 According to a Mexican Shakespeare, this, and this, and this, creeps in this petty pace from day to day
30 Complete: You've —— your bread, now lie in it!
34 Royal Leg Examiners (abbr.)
35 This suit was made of galvanized gabardine
37 Where the optimistic bullfighter put mustard on his sword
38 The wise man does this to his fortunes after narrow squeaks
40 Tears a tonsil musically
42 G. Wottenah's last name
43 What maiden circles like to do to wolf circles
45 Uncle's a soft touch for her
47 Nudists Trust Eachother (abbr.)
48 Headquarters of the Chairborne Infantry
50 Upends
52 The play was so sad even the balcony shed one
53 Amphibious cub flier of the Household Flying Corps
54 Would you call a solid cell a this?
56 It's 'ell between teas
57 They vanish on rainy nights
61 Hard to get, harder to pay back
62 Two sets of black eyes with a vacuous space between
64 The only thing you can't do to help these days
65 An old wheezer
66 You can lead one to water, but you can't make him drink
67 He's hardly making Greece one
68 This little prig was filled with this
69 Kind of paper the hard-boiled editor printed editorials on

VERTICAL

1 Juniors close doors!
2 Tag
3 Fine, upstanding figures
4 Its shortage causes fewer broken legs
5 Women eager to give department stores all the money they haven't got
6 Midget dots
7 The Pirate Cocktail
8 Awful Soreheads Moan (abbr.)
9 Tenser folk get sore (anag.)
10 GIs on hossback
11 Thumb down
12 Mystery Lake
13 Impermanent wave
23 Grey woman
25 A bit of a bit of the Deep Saouth
26 What all waves do forward
27 Manly body, dressed to kill
28 We're making plans to stay this way for years
29 Financier's favorite fruit
30 Our planes are dronin' over this
31 Erin's are held by De Valera (anag.)
32 Growing out
33 Things on sailors' minds
36 Kind of things parents' minds are on
39 Things you have your mug painted in
41 Delightful shortages in the unmentionable business
44 Raised platform
46 Just a tick on Father Time's clock
49 These stars are twin brothers
51 What the groom's nose does during the wedding ceremony
53 This is a dazzler
54 Precipitate pups and Persians
55 Mamarajah
56 Worn-out old rounder about to have a blowout
58 One of the tragic uproars
59 Common British carrier
60 What sizzling trumpets do to the bobby-sexed
61 Lunks Love Prune-faces (abbr.)
63 Remains of lion who put his head in trainer's mouth

F	A	R	O	■	■	T	E	M	B	L	O	R
R	U	H	R	■	D	O	M	I	C	I	L	E
E	T	O	N	■	E	R	I	N	■	M	L	I
N	O	■	A	S	S	■	T	U	R	B	A	N
E	G	O	T	I	S	T	■	S	O	U	■	■
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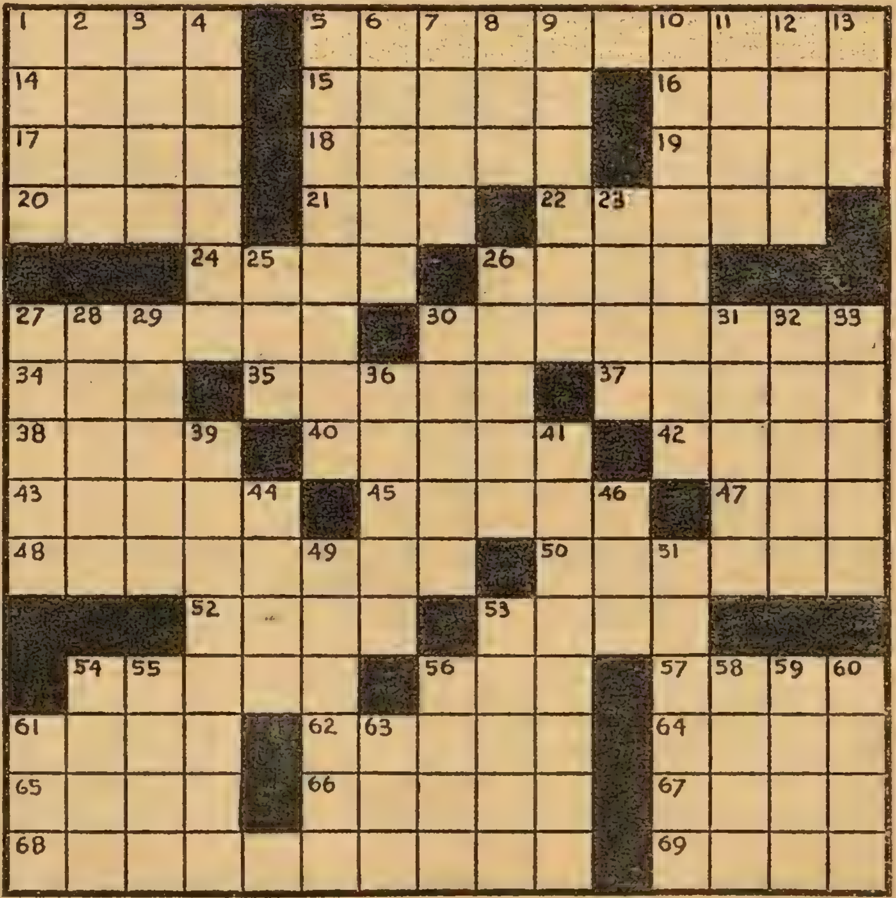
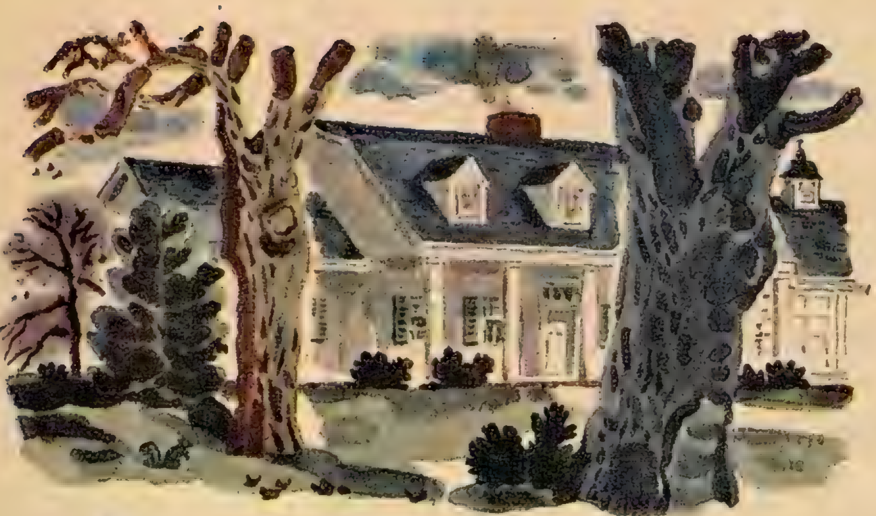
Last week's answer

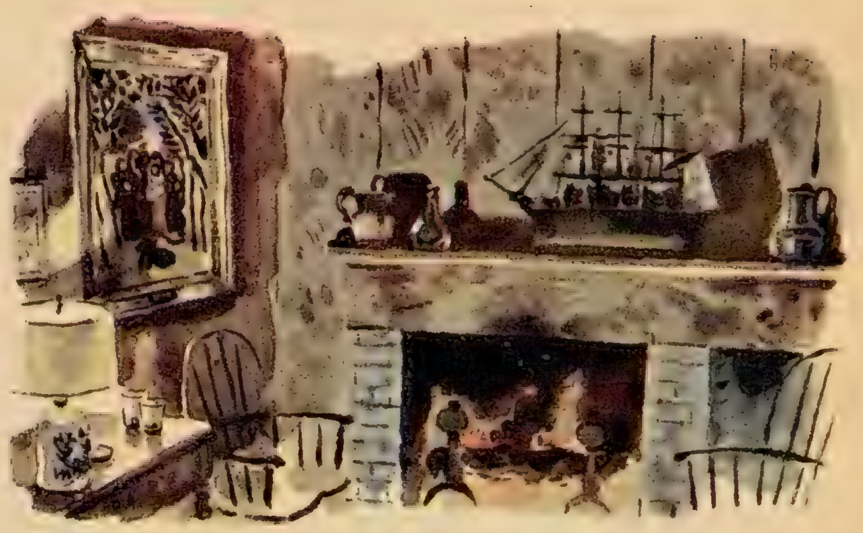


The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

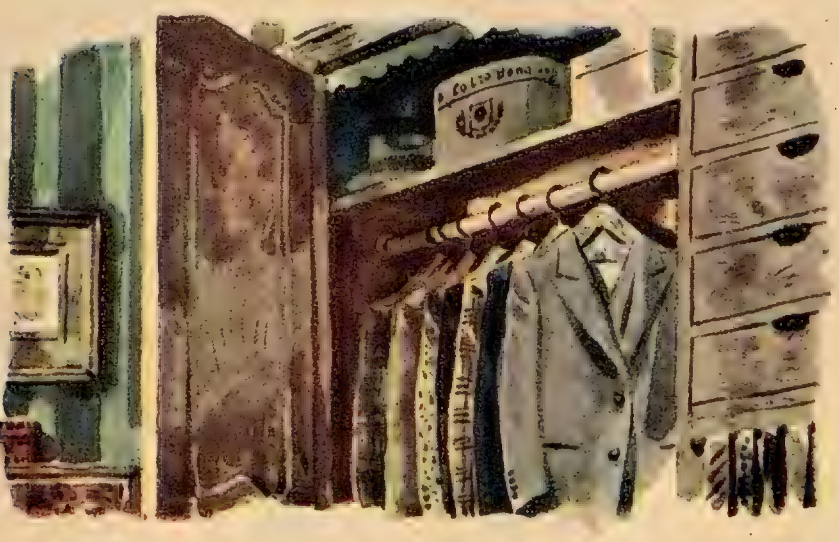
How to judge a man (sight unseen)



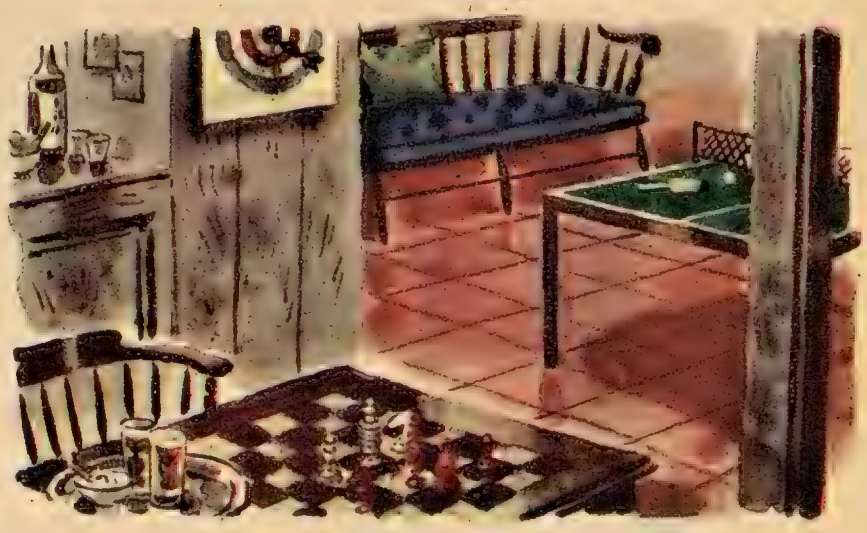
1 He has a good deal of personal pride
. . . you can tell that by looking at his home.



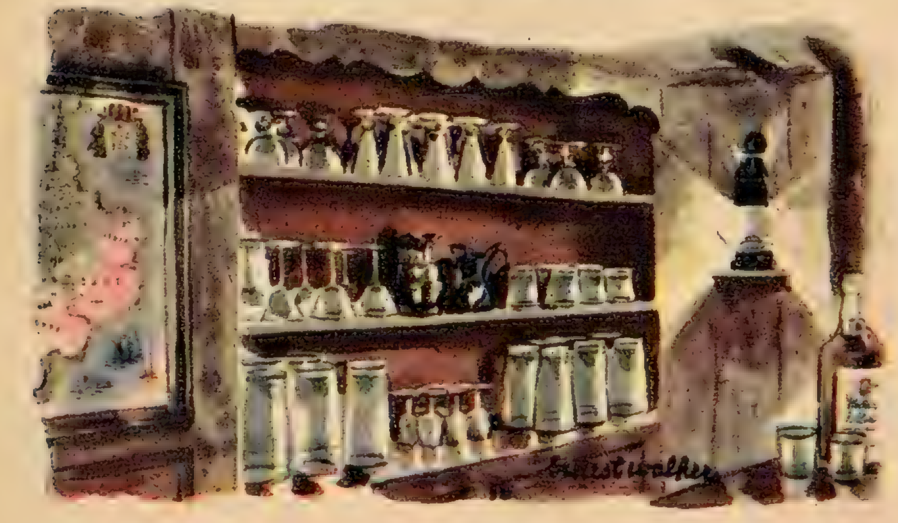
2 He appreciates art, admires skill
. . . you can tell that by peeking into his den.



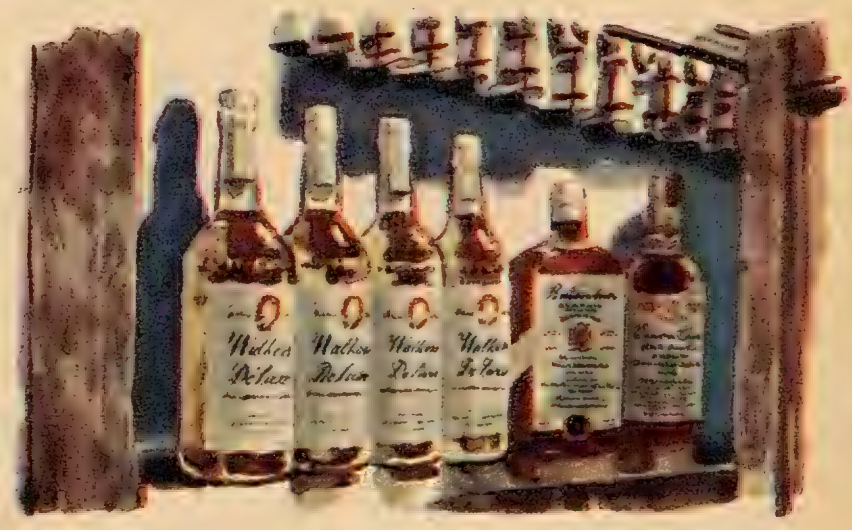
3 He's fastidious, dislikes mediocrity
. . . you can tell that by the cut of his clothes.



4 He's fun-loving, a good host
. . . you can tell that with one glance at this playroom.



5 He's very considerate of others
. . . you can tell that by the many kinds of glasses on his back-bar.



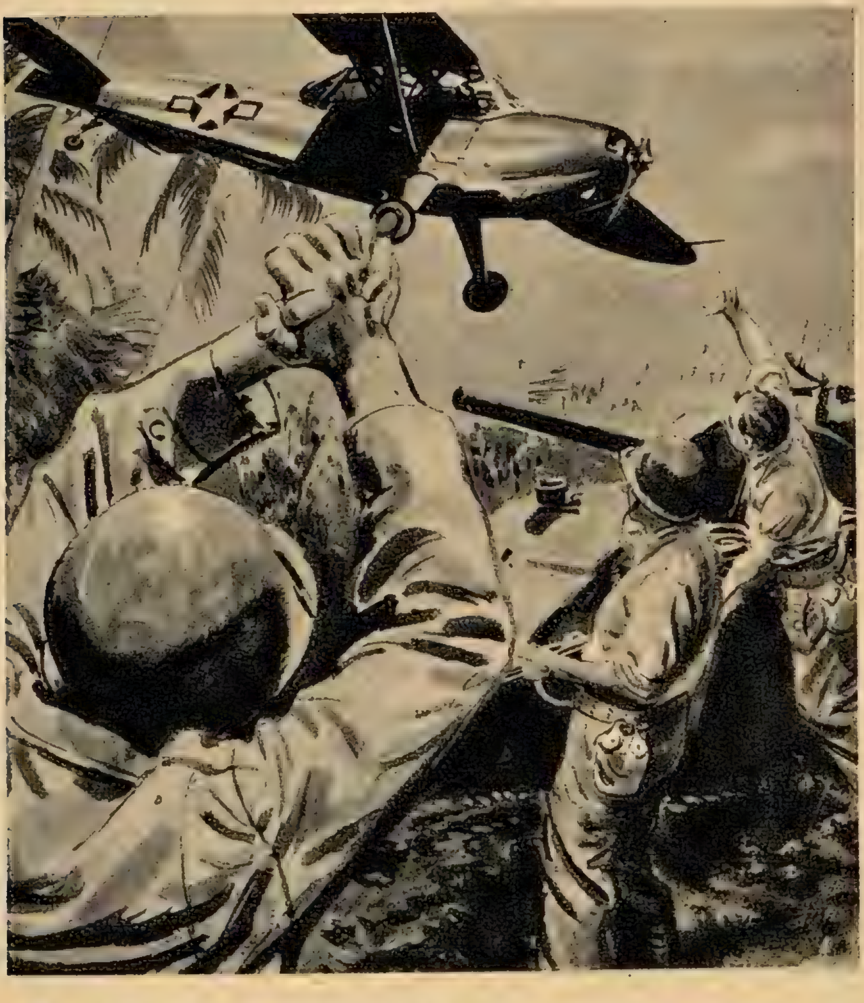
6 He's an excellent judge of whiskies
. . . you can tell that by his bourbon stock.
It's Walker's DeLuxe.

Walker's DeLuxe

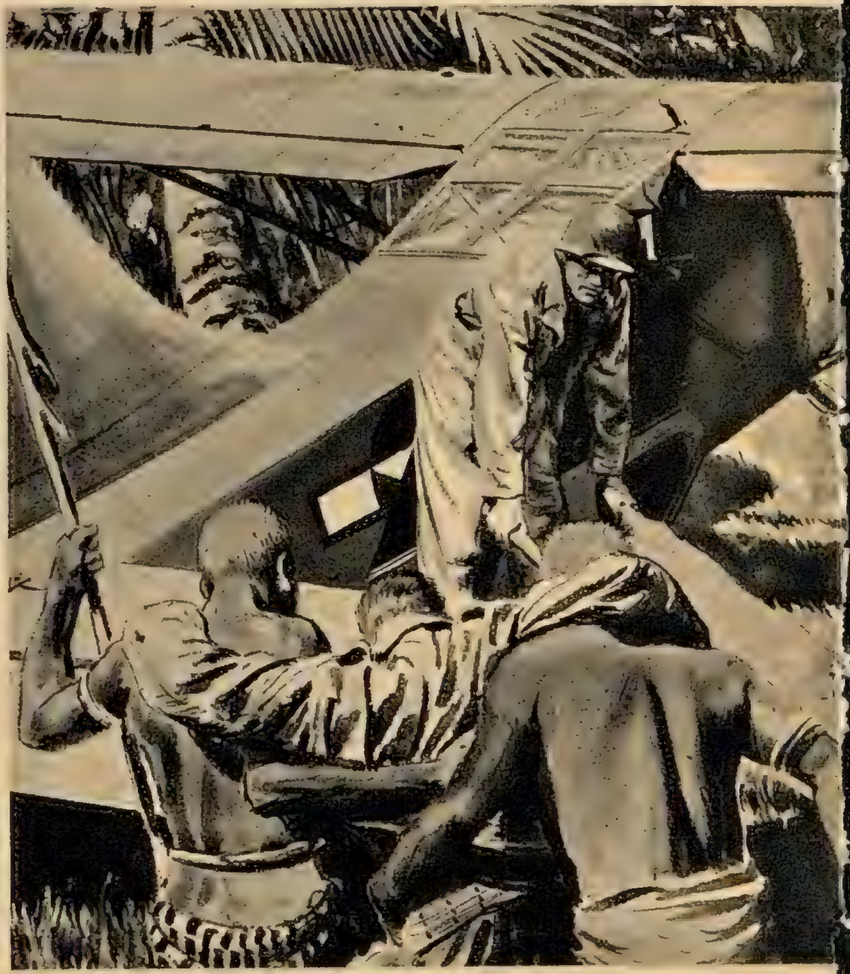
These two words mean a great straight bourbon

Straight bourbon whiskey. 86 proof. This whiskey is 4 years old. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

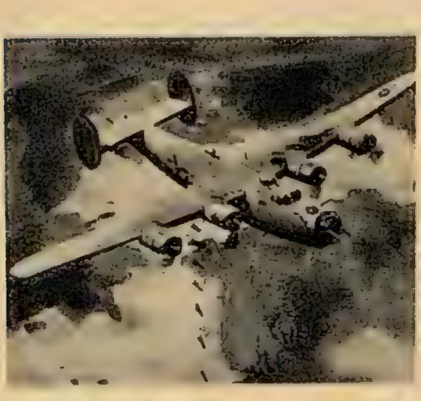
How'd you like to own a "Flying Jeep"



1. **The Army nicknamed** this amazing plane the "Flying Jeep." It can take off and land almost "on a dime." They use it for many jobs: as the "eyes upstairs" for artillery units . . . for laying Signal Corps wire over jungle and impassable terrain . . . and for photo and reconnaissance work. It has even hovered over battling tanks in Burma, observing and directing the conflict from the air.

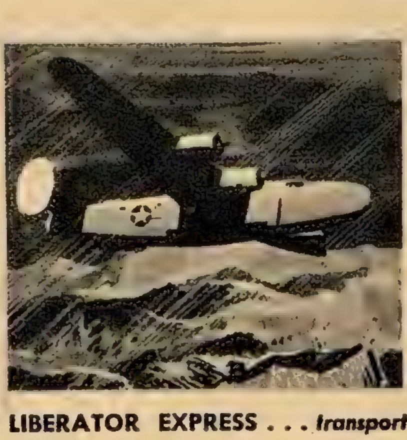


2. **When the Army wanted** a flying ambulance t evacuate casualties from small jungle clearing and inaccessible battle zones, the versatile "Flying Jeep took on *this* job, too. Many a wounded American bo is alive and well today because this tiny Consolidate Vultee plane speeded him to the base hospital in *min utes*, instead of the hours it would have taken stretche bearers to make the arduous trip.



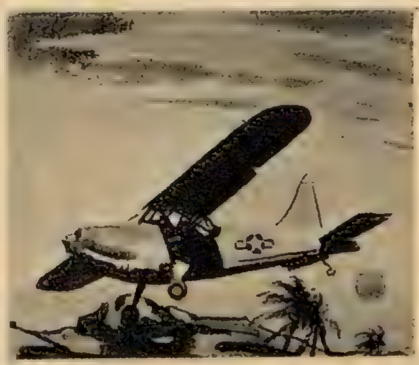
LIBERATOR . . . ***4-engine bomber***

The giant Consolidated Vultee Liberator bomber, with over 3000 miles flying range, tremendous firepower, speed, and multi-ton bomb load, has been blasting the Axis with devastating effect from Berlin to the South Pacific.



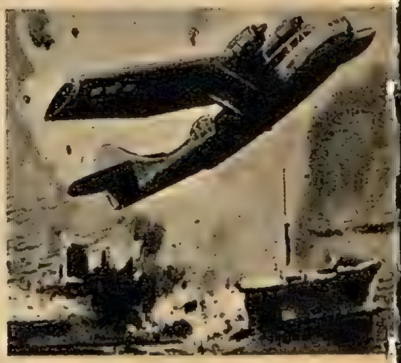
LIBERATOR EXPRESS . . . ***transport***

This cargo-passenger version of the famed Liberator bomber can carry many tons of military equipment for thousands of miles, nonstop. It is daily shuttling personnel and supplies across both the Atlantic and the Pacific.



SENTINEL . . . ***"Flying Jeep"***

The Consolidated Vultee "Flying Jeep" is a glowing example of how a peacetime plane went to war. Modified to perform combat tasks, it has proven to be one of the AAF's most versatile light planes.



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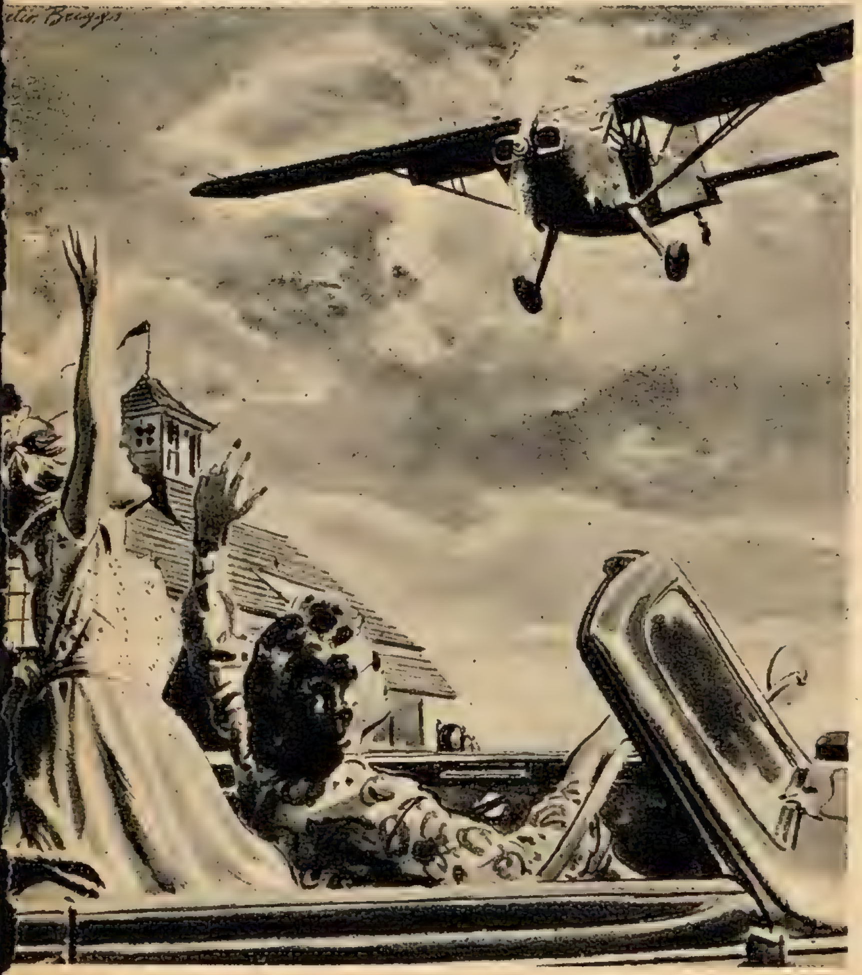
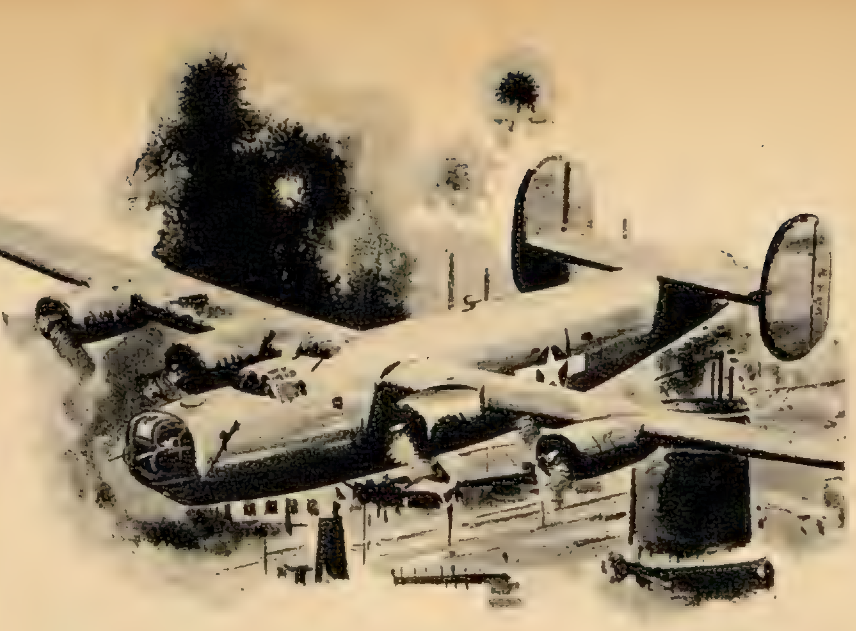
after the war?





4. **The Japs and Germans** didn't think that America, so unprepared, could produce so *much, so fast.* If they ever start another war, they will not forget their fatal error.

But they will not be apt to start another war if we keep America strong, invincible. The mere fact that we *possess* and *maintain* a powerful Army, Navy, and Air Force will discourage such unprovoked attacks as we suffered at Pearl Harbor.

American Air Power is one of our best guarantees of a lasting peace in a world where vengeful sparks of aggression may still be smouldering a generation hence.

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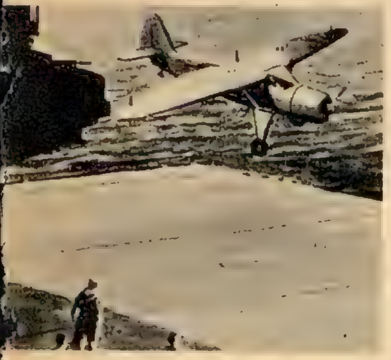
"Winged Victory" is the name given by the heroes in the film to the Consolidated Vultee Liberator Bomber used in the picture.

MOSS HART'S

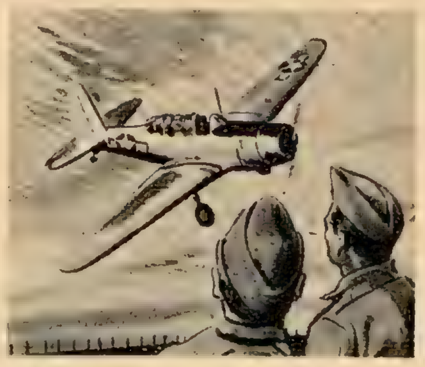
Winged Victory

PRODUCED BY DARRYL F. ZANUCK . . . DIRECTED BY GEORGE CUKOR.



ELIANT . . . ***navigational trainer***

favorite plane of many private flyers in peacetime, the artime version of the Reliant now used by Royal Navy ilots, for instrument-flight inuction and navigational raining.



VALIANT . . . ***basic trainer***

The Valiant is a swift, rugged two-place basic trainer, in which practically all of the Army and Navy pilots in this war received their basic training. This dependable trainer has a service ceiling of 21,000 feet.

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Member, Aircraft War Production Council

HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE

Continued from Page 33

Logan found her voice cultured and full of melody.

“Please,” he said, then added, “It is surprising to find a woman like you here.”

For the first time her eyes showed conscious awareness of him. They seemed to weigh him and his words for a moment, and then color came into her cheeks.

“You are a ranger!” she exclaimed, as though first perceiving that fact. Then her aroused interest seemed to wane. “But you have come too late,” she added.

He did not ask her what she meant, but drew a folded paper from a pocket and spread it out on the table. It was a four-page newspaper, got out on a hand press, its title Hangdog Herald. The issue was Volume I, Number 1, dated July 4, 1877, and it bore the heading: “Independence Day Edition.” In the center of the front page was a three-column box headed in heavy capitals: THESE EVIL MEN SHOULD BE RUN OUT OF HANGDOG, and followed by a list of names.

David Logan laid a finger on the article and nodded out the window.

“Judging by the looks of yonder print shop, I’d say I was too late to have a talk with this Yankee editor named John Bradford who got out this paper.”

“Yankee? How did you know that?”

He smiled slowly and moved his finger up to the date line. “Texas’ Independence Day is March the second, the day when we declared our independence from Mexico and became a republic. Texas never belonged to the British and never rose against them. Only a Yankee editor would put out an Independence Day edition in Texas on July the fourth.”

He glanced up. “He must have been a regular fighting cock, this Bradford, to print an article like this one. But I reckon they got him. I don’t suppose any man could have come out alive from that print shop when it got shot up.”

She said, in a voice which rang with sudden bitterness, “No, no man could. Only a worm who would humble himself before them and make himself the butt of their gibes. I am Ellen Bradford. This was the only issue of the paper my husband ever got out. You will find him over at the saloon, acting as general handy man and personal servant to Ed Poague.”

The kitchen door swung open and a chubby-cheeked boy of four came trotting into the room. Seeing the newspaper on the table, he made his brown eyes big and climbed up onto David Logan’s lap.

“That’s my daddy’s paper! My daddy is a great man. He is going to be the greatest editor in Texas. Isn’t he, mummy?”

His hand patting the soft brown curls which clung close to the boy’s well-shaped head, David Logan lifted his glance to the mother. She smiled reassuringly down at her son.

“Of course he is, darling. He’s just—delayed.”

The boy nodded sagely. “That’s what he told me,” he said. Then, looking up at the ranger: “What’s your name?”

“David Logan. And what’s yours, sonny?”

“Tommy. Thomas Hinckley Bradford. Are you a great man, like my daddy?”

Ellen Bradford lifted Tommy into her arms and hurried out to the kitchen.

AROUND four o’clock, having forced himself to lie for a sleepless sweltering hour and a half on the bed in his room, David Logan washed again at the cracked china basin and went out into the lobby. The westering sun now threw the shadow of the hotel over the gallery and out into the street. Casting a straight glance at One-Eye Smith, he moved out onto the gallery.

Only a minute or two later, men began boiling out into the street from the saloon. There were six in all. A cowboy whose angry flush did not conceal the fact that he was frightened and desperate, then a lean hawk-faced gunman with single cartridge belt and tied-down holster, followed by four more of his kind.

One-Eye Smith spoke. “Watch this, ranger. Poague has been waitin’ for you to come out before pickin’ this fight.”

The cowboy moved determinedly out past the string of horses at the hitch pole, cast a glance up at the sun, then stepped off thirty paces down the street, dust rising in puffs behind his spurred heels. As he turned around, the lean gunman moved out to take a position facing him. The other four men lined up in front of the saloon.

David Logan said, “Those five. Are they the whole bunch?”

“The whole bunch,” One-Eye Smith echoed from the doorway. “But that don’t matter. Watch, an’ you’ll see why.”

Logan said, “The one to the left of the door. That’s Runnels, the man I’m after.”

The hotel man spat. “You won’t get him. Because you’ll have to face Poague first.”

The dead silence out in the street was broken by the gunman’s lifted voice:

“Make your play when you’re ready, Tedder.”

The faint sound of a strangled “Damn you!” drifted across to the hotel as the cowboy grabbed desperately for his gun. David Logan fixed his eyes on Poague’s gun hand. The gunman waited until the

(*Continued on page 56*)

"It sure is a stopper!"—says HI to HATT

If this was Kessler's whiskey, you couldn't wrench me out
It's plumb full of smooth flavor more guys should learn about!
HI
HATT
KESSLER'S Private Blend
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KESSLER'S PRIVATE BLEND. 75% Grain Neutral Spirits. 85 Proof Julius Kessler Distilling Co., Incorporated, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

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END JAM SESSIONS IN YOUR OFFICE

Jammed staplers cause delays when you have to pull springs and pick around into hidden parts to get the jammed things working again.

SPEED *Swingline* STAPLERS put an end to all that . . . Mechanical simplicity makes them trouble-proof . . . Moreover, every part of the machine is accessible . . . And, because of the wide open staple channel, you can load a SPEED easier and faster than any other stapler on the market . . . .

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(Continued from page 54)

cowboy's gun was out and coming up. Then his hand moved in a blur of motion almost too swift for David Logan's trained eyes to catch. Flame spat forth and smoke billowed up as the boom of the shot reverberated along the street.

Seemingly without even waiting to see the effect of his shot, Poague turned and walked back into the saloon, followed up by his four henchmen. A burly grim-faced man came out of the general store, a pale and blinking helper close on his heels. They moved out to the body, picked it up by shoulders and feet, and carried it around to the rear of the store.

One-Eye Smith said dryly, "It pleasures Poague to keep his killin's legal—an' open challenge an' a fair break for th' draw. He'll give you th' same. With th' same result." Then, after a moment of silence, "I c'd lend you a horse, ranger. You c'd head back north an' pick up th' stage when it comes along. Th' horse will drift home again."

David Logan's stomach felt suddenly empty and cold. So it was true, then. He rose and, lifting his arms, yawned widely.

"A man is sentenced to death the day he is born," he said. "All that remains to be fixed is the date."

He stepped down off the gallery, strolled across the diagonal to the saloon and entered.

Behind him, Ellen Bradford peered wide-eyed out through the window of the restaurant.

THEY were surprised at his entrance. And impressed, as he had intended them to be. The bartender's eyes went wide, and the three men at the bar turned with ostentatious slowness and transferred their drinks to their left hands. Through an open doorway he could see Poague and Runnels seated at a table in a private room. A short hatless little man with a thatch of brown hair came hurrying out and across to the bar. He was wearing a white shirt and the trousers and vest of a dark business suit.

"Whisky for Mr. Poague," he said.

David Logan's gray eyes narrowed. This would be the Yankee editor. Even now, doing menial chores in a saloon, he had the aura of printer's ink about him. The men at the bar grinned and nudged one another. David Logan said, "Whisky," and laid a silver dollar on the bar. Receiving the drink, he tossed it down, and felt the fiery liquid sear its way down his throat.

Just as the harassed editor was again coming out of the inner room, the saloon doors swung wide and Tommy Bradford hurried in, two zinnias clutched in one hand.

"Daddy! Look!" His brown eyes danced.

Something like a groan escaped the editor. "Tommy, go to your mother! You know you must never come in here!"

Through the doorway to the inner room David Logan saw Poague's eyes widen with a feline delight, saw Poague's spurred heel come up deliberately to tip over the brass spittoon in the corner behind his chair.

"Bradford!" Poague shouted. "Come in here an' clean up this mess! Bring your brat, an' show him how th' greatest swamper in Texas does his work!"

The men at the bar let out a guffaw. John Bradford's face paled as he turned stricken eyes toward his son. David Logan stooped quickly and came up with Tommy on his arm.

"Tommy," he said, "your daddy is busy now. I'll bet we could find some licorice straps in that store down the street."

Tommy beamed and dropped the flowers to clap his hands. "Lickrish!"

David Logan caught the sudden gleam of gratitude in the father's eyes. Moving toward the entrance, he turned with the boy on his arm, and his voice was hard.

"Runnels!" he called toward the inner room. "When the northbound stage leaves this evening, you'll be on it. With me."

Turning again, he stepped out and down the sidewalk to enter the store.

The licorice purchased, they went hand in hand across the wide dusty street. David Logan sat down in a chair on the gallery and Tommy moved on to a far corner to inspect a lizard on the wall. Presently Ellen Bradford came out of the restaurant and down the walk. Her head was held proudly high as she moved up onto the gallery to take a chair beside him.

He said, "If you sit with me, they will say that I am hiding behind a woman's skirts, just as they are now saying that I used Tommy as a shield."

She said, "What difference?" shortly.

"And they will say, too," he went on, his warm drawling tones expressing the inner warmth stirred by her presence, "that you are openly siding with me to defy them. That is dangerous. Because you must go on living here. And I am only one man."

"Call it," she said in a tone bitter, yet glowing, "my tribute to courage."

He did not want to tell her that he expected to die. If she had not read that in the killing out there in the street, and the other killings she must have witnessed before he came, then something within her made her refuse to believe—and that refusal might be her remaining grasp on hope.

He said, "Courage? What is it?"

She turned her dark eyes full upon him.

"It is the will to fight, with no thought of the odds. It is pride that chooses death rather than humiliation. It is that thing which keeps you here now, after you have seen."

Then she did know! And this tribute of her presence was made with full knowledge of the sure reprisals that would follow. A gallant, reckless act, burnt offering at the shrine of bravery. He read it as the defiant product of the hurt which her pride had suffered; and her next words told him that he was right.

"He got down on his knees to them," she said, her eyes dark with the remembered horror of that degradation. "He knelt before them in the dust of the street!"

"A man's fear," he said at length, "is based upon what he has found to make life rich, and living a precious thing. We who by choice of occupation daily risk our lives are admitting that we have failed to find those values which other men have found. We expose ourselves to death as though we feel we deserve it—a merited punishment for holding lightly that which others prize. But when a man finds solid values in life, they create their own fear, because they enrich life, and because in seizing them a man assumes responsibility to others. 'Who takes a wife . . . gives hostages to fortune.' Don't be too hard on your editor because he has surrounded himself with things which make continued living of great worth."

WHEN he met her eyes again, the bitterness was gone from them, and he found a warm and questioning surprise.

"'Who takes a wife—'" she repeated his quotation. "You know Bacon's essays, then? You are a strange man, David."

He had mentioned his name only once in her presence. Yet the familiar "David" came unconsciously from her lips. He turned his face to hide the tumult which her use of that name had caused in him

(Continued on page 58)

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BEER

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(*Continued from page 56*)

"Finding so little of value in life myself," he said in a tone deliberately unrevealing, "I sometimes like to read what others have made out of the puzzle."

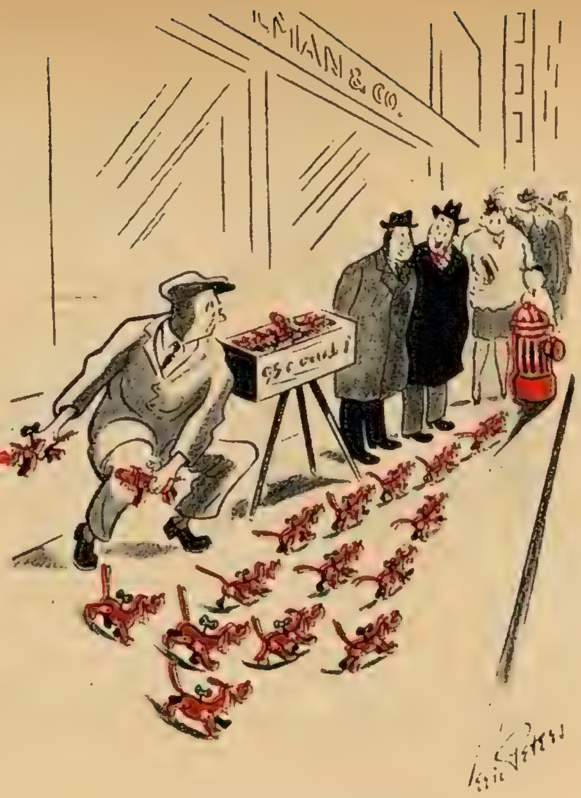
The rumble of the approaching stagecoach became faintly audible. Looking out along the road, David Logan saw the stage emerge from the mass of brush, cover the short space to the low hill at the edge of town, and disappear behind it. The rumble and clatter grew louder, and as though the sound had reached them in the saloon, Poague's four gunmen came out through the batwing doors. They pushed past the horses and lined up in the street where Poague had stood, laughing among themselves and casting expectant glances back toward the saloon.

The gesture was crystal-clear: four men lined up against one, but waiting for the fifth, who would handle the job alone. David Logan rose abruptly. He spoke in a tone of sharp command.

"Quick, Ellen! Take Tommy inside the hotel and keep him there. This is something that neither you nor he should see."

HE fixed his eyes on that spot a hundred yards away where the road curved from behind the low hill and became a street. The two lead horses of the stagecoach team appeared around the bend, heads thrown back against tightened reins, and came slowly to a halt, the rest of the horses and the stage still out of sight. And presently a Texas Ranger, gun in hand, came past the horses and moved along the center of the road with solid, measured pace.

It was the ace in the hole that David Logan had been waiting for: two men with the advantage of position against five who would be exposed to an angle cross fire. It was the joker which might have taken the trick—except for the gun wizard whose unexpected presence in Hangdog nullified the thin balance of those calculated odds.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25¢ each!

"Lifelike, aren't they?"

Instantly, to draw all eyes before any strayed the other way, David Logan strode down into the street and sent his challenge.

"All right, Runnels!"

Runnels laughed. "Come an' get me!"

But increasingly the eyes of the four sought the empty saloon entrance.

The ranger at the other end of the street was running now, closing down the distance. David Logan drew his gun, and, selecting Runnels among the four, lined up his sights.

His move ended the indecision of the four, and they broke into action. Runnels jumped aside just as David Logan pulled trigger; and the other three drew and slammed in quick shots. The crashing detonations shook the street; and David Logan felt hot lead twitch through his left sleeve, and saw through the rising smoke that his bullet aimed at Runnels' heart had hit him in the shoulder.

The other ranger's first bullet caught a man who was kneeling and taking slow aim at David Logan. It took him in the left side and slammed him flat. Then the second ranger's deep shout resounded in the street:

"Drop your guns! You're lined from both sides!"

Runnels was out of the fight, his right arm useless. The two remaining men turned startled faces toward the voice, then slowly dropped their guns and raised their arms. The second ranger began moving in.

David Logan thought bitterly: This should be the way it ends. By rights this should mean victory. He raised the palm of his left hand warningly toward the ranger and shook his head. The man stopped in his tracks; and David Logan faced the saloon. "Poague!" he called.

An answer came from inside the saloon, and David Logan recognized the excited voice of the Yankee editor.

"For God's sake come in and take him away! I've been holding his gun to the back of his head ever since the others went out!"

The shock of sudden relief sent ice flooding through David Logan's veins, and for a moment he stood silent.

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He said finally in a flat voice, "Go get him, Ross. I'll hold these."

The other ranger strode into the saloon, and emerged presently, marching Poague ahead of him. The little editor followed.

"I got in behind him!" he declared excitedly. "I pretended I had to scrub that corner some more, an' got in behind him! When the others left, I snaked the gun out of his holster and held it behind his ear!"

The little man was trembling with reaction now, but excitement still buoyed him up. By twos and threes local merchants and others had gathered to form a circle. John Bradford gazed proudly from one face to another, then suddenly pushed through the crowd to run over to his wrecked print shop.

The ranger named Ross had taken a lariat from a saddle horn and was busily cutting it into lengths and tying up the prisoners. The stagecoach came rumbling down the street to stop in front of the hotel.

David Logan said, "Get 'em inside the stage, Ross. I'll join you later."

He strode back across the street and up onto the hotel gallery. Ellen Bradford was waiting for him there, little Tommy beside her, wide-eyed. Men were all about them, going in and out of the hotel, talking excitedly. But they were alone among them.

David Logan smiled down at Tommy. "Your daddy is a hero," he said, and Tommy beamed.

Ellen Bradford was pale and unsmiling, her dark eyes searching his face. She said, her voice warm and meaningful, "Now that your life has been given back to you, David, do you still find it of little value?"

He could only look silently into her eyes. He saw them darken and widen with a sudden wild surprise followed by breathless certainty, saw them respond to that certainty, saw her soft mouth tremble.

His voice was a husky whisper: "I have found greatness in a woman, and nothing will ever be the same. You and your man will go far together, now that you have waited it out. Take pride in him, Ellen, that for your sake and Tommy's he had the high courage to humble himself and bide his time."

THE little editor came hurrying across the street, his eyes alight. He was speaking before he reached the walk:

"They didn't bother to wreck the press! I can have it in shape by midnight. In time for a special edition tomorrow!"

He halted at the edge of the gallery, and the excitement which had been sustaining him dropped away as he seemed to see his wife for the first time. His face was drawn as he clambered up onto the gallery to stand before her, an incongruous little shirt-sleeved figure.

His lips moved, but for a moment no sounds came forth. Then he slowly held out his arms, his hands trembling.

"Ellen!" he said in a broken voice. "It has been a long time, Ellen!"

She said "John," softly, and moved into his embrace; and he stood there, unashamedly weeping, his face buried in the soft curve of her shoulder.

The driver mounted to his seat and lifted the reins. David Logan climbed up beside him. He looked back as the stage started to move, and saw Ellen Bradford's face lifted toward him. There was calm in her eyes, and pride, and a quiet contentment. She held his gaze for a long moment as the distance between them widened, then lowered her cheek to her husband's tousled head, and smiled down at Tommy, close beside her.

THE END

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STALIN SAYS: BUY AMERICAN!

Continued from Page 17

Well, hardly that. Foreign trade is a state monopoly in Russia, and what Russia buys from us depends not necessarily on needs of the individual but on needs of the Soviet state.

Stalin outlined this to an American business man not long ago:

"As soon as the war is over we are going to start another five-year plan. We will follow that up with another—at least ten years of five-year plans. We have come a long way industrially, but we have a lot further to go before we begin to come close to America."

What does this mean in terms of trade with America?

"In this war," said Stalin, "America came to our rescue. We were in desperate need and you provided the supplies which kept our Army going. Russia will never forget. When this war ends I think you people in America will face a great economic crisis. Unless you get new orders from somewhere, your factories may start closing down, your people be thrown out of work. You may have 1929 over again. But I think we can buy enough from you to keep your factories running."

What does Russia want to buy?

Everything; but first, foremost, and always—machines.

Stalin explains it this way: The war came in the midst of Russia's vast plans to bring her industrial capacity and living standard up to that of the western countries. The war wiped out half or more of this program, and the job must be done over again. Before the war, for example, Russia's peak steel production was not much more than one fifth U. S. capacity. Since the German invasion and destruction, Russia's production has been cut by two thirds. Now it is only one fifteenth as great as ours. Yet, figured on a basis of population, Russia must produce at least one third more than the United States if she is to keep even with us. And even that ignores the fact that Russia needs much more steel than we do because she is just beginning to bridge her rivers, build her industrial factories, extend her railroads, and introduce manufactured metal goods into home and office. She hasn't yet built a single skyscraper.

Stalin explained his point of view. The Russian people need almost all the ordinary comforts of living. But, more than that, they need a steel industry large enough to give the country these fundamentals of modern industrial civilization. Such an industry would not necessarily mean that the present generation of Russians would live more comfortably, but it would ensure that their children grow up on a material basis somewhat comparable with ours.

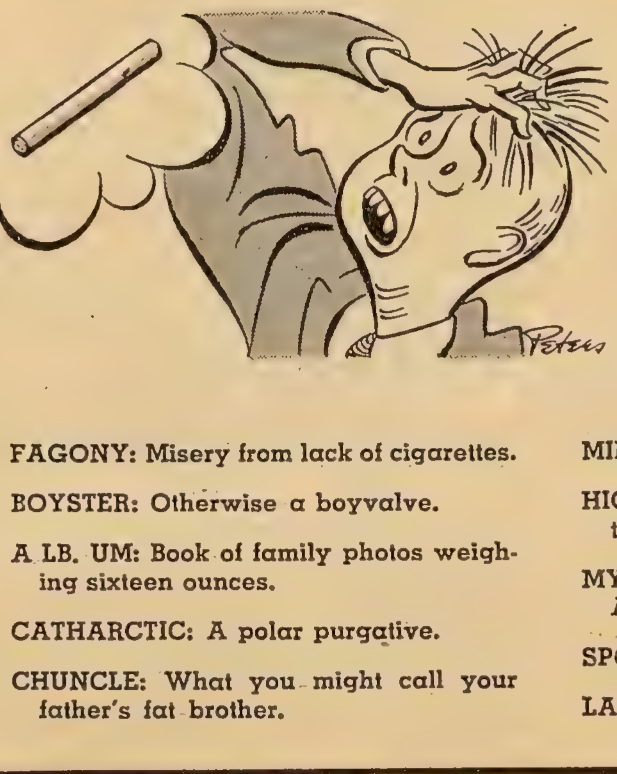
The business man had watched the Red Army salvage squads combing the combat areas for boots from slain soldiers, harness from dead horses, and straps from knapsacks. He suggested that Russia badly needed leather goods and shoes.

Yes, Stalin said, Russia needed leather products and clothing and a thousand kinds of consumers' goods. In the period right after peace she would have to buy vast quantities of these things. But, he emphasized, what Russia really must have is shoe-manufacturing machinery so she can make her own shoes. She will need canned milk for her babies. But she will need pure-bred bulls and cows even more. She will need Spam. But she will need food-canning machinery even more. She will need flour and sugar and cotton fabrics. But she must obtain sugar presses, cotton looms and spindles, milling machinery, etc.

RUSSIA would prefer to buy all these things from us. Stalin says so, and his word is backed up by dozens of Russian factory managers I have talked to from Leningrad to central Asia. Wherever you go you find technicians who are proud of their American machines—almost as proud of them as of the cruder ones which the Soviet plants turn out.

Next to Roosevelt, the greatest American name in Russia is Henry Ford. The Russians have only the vaguest idea of our political system. They don't know anything about free speech and free assembly, but they do know our industry. They have heard about it, admired it, and imitated it from the start.

Possibly what has driven that home to them is the Persian Gulf Supply Command. At the start, Russia and Britain jointly occupied Persia and tried to get a supply route going. Russia was falling back on Stalingrad. Her need was great and the route was a mess. We stepped in and things began to hum. We built a highway across Persia. We made the single-track Persian railroad run. We took over



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

FAGONY: Misery from lack of cigarettes.

BOYSTER: Otherwise a boyvalve.

A LB. UM: Book of family photos weighing sixteen ounces.

CATHARCTIC: A polar purgative.

CHUNCLE: What you might call your father's fat brother.

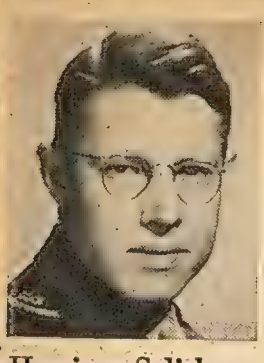
MINISTREE: Bishopric with branches.

HIGHROGLYPHIC: Sky-writing in Egyptian.

MYRRHMAID: Aromatic odor of an Arabian water nymph.

SPOORT: A poor sport.

LARC: He flies in a circle.



Harrison Salisbury

THE author of Stalin Says: Buy American! Harrison Salisbury first drew attention to his writing ability when the University of Minnesota suspended him for his fiery student editorials denouncing certain university policies. Salisbury promptly joined the UP. Even after he was reinstated, he kept his job at the UP. From 1930 to '42 Salisbury worked in every major domestic UP bureau. In '43 he was appointed London Bureau chief, covered the Teheran-Cairo Conference, and spent seven exciting months in Moscow. Now UP's Foreign News editor, Salisbury has just returned from a twenty-month 50,000-mile tour embracing every war theater.

the Persian Gulf ports and, despite heat that ran up to 140 degrees, we unloaded ships faster than they do at Hoboken. Within a few months we had increased deliveries tenfold.

At first the Russians were pleased. Then they were pleased—and embarrassed. North Persia, their zone, had been kept clean of supplies before we came in. They delivered stuff to the Red Army faster than it was shipped to them. But then it began to pile up; they couldn't move it out as fast as we poured it in. Finally we suggested that we might take over the whole job, delivering the goods directly to the Red Army in Russia. You have to know the Soviets to understand what a blow this was to their pride. They said no, and, clenching their teeth, working their men to the bone and mobilizing their best experts, they barely managed to keep ahead of our deliveries.

Much the same thing happened in Murmansk and Archangel and in the Far East. The Russians are very proud—especially of their war effort—and the fact that our industrial organization and distribution were superior to theirs rankled. Once they got a firsthand demonstration of what we could do, they set themselves to learn how to beat us at our own game.

HOW can they equal us? One way is to equip themselves with our machines, and this they are determined to do. Another way is to acquire our techniques, and they are getting ready to attempt this. You will find a great many engineers and scientists in Russia busily studying English these days preparatory to coming to the United States after the war.

Acquiring our techniques is a long-term job. For most Russians this is the first generation to use tools; that is, any tool more complicated than an ox-drawn plow, a single-shot rifle, a straight-edge razor, or a carpenter's adze and saw.

And here is something else. In the United States we have moved through the railroad age into the automobile age, and beyond to the airplane era. The streets of even small towns are paved and every city in the country is linked with all others by multiple ribbons of concrete. Every river is spanned by bridges.

But Russia, more than twice as big as continental United States, is still busy building railroads and canals. Even before the war only a few Russians owned their own cars, and when war came these were all requisitioned. Automobile production in the last peace year was 60,000 in Russia as against almost 5,000,000 in our country in 1941. And of course Russia has nothing like our network of paved roads.

These facts fix Russia's problem and control her buying program from America.

She won't buy many automobiles from us, but she will purchase road-building machinery, bulldozers, concrete mixers, cement mills, gravel crushers, and oil refineries. She will buy structural steel for bridges and knock-down rolling and planing mills. She will buy steam shovels to gouge out ore, and she will buy the machines with which you make steam shovels. She will buy electrical cutting devices for her coal mines, and large quantities of tools with which she can make the cutters herself. And her engineers will go to Cleveland and Detroit to study the way our designers make such devices.

Out in Tashkent, in central Asia, is one of Russia's most modern and efficient factories. It turns out Douglas DC-3 transport planes on license. This plant is full of American machines and it couldn't run a day without U. S. aid—a situation which will not change for some years to come. You can't build airplanes without aluminum, and while Russia has quantities of ore, her metal production capacity was destroyed by the Germans when they blew up and burned out the great Dnieper industrial complex. The director of the Tashkent factory must govern his output by the amount of aluminum which he receives from the United States. That situation will continue to prevail for a good many years after the war.

The hustling manager of the Kirov steel plant in Leningrad, one of the premier industrial plants of prewar Russia, faces the problem of building his factory almost from the ground up. What machinery wasn't evacuated was pretty much broken up by German shellfire.

"I'm no politician," he said. "I'm a production man, and I don't know what Moscow has in mind. But, speaking for myself, I had planned on getting a lot of new machinery out of Germany, once the war was won. Now you Americans and British have been pulverizing Germany and I don't think there is going to be much left. I'm counting on America for the machines to get my factory going again."

All this boils down to one thing: Russia's capacity for absorbing our products is unlimited. But it depends on the Kremlin, and the Kremlin's plans must consider, as must ours, some means of paying for all the products which the Russians want. Russia would like from us credits—almost unlimited credits. This, of course, is no answer, because any permanent trade must be a matter of give-and-take.

WHAT can the Russians give which we will take? Well, some things are obvious enough—sables, mink, and ermine; special minerals like platinum, manganese, and tungsten; fish products like tuna and caviar; possibly wood pulp and lumber; curios like Ukraine embroidery and Russian icons. But that doesn't add up to enough to equip many steel mills. Russia ordinarily has masses of foodstuffs to export—wheat, rye, and barley, and she has flax and even cotton. Russia also has lots of iron ore and copper, but so have we. Some people are talking about a plan whereby we would take such raw materials from Russia and preserve our own resources. Another thing Russia can do is to sell these products to other European countries and pay for our machines in gold from the proceeds.

It is too early to say what Russia will do or what we will do. But it is not too early to say that Russia wants what we have and produce, and if a way of paying for it can be worked out, she will be our best and biggest postwar market.

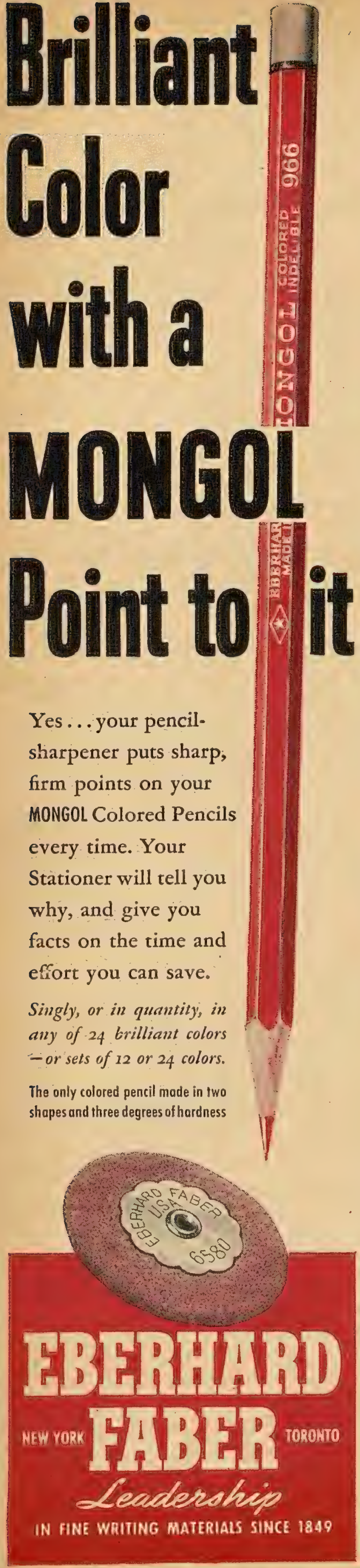
THE END

Advertisement

"Well—where have you *been?"*

You're landing a breakfast that counts as a real meal, when you start with lots of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, famous "Breakfast of Champions."

Real whole grain nourishment in those big, crisp-toasted flakes. And lots of malty-rich, honey-sweet flavor. "Well—where are your Wheaties?"



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Yes . . . your pencil-sharpener puts sharp, firm points on your MONGOL Colored Pencils every time. Your Stationer will tell you why, and give you facts on the time and effort you can save.

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The only colored pencil made in two shapes and three degrees of hardness

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Leadership
IN FINE WRITING MATERIALS SINCE 1849

"TIGER JACK'S" SPEARHEADS

Continued from Page 21

obsessed with the idea that the war must be fought twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, at top speed.

For example, there is the general's personal reconnaissance Cub pilot, Major Charles Carpenter, a former Praying Colonel football player from Centre College and more recently a history teacher in Moline, Illinois, high school. A history teacher does not seem the type to earn the nickname of "Bazooka Charlie," but Carpenter is a legend in an outfit where reckless bravery is commonplace.

If there is a fight within a hundred miles, he is in it or over it. His nickname stems from the six bazookas tied to the muslin-and-wood wings of his tiny Cub plane and fired from a trigger in the cockpit. Cubs were made to fly behind the Allied lines, not over the enemy. A good-sized rock in the right place would knock one of them down. But Carpenter tied on his bazookas and started flying over the German lines looking for tanks to shoot at. He has at least five of them to his credit.

More often than not Carpenter has landed in the middle of a busy battlefield to take a personal look, and he has taken an uncounted number of loose Germans as prisoners.

THE legend started last summer when Carpenter was commanding the Cub unit attached to the division and was out in a jeep scouting for an advanced landing ground. He came upon a group of infantry pinned down in a ditch by sporadic 88 fire. There was also an American Sherman tank which was not advancing.

Carpenter jumped on top of the tank, grabbed the 50-caliber machine gun and fired a burst over the infantry's head, with the advice that the next burst would be lower unless they attacked. Then, riding on top of the tank without a helmet and firing the 50-caliber, he led an attack that broke up the stalemate and took the immediate objective.

But he drove on. The German tanks in the vicinity were fighting a rear-guard action, and every time Carpenter came to a corner he would yell down into the turret, "Let 'em have it!" and the tank's 75-mm. would bang away. This worked fine for five corners, but on the sixth he yelled, the 75 fired—and some distance away the bulldozer on another Sherman flew high in the air. No one was injured, but since both tanks involved belonged to another division, Carpenter was arrested. The irate commander was all for shooting the hard-working history teacher on the spot. Wood, hearing of the incident, rushed over and rescued his Cub commander and made him his personal pilot.

Carpenter weighs over 200, as does Wood, and with both of them flying in a flimsy Cub, the plane waddles around in the air like a bloated duck. However, weight or no weight, the bazookas are always loaded when it takes off.

Carpenter is quite outspoken in his ideas on how to fight a war. Briefly they are, "Attack, attack, and then attack again." The whole division, from the enlisted men to the commanding general, echoes his sentiments.

There is Sergeant Edward A. Rejrat, a former steelworker from Scranton, Pennsylvania. He's a tank commander. Rejrat's thirty-ton Sherman turned a corner in a narrow street in Avranches to come face to face with a fifty-six-ton German Tiger tank sixty yards away. Rejrat ordered the tank driver to put on full speed and ram

Wes Gallagher

THE author of "Tiger Jack's" Spearheads, Wes Gallagher, has missed covering only about two major events of the European war. He was in Copenhagen when the Nazis overran Denmark, and from there on he followed the war through sixteen countries. Gallagher flashed out the first news of the fall of Athens; sent the first word of Allied landings in North Africa; and scooped every other correspondent by securing an exclusive interview with Admiral Darlan just a short while before the French statesman was assassinated. Today he heads the AP team of top-drawer war correspondents who are covering the Allied drive across France.

the Tiger before it could bring its gun to bear. One shot, and the Sherman would have been a tangled mass of wreckage.

The two steel monsters crashed with a metallic roar. The long-barreled 88 was too big to swing around at close quarters and engage the American tank. Rejrat brought his shorter 75 up against the turret of the Tiger and cut loose with four quick thunderous shots which rattled the American tank crew around like peas in a pod. The concussion from the last shell, a high explosive, overturned the Sherman, but Rejrat and his crew scampered out and away from the burning Tiger.

YOU couldn't spend any time around the Fourth without hearing a dozen men say, "The guy you want to see is Clarke of the CCA."

They were referring to Colonel Bruce C. Clarke of Syracuse, New York, then a colonel commanding the CCA of the Fourth. In eight weeks of violent fighting he won the reputation of being one of the most brilliant young armored-force strategists in either the First or Third American armies, and certainly the most unorthodox and daring. Later Clarke was promoted to brigadier-general and put in command of a combat team of the Seventh Armored Division. It was Clarke who delayed the Germans' December breakthrough in Belgium by holding the key road junction of St. Vith against overwhelming odds, not for two days—as he had been ordered to—but for five.

Clarke served as an enlisted man in the Coast Artillery in the last war and later was graduated from West Point. He also holds degrees in engineering from Cornell and a bachelor of laws degree from LaSalle University. In one tour of duty he taught military science at the University of Tennessee and served as wrestling coach there.

Clarke developed the CCA's shattering shock assaults which captured German strongholds before the Nazi commanders knew what happened. At Troyes, where it looked like suicide to make a frontal assault, he spread his command out in old desert style and rushed the city at top speed, overrunning German gun positions before they could fire and hurdling antitank ditches. He forced his way into Troyes and took the garrison town in a matter of hours when it might well have taken days.

The rule book says that tanks should not try to fight in cities, but Clarke sent his medium tanks racing into Orléans so fast that they caught German officers

(Continued on page 64)

A Gem of a flavor

Jewel-like in its sparkle and clarity, SCHLITZ has a delicacy of flavor so much enjoyed by those who like a beer that is not bitter. Skill in brewing—rivaling the artistry that brings out the brilliance of a rare gem—gives perfection to America's most distinguished beer.

JUST
THE *kiss*
OF THE HOPS
...no bitterness

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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

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Schlitz

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

(Continued from page 62)

walking in the streets with packages under their arms and shot them down in their tracks. In the ensuing all-night fight Clarke's tanks fought up one street and down another and cleared Orléans without losing a single tank.

While preparing to attack Commercy, of World War I fame, Clarke heard that the Germans were about to blow the bridges. He quickly gathered up every available vehicle and tank and charged down into the city, firing every gun in a typical high-speed shock assault which makes use of the tremendous fire power of an armored division's automatic weapons. So frightened were the Germans that they fled without blowing a single bridge, and the Nazi commander escaped in a staff car without his shirt.

Clarke led some of these attacks in his own tank. In others, he flew in a Cub over the attacking columns, directing the battles verbally by radio.

He has done just about everything with tanks that supposedly could not be done. Tanks, for example, are not supposed to be a match for Germany's famed 88 gun, but Clarke's Shermans have attacked and overrun dozens of German guns and shot the crews down before they could fire a round. He has that rare faculty of being able to pick the enemy's weak spot almost at a glance, and has so inspired the confidence of his men that they believe any attack he plans is certain of success.

I FIRST met Clarke on the side of a hill north of Nancy. A tank battle was under way near by. He had rolled up in a dust-covered jeep for a quick conference with General Wood and Major General Manton Eddy, commander of the Twelfth Corps in the Third Army.

The enlisted men sitting around in foxholes and armored cars had taken the arrival of the generals with the usual indifference of front-line soldiers, but when the dusty jeep arrived with the husky tanned colonel, necks craned and there were murmurs, "Here comes Clarke."

A strict disciplinarian and rather coldly reserved, Clarke did not enjoy the friendly place in the hearts of the men of the division that Wood commands, but there was no doubting the respect of officers and men for his ability.

While a stray German gun, which had been overrun but whose crew apparently was unaware it was surrounded by portions of an armored division, banged away so close that the concussion moved your shirt, Clarke spread a map on the ground and the two generals knelt down on each side and discussed the situation as though they were in their own homes.

None of the three looked up as infantry probed the side of the hill for the hidden gun. After getting his instructions, Clarke jumped up and was gone in a matter of seconds back toward his combat command.

A few days later, when rain bogged down the tanks, I was able to corner Clarke in a muddy straw-strewn tent and record some of his ideas on tank warfare.

"Warfare is mental, not physical," Clarke began. "When you upset the enemy you have him licked, particularly the German. He is big and slow to react, and if you cut his communications and lines of contact he will just take to the woods. But if you give him time to sit down and get out the rule book, he is tough as hell."

Clarke himself has little respect for rule books, although he knows and reads them all. "We received the other day a battle-experience note in which some joker wrote that the American Sherman with its 75 is no match for the German forty-five-ton Panther tank with its heavy armor," he explained. "That would have scared hell out of us if we hadn't just knocked out more than a hundred Panthers with our Shermans and tank destroyers in a three-day battle."

"Gently, Grogan, gently!"

The American tanks were more maneuverable than the heavy German models, he explained, and could race in and fire before the Germans could bring their slower turrets to bear.

"Most people and too many officers think a tank was made to fire its big gun," Clarke continued, striking his fist in his hand. "It wasn't. It was made to carry a machine gun into close quarters with the enemy. The tank machine gun is the greatest weapon of this war and we should have more of them on our tanks. The big gun is for defense against other tanks."

Clarke believes that the desert battles in Libya in which large forces of tanks stood off and slugged one another have warped the true conception of armored fighting. Tanks must keep on the move and close in on the enemy to get at the soft spots, such as supply columns, headquarters, and gun crews, he said.

"Tanks are weapons of terror. They have a definite mental effect on the enemy when they come charging in, firing their machine guns. From Normandy to the Moselle River most of my tanks never fired their basic loads for their big guns.

"In fact," concluded Clarke, "the safest place to be in this war is behind the enemy lines. They don't know what the hell to do when you get there, and they just run."

Clarke had the statistics to prove his point. The whole division had suffered fewer casualties in eight weeks of offensive warfare behind the German lines than it did in two weeks of defensive warfare north of the Moselle. Small wonder that the Fourth Division's battle cry is "Attack, attack, and then attack again!"

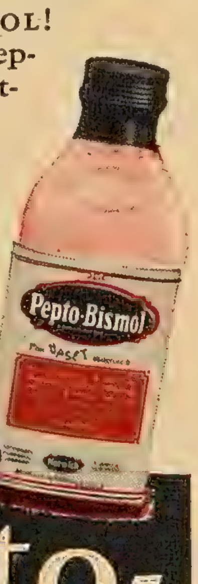
THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

That "the heathen Chinee is peculiar" is shown here by a letter of application for employment received before the war by an American exporting house in Ningpo. It ran:

"Esteemed Sir: I am Wong, who drive typewriter with good noise and my English is great. Last position have left itself from me by good reasoning that esteemed boss is dead along no fault of mine. What say? I can big use of you and will arrive at some date that you should guess. Obediently signed, Wong."

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★


The GENERAL has INDIGESTION

due to things in GENERAL!

No military secret, just inside information . . . too much of a good thing is just too bad! When your stomach is queasy, uneasy and upset, be gentle with it . . . take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL.

NEVER UPSET AN UPSET STOMACH

Don't aggravate an already irritated stomach with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics! *Take soothing* PEPTO-BISMOL! This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither an antacid nor a laxative.

Its action is different. It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls . . . thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets. *At all druggists.*

A Norwich Product (Norwich)

Pepto-Bismol *for* UPSET *Stomach*

RADIO WITHOUT SOAP

Continued from Page 25

ing city news, social agencies, sports, writing a column, and reviewing the movies with freely expressed boyish scorn that soon made him *persona non grata* in every movie theater in town. Even if he paid, they wouldn't let him in.

Greener pastures claimed him: the Springfield Republican. Under one name he contributed verse and comment to the column of a rival paper, and in his own column he criticized them. Readers challenged him with angry defenses of his own work.

It was during his six years in Springfield that radio first lured him. His voice, which he doesn't like, won him the assignment of nightly news presentations over WBZ and WBZA, and later several sustaining programs over WBZ and WMAS. One series, called Norman Corwin's Journal, in which he spoke informally or read a striking passage from a book, brought in a surprisingly large response, vindicating his suspicion that the audience for verse was considerable and that people wanted to hear poems read clearly rather than in the usual cloying voice mercifully drowned out by organ music.

Eventually he became radio editor of the paper.

ADMIRING elder brother Emil felt that his kid brother ought to have a chance in New York. When Twentieth Century-Fox offered Emil a job, he recommended Norman, and Norman was hired. Before long, he was made radio director.

In New York he began to bombard WQXR with criticisms, ideas, and scripts. Shortly he was on the air half an hour a week in Poetic License.

Paid only with glory, he wrote an endless number of plays, dramatized poetry, introducing voices to give the effect of counterpoint.

One of the best shows was reviewed by Variety. It was a satire on Mary Had a Little Lamb, an Alec Templetonish sort of thing, done in words, with the piece recited as by Gertrude Stein, Gertrude Lawrence, and a news commentator. Letters began to pile up, and among them came an invitation to prepare a guest piece for the Magic Key of RCA. That same week the radio scout heard him.

Almost before he realized it, Corwin was made director of his own show for CBS.

Cautiously he felt his way. To get the effects he wanted, he studied and experimented. But he had absorbed more than he realized. Long before the series was well under way he had tapped his apparently limitless talent for sound control.

For six months he directed Americans at Work and Living History. For twenty-five weeks he wrote, adapted, cast, and produced Words Without Music, which received the highest dramatic award of the year, the first prize of the Institute for Education for "best demonstrating the cultural, artistic, and socially important uses of radio." That year he came into general recognition with The Plot to Overthrow Christmas.

Then he began to skyrocket to fame with play after play: The Long Name None Could Spell (Czechoslovakia), The Master Plan, What Is the Enemy? A Soliloquy to Balance the Budget, and, in quite another tone, a burlesque on his own medium, Radio Primer, and later, after a few experiences with Hollywood, Movie Primer. The British Broadcasting Corporation and CBS together asked him

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Streamlite Luggage

You'll be proud to carry this smart luggage. It's built to keep its good looks through years of rugged service. For America on the move it's more than a convenience—it's a necessity! No wonder SAMSONITE is America's most popular luggage—for him—for her.

SAMSONITE *Streamlite* LUGGAGE is available at better stores everywhere, when shipments are possible without interrupting our vital war work.

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SAMSONITE *Streamlite* LUGGAGE has all these extra value features:

Streamlined styling—*easier to carry and pack*
Precision binding—*keeps packed clothes clean*
Washable finish—*resists water, stains and dirt*
Draw bolt locks—*double catch—extra safety*

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to write and produce the series An American in England for both networks. He was asked to lecture on radio at Columbia University, Amherst College, New York University, the University of Colorado; his plays were included in ten anthologies, and five books of his own came out.

WHAT are his plans? The only thing he has committed himself to is the V for Victory Day program. His CBS contract, which he has just signed, provides that he work for them six months of each year. The rest of the time he can do what he pleases, which could mean Broadway or Hollywood. Money wasn't sufficient bait to keep him in Hollywood last year. He turned down four times the amount radio pays him because he didn't like sitting around with not enough to do and no real control over what he did.

Recently a radio play of his, My Client Curley, was translated by Hollywood into the movie, Once Upon a Time. Corwin tried to give advice to the directors, but they had their own ideas. Still, he is not really discouraged.

Another famous Corwin radio show, Mary and the Fairy, has been sold to famous Artists Corporation.

It is being held until he can get out to Hollywood for consultation on production.

He will, however, start another series on CBS in all probability late this spring, so Hollywood isn't likely to see him until next fall.

The legitimate theater also attracts him, but his listeners feel confident that he won't desert radio. They hope he will write more one-hour shows. They feel that his inimitable ear will keep him in the medium where, as Walter Winchell put it, he is one of the few writers "who drape radio with long pants."

THE END

JUNK GOES BACK TO WAR

Continued from Page 27

that go through the mill at Cressona. "Walking through this building," he says, "and looking at all this stuff is like flipping the pages of the biggest mail-order catalogue you can put your hands on. No matter how many times you do it, you always find something you didn't see before."

And it's easy to believe, when you realize that parts for ordnance items alone run to the staggering total of 530,000, and range from the final drive for a tank, which is an assembly weighing about 1,000 pounds, to springs so tiny that dozens of them are kept in a small phial.

How does all this material get back to the reclamation plants for reprocessing and preparation for another trip to the fronts? Who bothers to pick it all up off the beach heads and battlefields? Who boxes and crates it? Again, it's men of the Ordnance Department.

After D Day in Normandy, the beaches were a mess. Countless thousands of tons of supplies had been dumped, crates had been ripped open and strewn all over the place. But when the Germans were driven away from the Channel, the Ordnance men began their clean-up process. Anything that bore the slightest salvage possibilities was boxed up for return to the States. And the boys had to use the same boards and containers that already had crossed the ocean once. What happened on the Normandy beach heads has happened also in scores of places all around the world.

But Ordnance goes even further. When General Patton's tanks go into action, for example, a reconnaissance plane of the Ordnance Department flies over the engagement. If an American tank is immobilized, the plane radios the information to headquarters and a repair crew endeavors to make its way to the disabled vehicle. Perhaps they can fix it, but if not, it is hauled back of the lines and its innards and other parts are sent on their long road back to the United States and rehabilitation in one of the reclamation depots.

On D Day, General Eisenhower had almost six times as many general- and special-purpose vehicles as Pershing had on Armistice Day in 1918. He had more than three times the number of passenger vehicles, five times the number of cargo trucks, and fifteen times the number of special vehicles, and that does not take into account such combat items as tanks, tank destroyers, armored cars, and half-tracks. All these wear out or get shot up—just as they do in seventy other global battle zones to which Army Ordnance supplies automotive equipment.

In France, as the battle line swung closer to Germany, the Army's Transportation Corps put 7,000 heavy-duty trucks to work over a network of French highways, and some 25,000 soldiers kept that supply line operating twenty-four hours a day. In the first twenty-six days it moved more than 200,000 tons of needed supplies to the fronts.

That's why trucks wear out; that's why supplies are used up so fast; that's why there always must be more and more of them to help win this war. That is why at Cressona and at the other Ordnance Department reclamation depots, they're straining everything to reclaim and salvage as much as possible from the 1,000 tons of war-shocked matériel that come back to this country every day.

THE END

"Bedeviled" Hair doesn't win Lady Fair!

WATER DEVIL: Combing his hair with water simply doesn't keep it in place. After water dries, his hair stands on end, or strings down over his face. Kreml keeps hair neat as a pin all day long.

GREASE DEVIL: No "he-man" would plaster his hair down with grease or perfumed "goo." Kreml keeps hair *handsomely groomed—so masculine* looking without looking ridiculously pasted down or greasy.

DANDRUFFY DEVIL: Girls certainly shun men whose shoulders are covered with dandruff flakes. Kreml is famous to relieve itching of dry scalp and remove dandruff flakes.

GUARDIAN ANGEL: Kreml makes your *scalp* feel so *clean* and *refreshed.* It keeps hair better-groomed all day without looking greasy or sticky. Watch "angels" fall for Kreml groomed hair.

● Thousands upon thousands of America's best dressed men have found Kreml Hair Tonic just the "right balance" dressing for their hair. Kreml never leaves hair looking or feeling greasy or pasted down. Yet it keeps hair neatly in place all day—looking so naturally lustrous—as if your hair had some "body" to it. Ask for Kreml at your barber shop. Buy it at your drug counter.

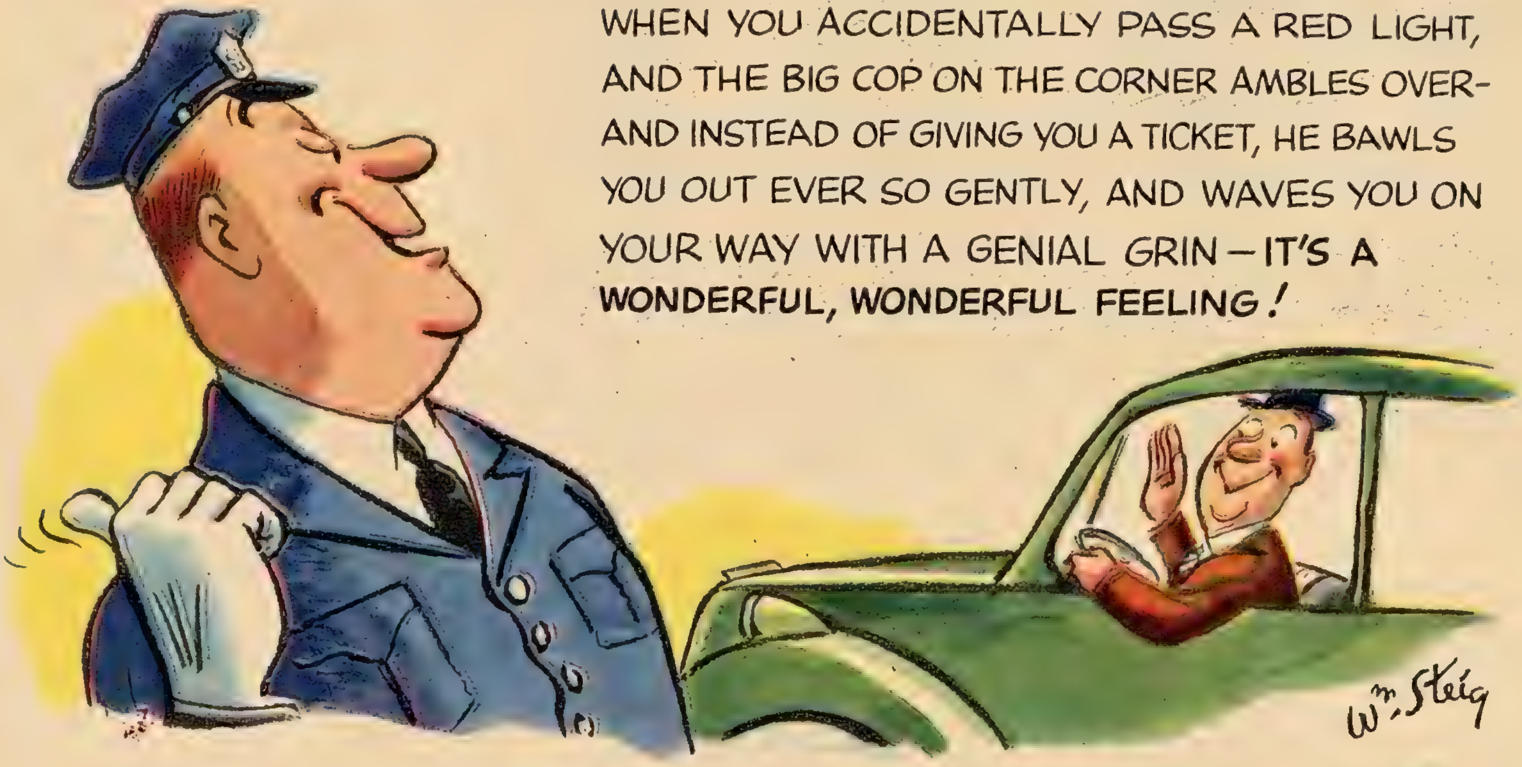
KREML
HAIR TONIC

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy • Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp • Removes Dandruff Flakes

IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!

WHEN YOU ACCIDENTALLY PASS A RED LIGHT, AND THE BIG COP ON THE CORNER AMBLES OVER- AND INSTEAD OF GIVING YOU A TICKET, HE BAWLS YOU OUT EVER SO GENTLY, AND WAVES YOU ON YOUR WAY WITH A GENIAL GRIN—**IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!**



WHEN YOU GO TO A PARTY, AND THINK "GOSH, DO I HAVE TO DRINK BILL'S MARTINIS AGAIN?"—AND IT TURNS OUT HE'S SWITCHED TO KINSEY, THE GENIAL GIN—AND HIS MARTINIS ARE SMOOTH, AND DELICIOUS, AND FULL OF LIFE—**IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!**

94.4 PROOF - 100% SMOOTH

KINSEY
KINSEY
Distilled Dry Gin
KINSEY DISTILLING CORP.

KINSEY
the Genial GIN

MR. WEBSTER (THE BIG DICTIONARY MAN) SAYS: "**GENIAL**: CONTRIBUTING TO CHEERFULNESS AND LIFE; AGREEABLY WARM AND CHEERFUL."

Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa. • Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits.

NOW! a model for every type of correctable hearing loss!

SO INCONSPICUOUS
Another Zenith "First"

Zenith Radionic Hearing Aids with New Neutral-Color Earphone and Cord

● Think of it! No matter what *your* type of correctable hearing loss, you can now get a Zenith model designed to restore you to the world of sound. And it will be *as little noticeable as eyeglasses*—thanks to the Neutral-Color Earphone and Cord which blends with any complexion . . . enables you to wear a hearing aid with poise and confidence.

Ask the Zenith dispenser near you for a *free* demonstration. Find out about the exclusive external tone control which enables you to adjust your Zenith for different voices and surroundings as easily as you focus binoculars. No obligation! Send coupon for free literature and name of nearest dispenser.

3 NEW ZENITH MODELS

1 Model A-2-A. New, improved model of the famous, nationally popular standard Zenith for the person of average hearing loss. New, patented "Prentiss Tube" brings clarity and volume range with low battery consumption. Complete, ready to wear, only **$40.**

2 Model A-3-A. New Air-Conduction Zenith. A brand new, *super-power* instrument with tremendous volume in reserve to assure maximum clarity and tone quality even under the most difficult conditions! This special model complete, ready to wear, only **$50.**

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PASTE ON PENNY POSTCARD AND MAIL

Zenith Radio Corporation, Dept. L1-19
P. O. Box 6940A, Chicago 1, Illinois
Please send me *free* literature about Zenith Radionic Hearing Aids—together with name and address of nearest Zenith dispenser.

*Name*________________

*Address*________________

*City*________ *State*________

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THE GOON MUST GO

Continued from Page 29

You know you're allergic to sandwich lunches."

"Dammit," roared T. K., "stop interrupting! I'm trying to tell you that Eiler and Pixsley were in the Green Peacock, dawdling over coffee and cigarettes. At half past three! Like a—a couple of boulevardiers. On top of what I just had to say about their—ah, general conduct. And that"—he smote the desk—"is why I say they're defying me."

"Did you speak to them?" Chlo asked.

"I did not. They didn't even see me. But I'll speak to those indispensable men, and all other indispensable men around here, right now. Get your notebook!"

The memorandum was lengthy but devastating. It virtually gave Mr. Harold Harkness Beacham dictatorial powers over D., D. & D. for the period of Mr. Dark's absence. On everything, save the actual handling of accounts, Beacham became the Law.

"Oh, T. K., T. K.," protested Chlo, taking down the shattering words, "I wouldn't do this, if I were you."

"You wouldn't?" T. K. smacked his lips. "Well, I have. Beacham's only been here a little while, but he's convinced me that he's got the interests of the place at heart. Which is more than I can say for certain others. But"—he hesitated—"I'll let Beacham deal with them."

Chlo's wide forehead was a temporary network of creases. "Seriously, T. K., you're making a mistake. Chuck and Pix mean more to this agency than Beacham ever will."

"Ha!" T. K. clamped his hat savagely on his head. "Card players! Three-hour lunchers! You'd have to show me."

And he departed for Missouri.

CONTRARY to his appearance and deportment, Mr. Beacham had a soul. But it was of the burning, blistering variety that inhabits the bodies of zealots. Mr. Beacham was passionately devoted to the bringing of order out of chaos and the punishment of slackness. And now, suddenly, he found himself in practical control of an organization than which, for his money, there was none more chaotic or slack in New York.

In Mr. Beacham's view, the personnel of D., D. & D. had far too good a time. Moreover, he was conscious of a deplorable lack of rules and regulations. Mr. Beacham hadn't been in the saddle half a day before he set about righting these wrongs.

He leaped first upon the great god Nicotine. A peremptory edict, issued from the Beacham headquarters, abolished smoking at desks for all who did not enjoy private offices.

The protest was immediate. But Mr. Beacham knew how to deal with protests. To the department heads who waited upon him in behalf of outraged subordinates, he said blandly that ubiquitous smoking was merely an excuse to idle. Further, it did not look well to clients and visitors. He clinched his argument by stating that when he had fathered a similar rule in the Consolidated Superheating Light and Power Company, the efficiency curve of that utility took a distinct upswing. The department heads got nowhere.

But Mr. Beacham, impervious to the fact that at a stroke he had earned the doubtful sobriquet of Blue Law Beacham, continued on his highhanded course. His next move was to overthrow the custom of slipping down at all hours to the cafeteria or the drugstore for sustenance.

Chlo was doing some talented loafing in Chuck Eiler's office when the order tabooing vicarious snacks came around.

Chuck smiled. "That's the gentleman whose ears you were going to pin back. You don't seem to be making much progress, Calder."

Chlo bit her lip. It was true. With Beacham elevated to Jovian importance, and T. K. absent, she felt handcuffed.

"Well," she said darkly, "you needn't look so smug about it."

"Smugness," Chuck's smile widened, "I can afford. I'm only attending this glorified prep school on borrowed time."

"But, Chuck, haven't you any interest in the fact that Beacham's undermining a swell set-up?"

"Nope. I'm nobly aloof. These dictates and mandates"—he tossed the offending memo into his wastebasket—"do not concern me. I'm merely awaiting RPE Day. Get it? Day of resignation for Pixsley and Eiler."

CHLO left with the unsatisfactory feeling that somehow she was missing a bet. It seemed to her that recently she'd had a momentary flash which might have been pointing the way out of this mess. Now, however, Mr. Beacham's whirlwind campaign for the revision of D., D. & D. had clouded and confused her mind.

It was still confused when she received a surprise visit from Beacham himself.

"I understand, Miss Calder," said Mr. Beacham, "that you have some—er—influence with Eiler and Pixsley."

Chlo was instantly on her guard. "We're friends," she said.

Beacham settled his square shoulders. "I think you know that I have been instituting certain changes here. And I find Eiler and Pixsley most unco-operative."

I'll bet you do, sweetheart, thought Chlo. And murmured, "In what way?"

"Not only," stated Mr. Beacham firmly, "do they refuse to abide by the—um—rules themselves, but I have reason to believe that they encourage the members of their departments to break them."

Chlo shook her head quickly. "I don't believe that, Mr. Beacham. Chuck and Pix might toss rules overboard, but they'd never try to influence other people. What makes you think they do?"

A frosty smile etched itself on Beacham's face. "Could you call it the—er—grapevine?"

So! Chlo wasn't surprised that Beacham would listen to office gossip.

"Well," she said coldly, "what do you want me to do?"

"I—I thought"—Beacham hesitated—"that possibly you might get them to see reason."

Chlo could have laughed.

"Have you tried talking to them?" she inquired.

"Yes," Beacham's eyes shifted, "but they won't discuss anything with me."

"Well, then," Chlo was definite, "I'm afraid I'd be no good. You see, Mr. Beacham, Chuck and Pix are creative people. They like to do their own thinking."

"Creative people aren't laws unto themselves." Mr. Beacham got up. "It may come to the point where I shall have to take—er—measures."

Chlo frowned. If this impossible egotist became punitive against Chuck and Pix, everything would burst wide open, and with T. K. in the Southwest. She said carefully, "I can't help you, Mr. Beacham, except with advice. Mine is, try and understand Chuck and Pix, and this agency, a little better."

"Thank you, Miss Calder." Beacham's tone was polite, but she sensed annoyance beneath it. "I think I understand the agency very well. And what it—er—needs."

It was on a Thursday that T. K. Dark

phoned from deep in the heart of Texas. "That you, Chlo?" boomed T. K. "Well, listen!" He was obviously highly excited.

Chlo got excited herself. "But, T. K.," she shouted, "that's wonderful!"

"Will be if we pull it off. You get Eiler thinking about it right away. Might have him work those apprentices of his in on it too. Kids have bright ideas sometimes, and we'll need all we can get."

Chlo forebore to inform him that Chuck was at home that day, pampering a cold.

"Now you've got that date straight?" demanded T. K. "Sam Maxton'll be in New York then. And I'll want to show him the whole ball of wax."

"Everything's straight, T. K.," Chlo assured him. "When will you be back?"

"Tuesday morning," said T. K.

Since Eiler was *hors de combat*, Chlo started downstairs to the art department to relay T. K.'s news to Pix. But at the door of an arrangement facetiously known as the Cub Den she paused in surprise.

The Cub Den was a large corner office with space enough for six desks. Here dwelt six young hopefuls who dreamed of becoming full-fledged copy writers one day. These were Chuck's apprentices, and upon them he was wont to keep a fatherly eye. But for a moment Chlo mentally accused this gentry of adopting a while-the-cat's-away program.

The six desks were neat and clean. Typewriters gave forth no merry clack. And the sextet of cubs, hatted and overcoated, was on the verge of departure.

"Here!" Chlo blocked the way. "What's this—the great hegira?"

"We've been commandeered," Hollis, one of the cubs, told her, "for a house-to-house canvass of hair tonic."

"Commandeered?" Chlo started. "By whom?"

"Beacham," said Hollis disgustedly. "Seems the research department is shorthanded, and Beacham's tossing us in."

Chlo waited for no more. This was quite evidently Beacham's method of demonstrating his authority over the recalcitrant creative personnel, Chuck Eiler in particular. And it was merely by the grace of kismet that Chuck had been laid low this day. If Chuck knew . . .

She stopped in her tracks. Chuck mustn't know, that was all. Not until T. K. Dark was once more the high command.

Then all at once and unexpectedly, a number of seemingly-unrelated thoughts which had been drifting in Chlo's mind fell into alignment—and made sense.

MR. CHUCK EILER, fetchingly garbed in a purple dressing gown, answered the short sharp ring at the door of his bachelor apartment. He gave a start, then his gray eyes swept appreciatively over Chlo's five-foot-ten of slim loveliness.

"No beggars, canvassers, or other bums allowed in this building," said Chuck. "What's that thing you got with you?"

"This?" Chlo lifted the back of Pixsley's coat collar with thumb and forefinger. "It's what's called a glad gremlin. They pop up after two Martinis. Say hello to the man, Pix."

"Hello, you heel," said Pix obediently.

Chlo held up a hand. "Gentlemen! Time is of the essence. Chuck, I bring big news."

"Let her spill it," Pix said. "She wouldn't say a word on the way over."

"Just prolonging the suspense, my dear," Chlo told him. "But here we go, and listen carefully! Sam Maxton of the Rio Grande Oil Company is ready to bump his appropriation by exactly—those with weak hearts may leave quietly at this point—a cool million dollars."

"What?" shouted Chuck and Pix together.

"You heard," Chlo said. "A million. As I get it, Rio Grande has money to burn. They've been producing all out for the war. But with no gas for civilian use, they've simply let what they'd normally spend in advertising accumulate. Now Maxton thinks it's time for a peacetime program for next spring. And he'll go all out on that too. But there's a catch. If he's going overboard on this, Maxton says, our stuff's got to be something out of this world. All the prewar ideas are junked. You, Mr. E., will practically have to gaze into a crystal. Whatever you do, it's got to hit Maxton right where he lives."

She paused, her black eyes inquiringly on Chuck. That gentleman, who professed no further interest in D., D. & D., was on the edge of his chair.

"When's this wanted?" he demanded.

"Well," Chlo looked away, "that's the catch. Maxton will be here on the seventh."

"But that's next Wednesday!"

Suddenly Eiler shot out of his chair. "O. K.," he said softly. "O. K. Just before I hand him my resignation, I'll do T. K. a job that'll knock him, and Maxton too, cross-eyed. You beat it back to the office. I'll see you over there."

A queer little smile rippled along Chlo's lips and was gone. "Sit down, Chuck," she said. "I've got a better idea."

HARDTACK

New Appeals FOR Wartime Meals

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It needs a certain lift, but what

My meals would be a total loss
Without HEINZ "57-Sauce"!

YOU'LL FIND THAT JUST
A SIMPLE DASH
HELPS EVERYTHING
FROM EGGS TO HASH!

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SAUCE
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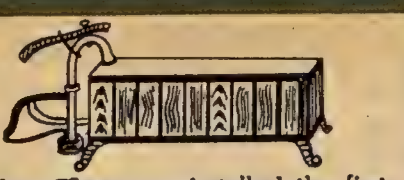
MADE BY H.J.HEINZ COMPANY
57

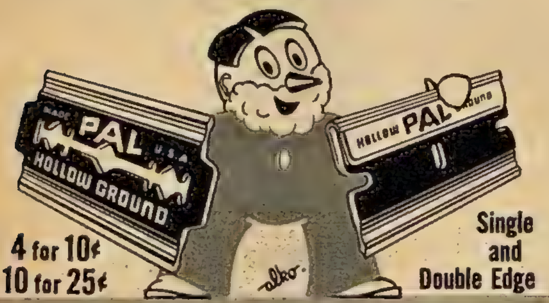
Heinz
"57-sauce"

17 Delicious Flavors Blended Into One
Grand on Fish, Meat, Fowl, Egg Dishes



Adam Thompson installed the first bathtub in the U. S. A. It was 7 feet long, 1,750 pounds, built of mahogany and lined with sheet metal.

Pal Pioneered, Perfected and Patented the *Hollow Ground* blade—a different, modern blade. Shaves with just a "Feather Touch" because Pal is *flexible* in the razor—follows facial contours. No need to "bear down". Blades last longer, too. Try them.



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CHLO'S buzzer buzzed violently for the first time in two weeks. The time was ten thirty. Tuesday morning.

T. K. Dark sat glowering perplexedly at a pile of papers on his desk.

"Welcome back, T. K.," said Chlo.

"Humph!" T. K. waived the social amenities. "What's this junk from Beacham? And why does every department head in the place send me a complaining memorandum? What's going on in this organization anyhow?"

Chlo sighed. "It's no longer an organization, T. K. Just a concentration camp."

"Ha!" T. K. thumped his desk. "I can't read that nonsense now. We've got the biggest job of the year on our hands, young woman. This Rio Grande Oil thing. Get me Eiler and Pixsley!"

Oh-oh, thought Chlo. But she said steadily, "That's impossible, T. K."

He jumped. "What do you mean?"

"Just," said Chlo, "that Chuck and Pix have been at the Continental Club since last Thursday."

"You mean to stand there and tell me that my copy chief and head art director have loafed around the Continental Club for damn near a week? Well, by gad, what I want to know is WHY?"

Chlo shrugged. "I understood they wanted a rest."

"Rest? I'll—— Bah! You're no help. Get 'em on the phone!"

A moment later, hand over mouthpiece, Chlo said, "No dice, T. K. The club says they're sleeping and left orders not to be disturbed."

T. K. seethed in wrath and bafflement. "Sleeping, by heaven! In the middle of Tuesday morning! You ring 'em again in half an hour."

The time sped, with T. K. growling inarticulately over Beacham memoranda. Then Chlo reported, "Chuck and Pix are up now, T. K. But they've gone to the swimming pool. They're going to have a leisurely lunch, the man says."

"Leisurely lunch! You tell that man to get those two over here, and you make it stick."

The ring of the phone came after a surprisingly brief interval.

"Chuck and Pix are in the conference room, T. K.," she said presently. "They refuse to come to your office."

T. K. uttered a bellow. "They refuse! They swim in the daytime! They lolligag around clubs! Well, by the Almighty, this is played out! I'll take the hide off those two. I'll— Aargh, come on!"

He bounded from the office, Chlo gliding easily at his heels, and charged into the conference room.

T. K. skidded to a stop, then gawped. He gawped not at Eiler and Pixsley who, wan and haggard, looked like a brace of hollow shells. His keen blue gaze flashed past them to advertisements—a multitude of finished layouts, with copy attached, that littered the room.

"And there, T. K.," Chlo cleared the air for him, "is Rio Grande's spring advertising, plus a comprehensive plan which Chuck has written. All tied up in a neat package and everything out of the top drawer. Mr. Maxton simply pays his money and takes his choice. And the whole smear done by our Messrs. Eiler and Pixsley. It seems they've been burning twenty-four-hour-a-day oil in the Continental Club, between last Thursday and last night. How are we doing up North, T. K.?"

T. K. found tongue. "Quiet, quiet!" He was reading ads.

But presently he turned, an incredulous expression on his rubicund face. "I'm just," he confessed slowly, "a little dazed. These are perfect. Perfect! I'll stand pat on them, because I think you've got it. This is the kind of thing Maxton wants. But"—he appraised his frazzled jittery henchmen—"you didn't need to half kill yourselves. After all, we had till the twenty-seventh."

"The twenty-seventh?" Chuck and Pix exploded as one. "We—" They stopped. Everybody looked at Chlo.

"You!" barked Mr. Dark. "What do you know about this?"

"Only," Chlo said meekly, "that I found it—er—expedient to forget the twenty. You see, T. K., without you here, I didn't dare let Chuck know that Mr. Beacham had sent his apprentice copy writers out on a house-to-house investigation of—"

"What?" shouted Eiler.

"Of hair tonic," Chlo raced on, "or there'd have been a terrible furor. So I just said that Maxton was coming on the seventh and sold them the idea of retiring to the Continental Club—incidentally, you'll have a sweet bill there, T. K.—to—well, to give over a long week-end. Because there was a certain amount of—oh, confusion here, what with—"

"Listen!" cut in Chuck heatedly. "What's this about my copy writers?"

T. K. Dark waved a regal hand. "Never mind that now, Chuck. Right now I—I think I'm going to have to apologize."

He stopped, aware of faint grins on three faces.

"Dammit," roared T. K., reddening, "I won't apologize! Don't you ever let me catch you playing cards in this office again or dawdling over lunch. Or, by gad—" And then a smile crossed his face. "The trouble is, you're too smart to let me catch you again. Go home now! Get some sleep! You've done a first-class job."

"And don't you, T. K. Dark," Chlo Calder said boldly, "ever let me catch you saying again that Chuck and Pix haven't the interest of this agency at heart."

"Stop mumbling," boomed T. K., "and bring that Beacham to my office right now. I thought the fellow had sense and I was giving him a sort of tryout. But, by gad, he's a madman. And"—*thump-thump* on the table—"I won't have a madman messing around with my creative people, causing dissatisfaction. Time clocks, no smoking, no this, no that. Aargh, the man's not human. I liked my agency as it was, dammit! *Do you understand that?*"

"Yes, T. K." Chlo poised for flight. "And I also understand that you came terribly close to losing the best pair of hands you ever had." She fled, Beachamward.

A LONG shadow fell across the desultory game of down-the-river going on in Pix's office. Chuck and Pix looked up.

"Ah," breathed Chuck, "this is our moment. You strangle her, Pix."

Chlo wrinkled her nose. The freckles jumped attractively. "Murder must wait," said Chlo, "until we speak of Mr. Beacham, our new ninety-ninth synthetic vice-president, in charge of paper clips. Peace, it's wonderful. Never before have I seen T. K. so blistering. The blue laws are off; Mr. B. now has jurisdiction over nothing except what T. K. calls the rank and file."

"Then the goon doesn't go?" Pix asked.

"On account T. K.'s soft-hearted," said Chlo, "what's left of him stays. Wouldn't you settle for a new slogan, Pix darling? Such as His Wings Are Clipped?"

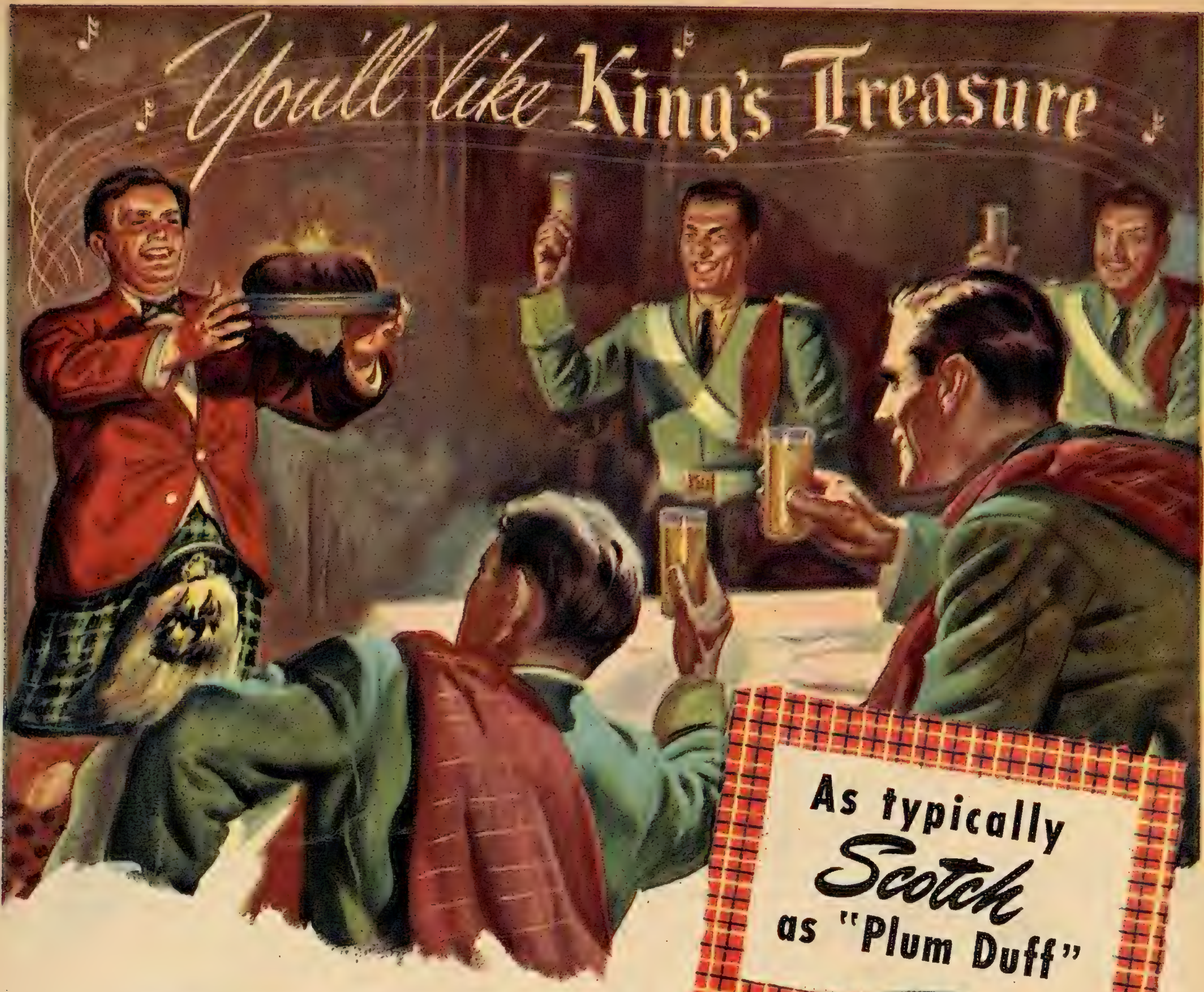
Eiler said, "How's about it, Pix?"

"You're ganging me." Pix threw up his hands. "I—oh, nuts! Sold!"

"Swell." Suddenly Chlo bent and scooped in the cards. "But you don't get these back till one of you ex-robots calls Mr. Brookins of Brookins-Craftwood to say that the deal is off."

Pix grinned his brown grin. "Do like the dame says, Eiler," said Pix. "It's ladies' day again."

THE END



On festive occasions, the Scots serve "plum duff", a rich, spicy, golden-brown pudding laden with fruits and nuts, and brought to the table gloriously drenched with blazing brandy.

If you have always said *"Make mine Scotch"*, and have lately been denied your favorite brand, blended and bottled in Scotland—now, you can say, *"Make mine KING'S TREASURE"*, and thoroughly enjoy a smooth, mellow blend possessing the traditionally distinctive bouquet and flavor demanded by lovers of Scotch whisky everywhere.

KING'S TREASURE is a superb blended Scotch-type whisky, in the making of which American distillers have at last captured and embodied the here-to-fore elusive smoky flavour, the rich pungent tang, the full-bodied character, and the delightful bouquet of time-honoured Scotch liquors.

Try KING'S TREASURE Blended Scotch-type whisky—*Taste it, carefully—yes, critically!* You'll like KING'S TREASURE!

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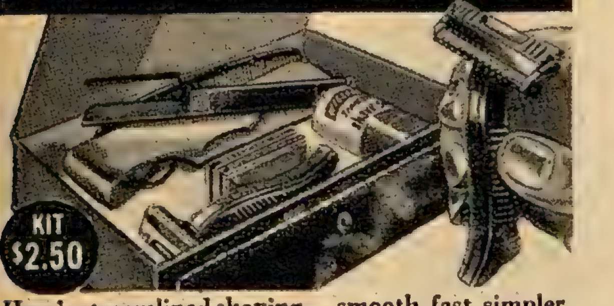

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Mail $2.50 direct, if not available at dealers. Money back guarantee. Strop alone $1.00.
DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. D, MYSTIC, CONN.

HUNTER'S BOON: THE RING-NECKED PHEASANT

Continued from Page 13

and over a lengthy period. Data on early importations are lacking, but in the late '80s recorded plantings were made in New Jersey and Oregon; later introductions were made in other states, but the ring-neck didn't actually get off to a real start anywhere until the big wind hit Iowa in 1900.

Among other properties in the path of that big wind was a hatchery producing ornamental fowl for parks and estates, and in its pens were a thousand ring-necks. They must have had a rough ride that afternoon. They were scattered for miles and beyond any hope of recovery, but the happy circumstance was that they liked it where the wind put them down. Prairie chicken had once been abundant there, but their exit was well along. Quail couldn't stand such clean cultivation. But that pattern of meadow, cornfield, and prairie swale formed a custom-made home for the gaudy ring-necked foreigner, and the accidental stocking spread until, by 1943, Iowa had so many pheasants that in eleven of its counties they were a menace to crops despite five weeks of shooting the autumn before. So, to reduce populations, an additional spring season was declared. This in what is generally held to be an era of game shortage!

Serious attempts to establish the pheasant where American species couldn't hang on did not gain real momentum until toward 1920, but today he spans the continent. He does not do well in the South. Climate and soil simply are not to his liking. But from Maine down to Maryland and thence clear across the central and northern states to the Pacific, he is high on the list of game birds, top-ranking in most places. His range either touches or blankets what were the original ranges of all our principal native game birds, and nothing comparable with that has ever happened anywhere before.

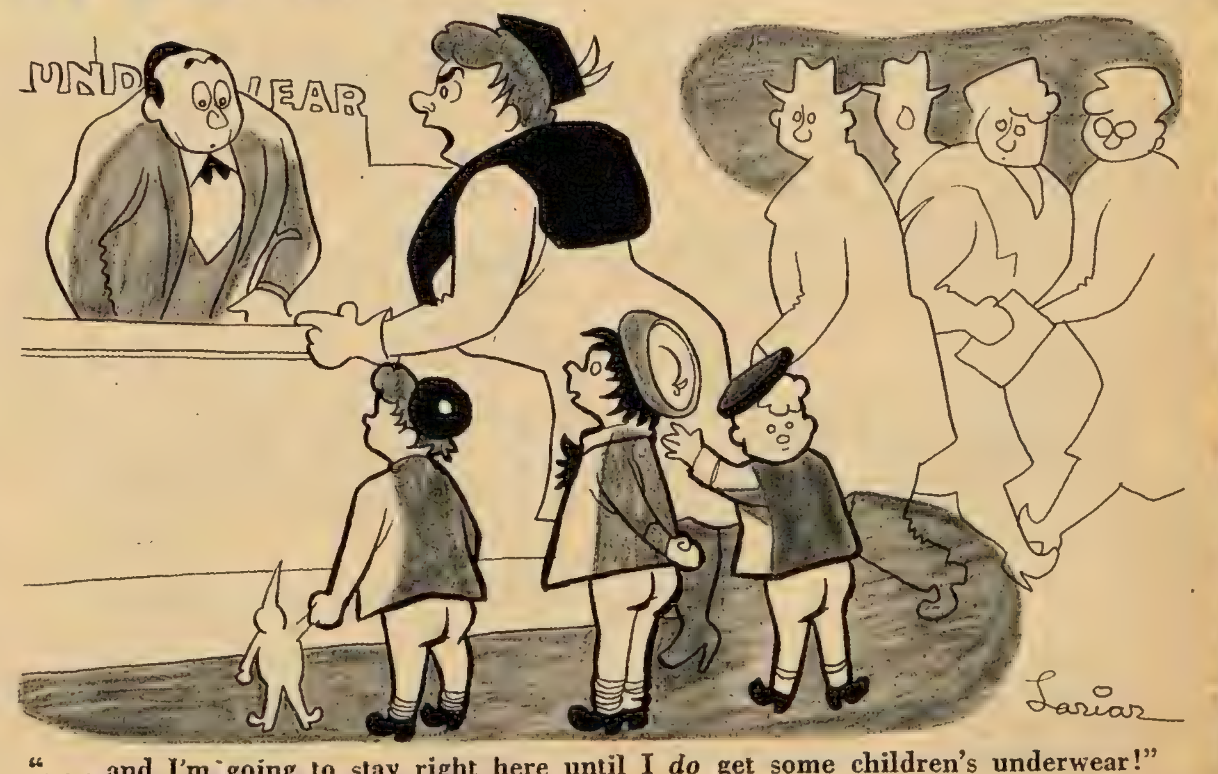
Naturally, the ring-neck does better in some places than in others. He can't make a go of it in deep woods, although he likes a dense wood lot or patch of swamp to sail into when hard pressed. He can't thrive without grain, and of all the grains he does best on corn, preferably corn that is hand picked. This means that some nubbins are left for the tough days of winter, and the standing stalks afford shelter from the wind and a screen from enemies while he crams the crop that must be filled twice daily to keep him robust.

Proper mating grounds, called crowing areas, are important adjuncts to a contented and productive home life. The cock pheasant can't impress his girl friends in any old surroundings. His specifications call for a nice balance of sprouting grainfields, open meadows, and handy thickets before he can do his stuff. There the gaudy cock utters his sharp staccato note which calls the hens to watch him tilt his iridescent head, with its red, red wattles on his burnished neck that has the characteristic white ring of a necktie, and watch him drag his gold-splashed wings and flirt his long tail feathers—and go for any challenger with beak and spur and wing, or perhaps get gone for and dethroned. When the courting is over, the persuasive cock will have from three to a half dozen hens in his harem.

THE less ornate hens prefer meadows for nesting sites, and this of itself means risk, because in normal years they are seldom all through incubating their dozen or thereabouts eggs before haying time. Being close sitters, many hens are annual victims to the mowing knives, but the widening use of what is called a flushing bar has reduced such mortality in recent years. This is simply a bar set at right angles to team or tractor several feet ahead of the mower's cutting bar. From it are suspended lengths of chain which nicely reach the ground. Touched or alarmed beyond restraint by the near-by movement of the chain, the hen flushes in time. Then most farmers swing around the nest and leave a tuft of unharvested hay there for shelter, because—well, because farmers are that way.

The cocks don't mind getting up and flying from here to there, but the hens are averse to flight in daily routine. They prefer to skulk from feed to water, to nest, or to roosting places—typically, cattail marshes—where they nestle down close to earth for the night. Hens cross openings with cautious steps, body scrooched close to the ground, but would rather take the long way around if screening cover is available. So game managers and sportsmen encourage farmers to leave uncut strips of growth which connect strategic areas, and this pays off in better popula-

THE HOME FRONT



". . . and I'm going to stay right here until I *do* get some children's underwear!"

Harold Titus

THE sportsman who wrote Hunter's Boon: The Ring-necked Pheasant, claims he has been an "outdoor bum" all his life: he just can't hunt and fish enough! Born in Traverse City, Michigan, Harold Titus attended the University of Michigan and became a newspaperman. Finally his love of the outdoors conquered everything else and he quit the newspaper world to free-lance. He spent his summers mining and cattle punching, and his winters writing about his experiences. Titus has been on Michigan's State Conservation Commission since 1926. Now he spends most of his day working on reforestation and fruit culture, but always tries to find a little time for fly-fishing.

tions. The less the hen has to worry about her way of life, the better mother she makes.

When the chicks are about eight weeks old they can do a sort of flying job, but normally the broods hang together until early autumn, when they have their full plumage, normal size, and can go it alone. In the pheasant there is no evident urge to associate in well-defined coveys or packs, as is the case in some other species.

In good environment the original colonies of pen-reared, liberated birds took it from there and, over the years, spread far. For a long while, releases from game farms have had little effect in such areas. For example, Michigan takes an annual harvest of more than 1,500,000 cocks, and has never released more than 25,000 man-raised ring-necks in any one year. Where food and cover are scanty or in poor balance, however, game-farm plantings are the only hope of giving hunters pheasants to pursue. But this is expensive business, because the gamekeeper who can produce cock pheasants at less than two dollars a bird is quite a guy.

SOUTHERN New England and upper Atlantic coastal states offer fair to good pheasant hunting in their grain-farming sections. Pennsylvania guns take 500,000 cocks a year, and the Ohio corn belt is away up as a ring-neck producer. However, South Dakota is today the happy pheasant hunting ground for all gunners. It's the place they all want to go, once tires and gas are again available. Here, instead of the standard two- to-four-week season prevalent in most states, the pheasant is legal game in most counties from September 20 to January 17. And instead of the standard limit of two cockbirds a day, the gunner may lug home ten pheasants, half of them hens. Nonresident hunters—there were more than 17,000 of them in 1944—were permitted to take out fifty ring-necks. In 1943 the state kill was 3,169,000, and when 1944 totals are cast up this will no doubt be exceeded. That's a lot of birds, especially when it is remembered that the pheasant will normally weigh more than two pounds!

The tendency today is to liberalize seasons and limits because the bird has demonstrated his ability to look out for himself as far as hunting pressure goes. He is crafty and resourceful. The ordinary bird dog has a time of it leading his master directly to quarry when it's pheasant they're after. The pheasant will run unseen in incredibly thin cover. When he does take wing, it is with a disconcerting fuss and great vigor, the one upsetting the gunner's self-control for a crucial instant and the other getting the bird out of there in a hurry. When hard pressed for too many days, he simply goes into hiding in grass-grown ditch or tangled marsh and stays there and must be all but stepped on to be flushed.

For these reasons, pheasant hunting has developed its own techniques. On opening day in typical sections, gunners in company front—a dozen or a score of them—advance through cornfields or other likely covert, kicking out the birds as they go, and everybody in range—and plenty of others, too far away—blazes away as the cocks take wing. Although the gun dog especially schooled in pheasant strategies can often do a good job for his owner, hounds and collies and what-have-you are common helpers in early season almost anywhere. The object is to beat the cover thoroughly by any old means.

All this is somewhat disconcerting for the sportsman who has deep regard for the overtones of upland shooting. But that's the way it is, particularly in pheasant territory within easy reach of large cities. Employers in industrial centers near ring-neck country always count on heavy absenteeism at the season's opening.

Because the species is so closely identified with agriculture, the trespass problem has been acute. Recently the formation of farmer-sportsman co-operatives in many pheasant states has eased the tension. These associations, formed on a neighborhood or even a township basis, set up rigid rules, requiring all hunters to report to some property-owning member before starting to hunt, and to check in when they finish. By this device the farmer knows who is ranging his and his neighbor's land. In some co-operatives the number of hunters a day is limited so those who are afield will have a fair chance at game. In all of them a better understanding of mutual problems has checked a once-growing animosity toward the city feller and reduced such disturbing items as broken fences, gates left open, and pot shots at poultry if pheasant luck is bad.

GENERALLY, well over half the season's kill is made by the end of the second or third day of the open season. Thereafter the more persistent and discriminating hunters have the coverts largely to themselves. Thousands get their birds in late season, but they earn them, brother; they certainly earn them, because this old ring-neck is smart beyond words.

Such craftiness ensures seed stock despite heavy gun pressure, and the guess is that before too many shooting seasons have passed the pheasant will yield an annual bag exceeding that of our own quail. He is here to stay, it seems, and because of his ability to get along where our natives can't, he's an answer to a prayer for a lot of us whose ears are tuned to the Red Gods' call.

THE END

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truly an inspiring sight, as this famous regiment composed of cowpunch
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Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

EGGNOG GOES TO THE HEAD: M. Louis, head of the Hair Design Institute, has cooked up an eggnog shampoo designed to clean and shine the most recalcitrant tresses. It is packaged in a plastic container shaped like an egg, which is enthroned on a flat base. Golden as an egg yolk, it is a good deal easier to use than an egg direct from the hen, especially if someone else gives you the shampoo, which hairdressers in a Fifth Avenue shop are prepared to do. Another New York department store sells it for a dollar to industrious housewives thriftily bent on laundering their own crowning glory on the home grounds. Each egg contains enough for six shampoos.

LAST CALL: Love and kisses via V mail may still reach your favorite men and women in the armed services overseas by Valentine's Day, February 14, if you don't delay. For objects of your affection in this country, there is still time, but not much, if you're going to do right by them in the way of cards gutted with rosebuds, cupids, and associated flora and fauna. Cards purchased by men in camps indicate Mother is still Pin-up Girl Number One, if we may judge by the costliness of the greetings. They think nothing of spending a buck to tell Mom she is hot stuff.

LUXURY AT LAST! The first requests made by wounded soldiers after being flown to the States from battlefields all over the world are for a glass of fresh milk and a phone call home. The Army provides the milk, but telephone calls are made possible by voluntary contributions from individuals, organizations, and benefits. The Overseas Patients Telephone Fund at Mitchel Field, Long Island, provides one free five-minute telephone call home for each évacué upon arrival. Captain Philip DiBona is custodian of the Fund, which has bolstered morale by the ton for thousands of servicemen and their families.

EXHIBIT A: The Sportsmen's Show, scheduled for February 18 to 25 at the Grand Central Palace in New York, promises a sight for sore and lonely eyes—to wit, a covey of real, live, handsome, bronzed fish wardens, accompanied by real, live, handsome fish!

BROTHERHOOD OF MAN: At Camp Blanding, Jewish trainees offered to do all kitchen police duty on Christmas Day so that members of the Christian faith would be free to enjoy the holiday dinner without coming to grips with dishes to wash or potatoes to peel.

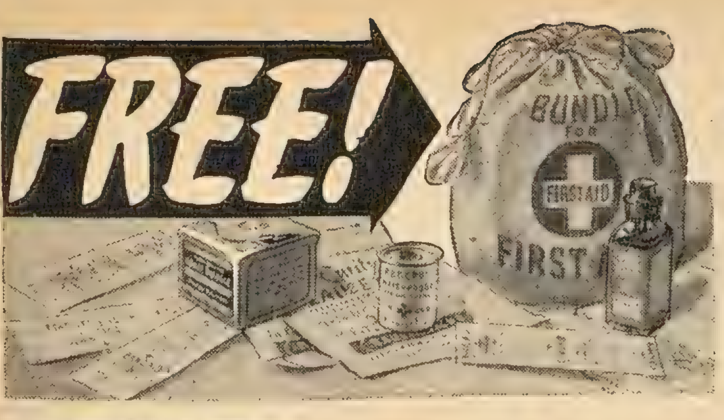
SLEEVES SLIPPED: A large New York store, intent on something new in Southern fashions, offers a sleeveless white piqué evening jacket plaided with gold sequins. Glittering gloves to match come well above the elbow, giving an effect of sleeves that have left their moorings. If you're a patriot, planning not to add to the congestion on trains heading south, you could buy the outfit and lay it away for next summer—that is, if you have plenty of spare cash. The jacket is close to forty dollars; the gloves, just under thirty.

DEPARTMENT OF STAGGERING STATISTICS: There are some 4,000,000 unmarried women in the United States between the ages of twenty and thirty-four, while there are only about 1,700,000 unmarried men in that age category in civilian life today. The Census Bureau believes the war boom in marriages is definitely over until the boys come home. If you just *can't* wait, you'd better head for Alaska, where there are 145.7 men to every 100 women. Nevada looks promising too, with 125.4 men to every 100 women. In Montana, Idaho, and Wyoming men also outnumber the women, though not quite so plentifully. *But* New England averages only 97 men to each 100 women; and in Washington, D. C., there are a measly 91.9 beleaguered men to every 100 predatory females. . . . In 1942 the marriage rate was the highest on record. Marriages have been falling off ever since.

WELL ROUNDED: The Stethoscope, a naval hospital newspaper, offered a prize to anyone who could identify Betty Grable's leg in a layout of photographs. The chaplain won.

HIGHWAY HUMOR: A truck driver operating in New York has adorned the rear of his vehicle with succinct instructions to passing motorists. Instead of a simple "Yes" at the left and "No" on the right, to indicate the proper method of passing, he has added "1-A" and "4-F."

GASTRONOMICAL DECORATIONS: The cozy nickname of that gold braid on the cap visors of U. S. naval officers of the rank of commander and above is "scrambled eggs." In England the gold braid on hats of group captains and others above that rank is familiarly known as "marmalade."



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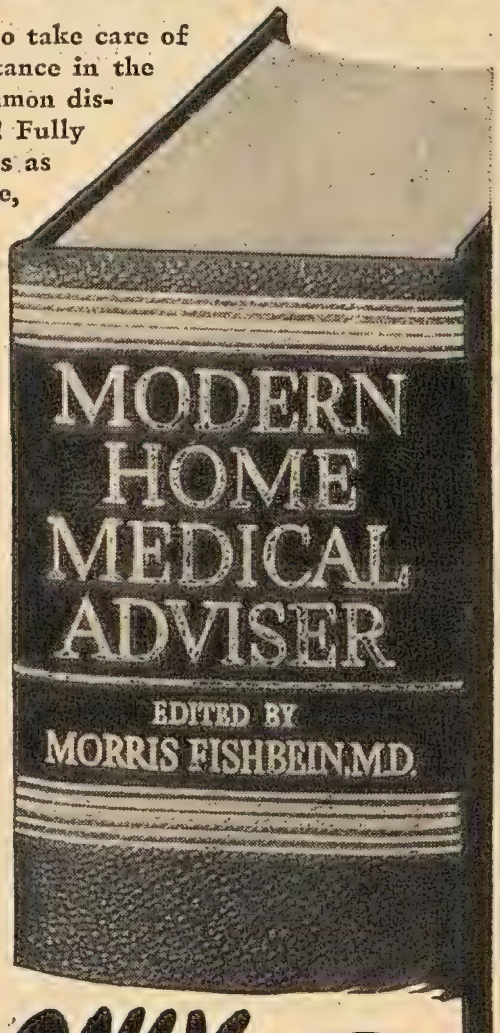

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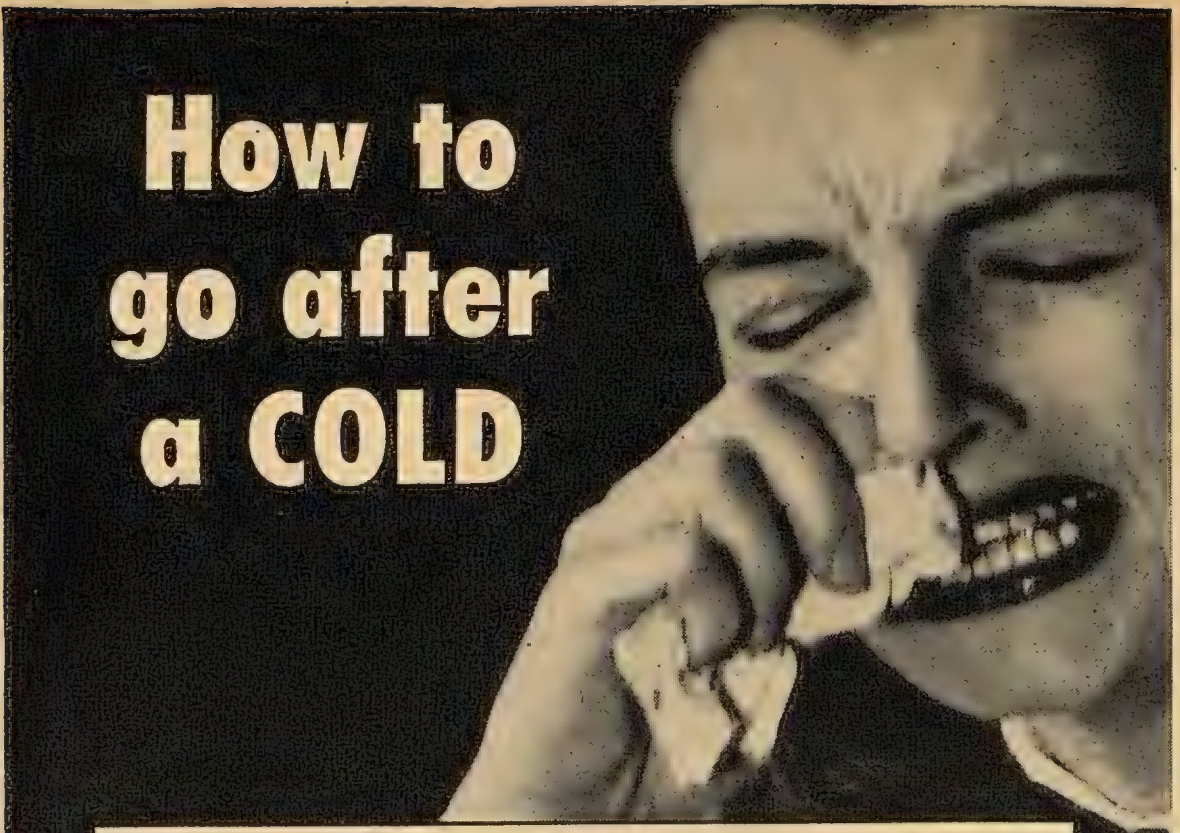


How to go after a COLD

Take these basic steps advised by physicians, in addition to temporary relief measures, to help your system *throw off a cold.* See how lemons help:

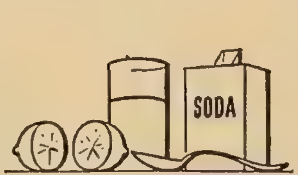
	5 BASIC STEPS ADVISED BY PHYSICIANS	LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1	**Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.**	Lemons are among the richest known sources of vitamin C, which *combats fatigue* and *fights infection.*
2	**Alkalinize your system.**	Lemon juice with water and baking soda forms *sodium citrate,* an excellent alkalinizer.
3	**Insure regular elimination.**	Lemon juice and water, with or without soda, is mildly laxative for most people.
4	**Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.**	Fresh lemon drinks are favorites.
5	**Keep warm; avoid further chill. If cold persists, see your doctor.**	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

TRY THIS NEW COLD ROUTINE WITH LEMON AND SODA

At first sign of a cold drink a glass of lemon and soda. Take another every 3 or 4 hours.

To induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

Lemon and soda forms natural *sodium citrate.* Supplies vitamins and all other benefits of fresh lemon juice, plus an increased alkalinizing effect. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.



To make lemon & soda pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add – slowly – half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.

To avoid colds build your resistance! Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily. Juice of 1 lemon in glass of plain water, *first thing on arising.*

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD TAKE LEMONS

California Sunkist Lemons

LET'S FINISH THE JOB—BUY WAR BONDS

I COULD NOT LOVE THEE, DEAR—

Continued from Page 19

everyone went around the Green and u the lane to the hill, with us tagging alon at the end of the procession. You kno where the road curves just before yo reach the church? Suddenly the band an the soldiers and the children in thei white dresses swept around that tu silhouetted against the pine trees wi their flags all blowing against the pal blue sky, and I felt a lump in my throa the size of an ostrich egg. I didn't dar look at Grandfather for fear he'd thin I was silly and sentimental, but afte they'd put the flags on the soldiers' grave a little boy recited the Gettysburg Address, and I cried some more.

"Did you know that you have two ancestors buried here who fought in th Revolutionary War?" Grandfather aske me.

I knew that there'd been Howlands i this part of Vermont since the first settlement, but I'd never been very intereste They certainly fought their country's battles, didn't they? There were flags all ov the place and even fresh flowers up agains a slate stone that said "Levi Howlan 1753-1831." I looked at them and did double-take. I mean, nobody but Grandfather could have had them put there, an it was a side of him that I'd never suspected.

Walking back, we passed the Honor Ro outside the library, and I stopped to re the names and see which ones I knew. didn't seem possible that such a little tow could have so many men in the service.

Grandfather read aloud: "Harriga Healey, Horowitz, Ingalls."

I took it up: "Johnson, Khouri, Lewi Lindquist." I looked up at him, because was going to say what a lot of forei names there were, but when I saw his fac I didn't say anything. All at once I realiz why he'd started reading with the H There was no "Howland." I took his han and rubbed it against my cheek. "I'm sorr I wasn't a boy," I told him.

"I'm not," he answered gallantly.

I guess you remember the evenings, Bil From May 29 to June 26. It's exactly fou weeks. Twenty-eight days. We probabl haven't had a hundred hours alone together. No wonder there are so ma things I haven't told you. We talked a l of nonsense and we laughed a lot. An toward the end we'd be happy just lookin at each other and not saying anything.

Well, that was Memorial Day, Tuesda May 30, 1944, that I just told you abou One week later it was June 6. D Day.

I WONDER if there's anyone in the Unit States who doesn't remember just wh he was doing and how everything looke when he got the news. It wasn't the sam time for everyone, of course. You had gon to the factory, and Grandfather and I ha finished breakfast and were sitting talkin about the theater. I told him the thing my drama teacher had said, and the sco from the Blue Barn, and he was ve understanding and encouraging. He talk about plays and actors he had seen in hi youth, and then he said he had a book photographs of old actors. We went int his study.

He said, "We might listen to the new first, Alison"—and there it was.

Bill, it's strange and it's wonderful a it's frightening how being in love chang everything. If the invasion had happene before I knew you, I know I wouldn't hav felt the same. Just a week before I'd hav

(*Continued on page 80*)

THIS MAN'S WAR

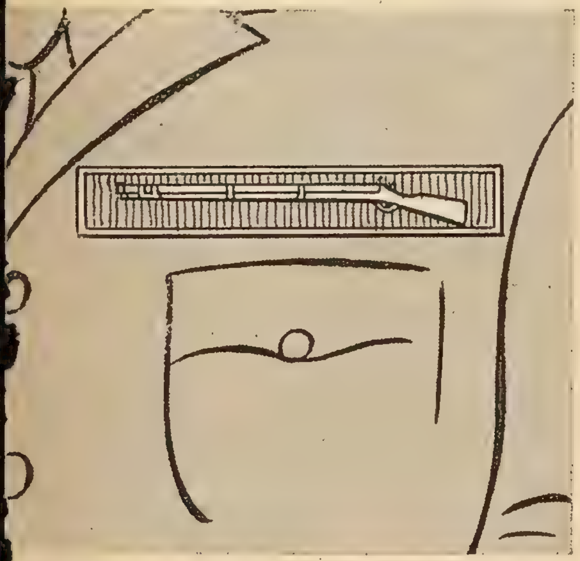
CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

WAS reading in your column about the surplus property in Washington - and the soldier who wants to take ome a Wave instead of a jeep. He signed e letter: Sgt. H. W., Somewhere in rance.

Well, I'm a redheaded Wave who would ke to meet one with such excellent taste. ere's hoping you will be so kind, Sarge, to make the introductions.

N. A. S/2c, Stillwater, Okla.

Thanks, N. A., for such nice copy for Old rge's valentine column!



he badge

My son casually mentioned in one of s recent letters from somewhere in Ger- any that he had gotten the Combat In- ntryman Badge. I have never seen one a picture of one, nor can I locate any- e else who has.

Will you please describe what it looks ke?

H. I. B., World War I Doughboy,
Charleston, W. Va.

The badge is shown in the picture in this lumn, above. It's bright blue in a silver ame and is worn on the left breast above e line of medal and campaign ribbons. The pert Infantryman's Badge doesn't have the urel wreath.

Men who have successfully demonstrated traordinary skill in the use of infantryman's eapons and who have passed various physi- l and combat efficiency tests qualify as pert Infantrymen. If they have been cited for eir ability to use these weapons in battle ey qualify as Combat Infantrymen.

* * *

Don't you think the expression "G. I. e" is just a bit overworked? It seems if every magazine, every story, can fer to the serviceman in no other lan- age. Frankly, it's getting so that nearly ery soldier down here grits his teeth hen he hears the expression. Please call something else for a change.

Pvt. L. B. B., Miami Beach, Fla.

O. K. What do you want to be called?

* * *

On November 2 my brother was re- rted killed in action in France. A letter followed, but it lacked any of the details. Is there any way of finding out how he was killed and all that happened?

H. McC., Joseph, Oreg.

If you write the chaplain of your brother's unit, he will send you whatever information he can gather about the circumstances of your brother's death.

* * *

There have been a lot of things said and done about benefits for veterans of this war. People say, "Give them this and give them that," but actually most men I know don't want handouts for deeds they've done. They appreciate concrete aid such as the Bill of Rights provides, but that doesn't cover all servicemen and servicewomen.

My suggestion is something that would benefit everyone and would not cost the government money. In fact, it would make money. Why not provide government-underwritten insurance, at the same rates we now pay, to all ex-servicemen? Few men will be able to convert $10,000 insurance to civilian rates, but with the government providing the same policy we now carry, nearly everyone could carry it. Even though all claims would sooner or later be paid off, the arrangement could be made to pay for itself and even make money.

That's the kind of benefits we want.

Cpl. J. C. D., Los Angeles, Calif.

What do others think about this? You have the opportunity to continue your government-underwritten insurance after separation from the service for as long as you pay the premiums. However, since the policy you now have is a temporary policy, issued on a five-year-term basis, it will be necessary to convert it into a permanent policy before the end of the five-year period, and for this permanent life insurance the payments which you will have to make are twice what you are now allotting from your monthly pay or more, depending upon whether you subscribe to ordinary life, twenty-payment life, or thirty-payment life.

* * *

My husband received the Silver Star while participating in infantry battle in Italy. He lost it before he got home and is now in a hospital being discharged. He is modest and doesn't care whether he has another one or not, but I would like to have it for a keepsake.

How should he go about obtaining a replacement?

Mrs. P. F. R., Grand Island, Nebr.

He should write the Adjutant General's Office, Washington, D. C. If it is determined that the decoration was lost or destroyed without fault or neglect on his part, it will be replaced without charge.

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY

Margaret O'Brien shushes a solicitous Durante as she listens to José Iturbi's music.

MUSIC FOR MILLIONS

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)
Margaret O'Brien, June Allyson, José Iturbi, Jimmy Durante

A GENEROUS share of good music, plenty of sure-fire tearful sentiment, and some irresistible personalities are put together here in a most appealing cinematic concoction. With Margaret O'Brien and June Allyson for heartstring-tugging, José Iturbi for musicianship, and Jimmy Durante for all-around high jinks, the liveliness and human appeal of this orchestral potpourri carry it delightfully through two hours of perfunctory plot.

It's the story of a youthful double-bass player named Barbara (June Allyson) who lives in a dingy boardinghouse with six other girl musicians of the mythical Manhattan Philharmonic Orchestra. She's had no word for a long time from her husband overseas, and she's going to have a baby. Nothing but the staunch faith of her little sister (Margaret O'Brien), who comes to share the girls' haphazard life and becomes a disconcerting and utterly enchanting orchestral mascot, can bolster up Barbara's failing courage.

Mr. Iturbi contributes a quietly humorous personal touch as the orchestra's genial conductor, and plays two piano solos. Familiar excerpts from the works of such composers as Dvořák, Grieg, Tchaikovsky, and Chopin flow engagingly through the film, and there's an ethereal rendition of Clair de Lune emanating from the celebrated harmonica of Larry Adler. Jimmy Durante, as the fierce-eyed softhearted general factotum of the orchestra, continues to uphold the Durante tradition by ranting gloriously through Umbriago and the ditty Toscanini, Eye-Turbi, and Me.

The music here and June Allyson's tender dramatic acting rate high, but the whole thing really belongs to Jimmy and Margaret O'Brien. When those two rare and naïve spirits get together, something happens which really stops the show.

The girls stow Margaret O'Brien away in a bass-fiddle case when the landlady appears.

Bing Crosby and redheaded Betty Hutton seem to be allergic to nautical romance.

ERE COME THE WAVES

(Paramount)
Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton, Sonny Tufts

ING CROSBY all but joins the feminine Navy in this rootin', tootin' Wave-re- itin' musical. Not that he *wants* to, d you—but what's a mike-clutching oon-crooner going to do when he's ight in the eddy between two sparkling ves—and *both* of them Betty Hutton? hat's Bing's dilemma in this picture— l when he's shown mowing down the bby-sox contingent in squealing droves, y resemblance to another well-known oner is deliciously intentional. Betty tton as twins (one boisterously blonde, other a reserved redhead) makes two sonable Waves who get Bing into a peck trouble when he tries to go on active y as a gob. The blonde one wants him stick around, and sends a trick letter ich snags him out of combat duty into ob recruiting Waves. Bing's mad, but he s on a bang-up recruiting show and s in love with the redhead. Meanwhile and his engaging pal (Sonny Tufts) y on an unremitting and humorous vate warfare on the side.

That's about all there is to this light-hearted nautical jamboree, evidently made when the recruiting theme was more fresh and timely than it seems now. However, the official Wave training sequences and Navy backgrounds lend interest to a choppy plot and the whole thing breezes gaily along with the added impetus of some top-notch songs. Accentuate the Positive, a rhythmic novelty number done in blackface, just about steals the show; and I Promise You and Let's Take the Long Way Home are notable on the sweetly romantic side. Then there's a rollicking routine in which Betty in a sailor hat bares a tattooed forearm, struts about boasting of her conquests in every port (including a fella in Poughkeepsie), and ends up confessing raucously "But I'm strictly on my own tonight!"

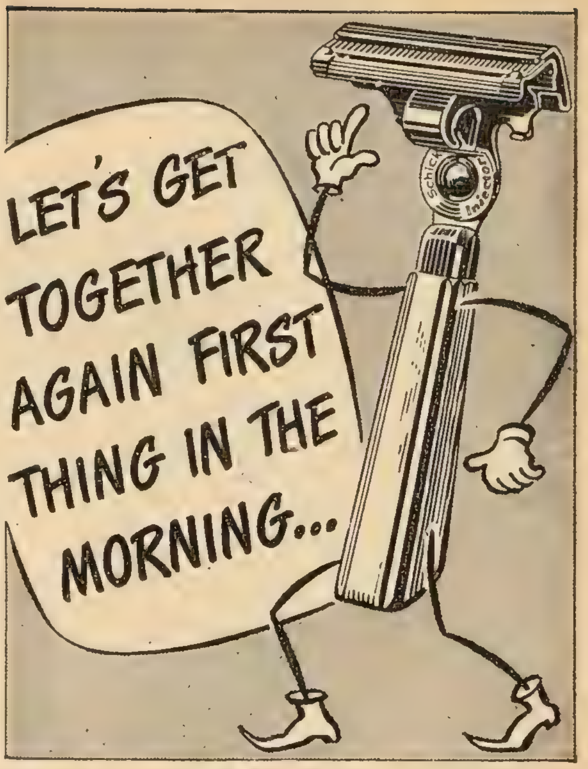
Even if the Waves seem to be dragged in occasionally by their regulation heels, the music, the combined personalities of Crosby, Hutton, and Tufts, and general good humor combine to make this lots of fun.

LAKE PLACID SERENADE

(Republic)
Vera Hruba Ralston, Robert Livingston, Eugene Pallette

A MUSICAL ice show designed to set off the interesting personality and figure-skating talents of Vera Hruba Ralston (Sonja Henie's Czechoslovakian runner-up at the Olympics) ought to make a pretty good movie; but this film is disappointing because the quality of its script falls far below that of the production numbers with which it is liberally sprinkled.

The story's all about a pretty European skating champ who comes to the United States and lives through some pretty banal episodes before she finds romance. The skating numbers, however, are diverting and adequately performed. The music of Ray Noble and Harry Owens' Royal Hawaiians provides a background for all sorts of ice fantastics, including cellophane-skirted hula gals. There's even an ice carnival, with Roy Rogers somewhat out of his element as a chilly-looking King of Winter. Vera, however, skates elegantly and looks regal in spite of everything.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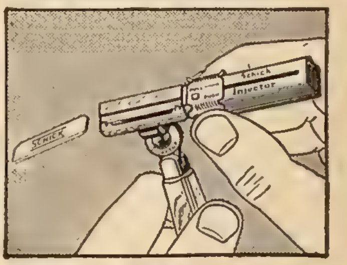

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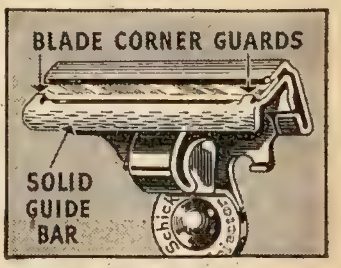

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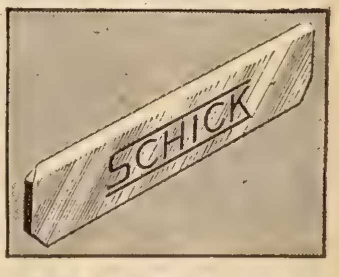

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(Continued from page 76)

been too young to feel so much. Really loving someone makes you grow up. I listened to the broadcasts, and every soldier walking off those barges into the gunfire, every pilot flying across the Channel every boy dropping from the sky under a parachute was you.

I held Grandfather's hand tight, and when you finally did come home I ran straight into your arms and burst into tears. Remember? You said, "Don't, baby," and then you looked at my grandfathe and said, "I know it's awfully sudden, si but that's the way it is."

He said, "If I could feel any happiness this minute, I'd be happy, Bill. Bless you both."

I've forgotten dinner. Did we have any? I suppose we must have. The next thing I remember is sitting on the couch with your arm around me while we three listened t the President's prayer, and the look on my grandfather's face when it was over and I put my head against your shoulder.

YOU were the first one to speak, and i was almost like the prayer going on. You said, "Dear God, how I wish I could be in it!"

All day I'd been thanking God yo weren't, but now I knew how you felt.

Grandfather said that somebody had to build the planes; and your face was so bitter, darling, and so wretched, and you didn't even answer him and he didn't even notice. That was when I thought abou those boys you'd carried out from the fire You couldn't be in uniform, but probably every one of those boys is, and just becau of your courage. I know you don't see i that way, but to me it's as if you'd give yourself ten times, Bill.

You smiled at me when I tried to mak you see that, and you said, "It's not quit the same thing, Alison," almost dryly.

I guess it was the next day that I wrot Mother about you, and she certainly h the ceiling. I never bothered to tell you al that she said, and I'm certainly not goin to bother now. I'm sure she was still reading my letter when she put through th long-distance call. I thought I'd told he everything about you, but I seemed t have missed everything she wanted t know. Who were your parents, and hov closely were we related, and a hundre other questions.

Bill, it made me laugh because it wa all so utterly unimportant. I said, "Loo darling, don't be so excited. We're no rushing into anything. Bill has too muc sense even if I hadn't. He left college to g into the airplane factory, and probabl he'll want to go back to law school some time. How does anybody know anythin these days?" She sputtered a bit more an I said, "I'll go on to the theater school fo the two months as per schedule. In September you and Father can come up her and meet Bill. I'll ask him about hi parents, too. I don't believe we've eve mentioned them. You see, we haven't ha much time together."

Mother's voice changed. "I guess I wa overexcited," she admitted.

"That's natural," I told her. "I'm prett excited, myself."

Then she said, in the funniest voic "You've grown up, Alison."

I had grown up, you know, Bill, and was still growing. You ought to know. Yo watched me. All the long days with Grandfather helped, when we took walks an called on his friends or listened to th broadcasts or just talked. I'd always adore him but I'd never really known him before. I had to grow up for that—an getting to know him made me grow faste

You probably recall how and with who I spent my evenings, Mr. Howland, an

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how fast they slid by until the last one was there. You pretended that you thought I was a pretty silly, reckless girl when I broke down and said I didn't want to be an actress—I just wanted to stay and marry you. You *do* have sense, Bill.

You told me that there was entirely too much rushing into things in wartime, that people were in too much of a hurry. You might have been ninety-two instead of twenty-two. And I said, "But this wouldn't be like a war marriage, Bill! You're not going off, maybe to get killed." You went right on spurning me, didn't you? You said you hoped I didn't think it was easy for you—that was kind of you, William—and said maybe it was because you couldn't be in it that you felt more responsible than men in uniform. You even said there was a job to be done, and until it was over people had no right to personal happiness. That was a touch on the stuffy side, darling, and I couldn't resist teasing you then. I suddenly remembered that poem of Lovelace, and I quoted: " 'I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honour more.' "

You blushed, Bill, and said you hadn't meant to sound noble, but that being 4-F made a man sensitive, especially when he was young and husky. You didn't add handsome, so I will. Then you told me, sort of half ashamed of yourself and half amused, how you made the detour every morning going to the factory so that you wouldn't have to pass the Honor Roll. You said, "I'd give anything in the world if I could see my name up there." That was when I broke down and cried, because I'd give anything to make you happy.

Well, darling, things aren't so bad, are they? I came up here and began two months of the hardest work and the steadiest grind I've ever known in my life. That's no complaint. I've loved every minute of it. And you certainly have to admit that it agrees with me. When I got off the train last Friday for those two heavenly days, you and Grandfather were certainly pleased with my appearance.

Remember what a really snappy salute I gave you before I hugged you both? And when we were driving home, with you and me in the back seat, how you kept looking at me and how you said, "Of course it may be just the lure of a uniform. Probably you're a very plain girl in civvies"? You were so gay and so glad to see me, but all the same, Bill, I was worried.

WHEN Grandfather stopped the car so suddenly and we realized we weren't home and wondered why he'd stopped, I was scared stiff. I seemed to see everything at once: Grandfather's pleased proud smile, your look of complete blankness, and the Howland name, black against the big board, staring straight at us:

WAC—ALISON HOWLAND.

I didn't dare to look at you, Bill. Grandfather was saying, "Well, Private Howland, the town fathers decided they could stretch the facts a little. This is really your home anyway, and I think that they wanted to see the name up there too."

I held my breath. If it hurt you, I thought, if it was like rubbing salt on an open wound—

Then I heard you laughing. You probably didn't notice, but there were quite a few people watching when you pulled me into your arms. Bill, your eyes were so bright, and there wasn't one shadow of bitterness or envy in your face. You were laughing so hard that I could hardly understand your words. And then you said, "I won't sit under any apple trees with anybody else but you, darling." All my life I'll remember how you looked then. You said, "I'll be waiting for you—till you come marching home."

THE END

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FEB. 10, 1945

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor

A bevy of University of Texas coeds, typical of the thousands of girls waiting for the boys to come hom

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A LADY FAIR

A SURPRISING number of letters come in to us from men overseas complaining about the brush-off given them by the girls they left behind. Hardly a lad abroad, it seems, failed to extract a promise of undying fidelity from some heartthrob before he left these shores. Many went further and sought to assure themselves of someone waiting for them by getting married. Among the many letters, the latter cases are well represented.

While most of the girl friends of G. I. Joe are certainly true and waiting patiently for his return, there seems little doubt that quite a number have found compensation for his absence in the company of other men. Hence the many letters beginning, "I don't know how to tell you this, but I know you'll understand."

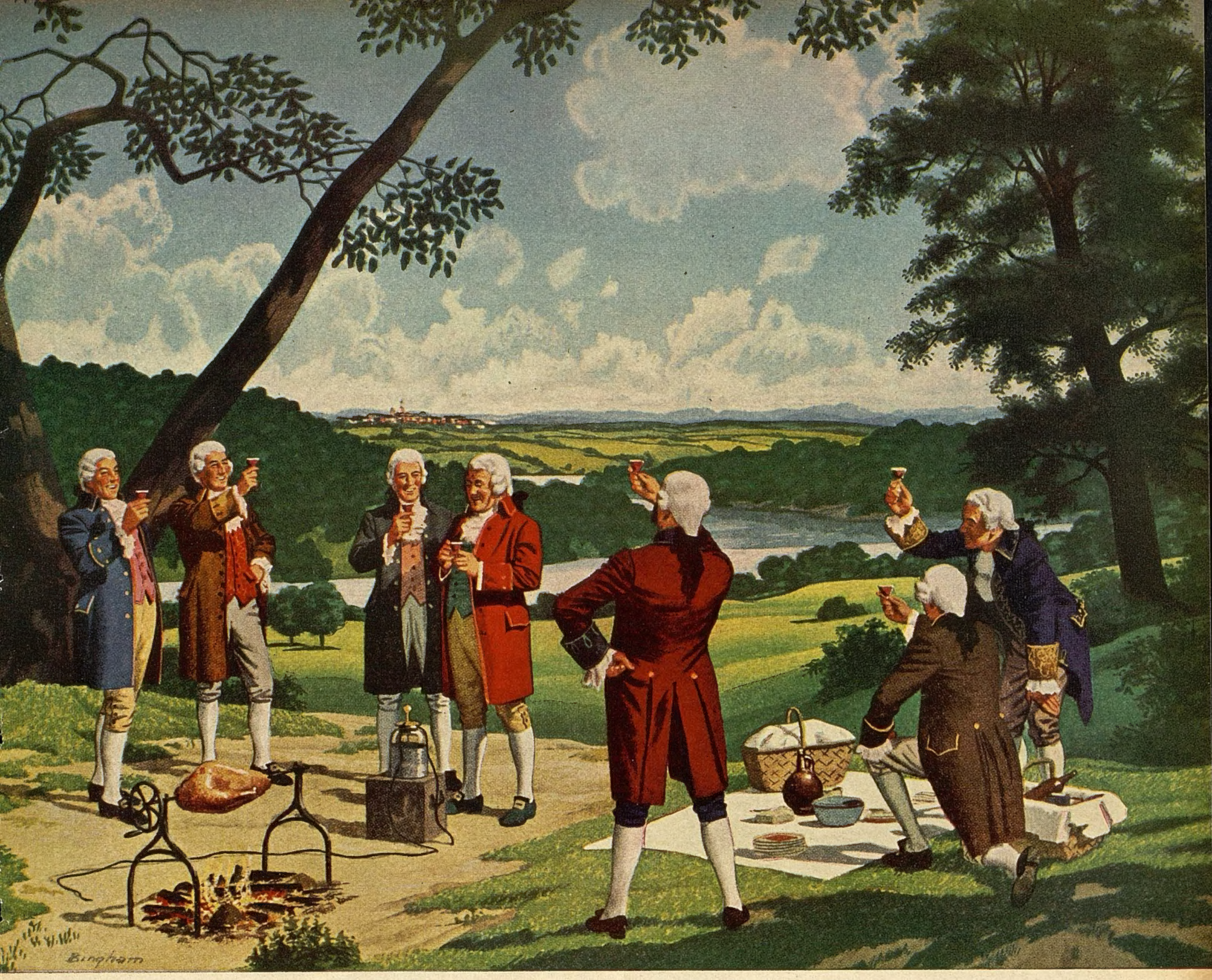
In addition to the time-honored device of saying to a lovelorn G. I. Joe, "Never mind. She wasn't worthy of you in the first place," there is a bit of more practical comfort we can give him. No serviceman who has been slighted or brushed off by his ladylove need despair or think his life is over. Remember, some of you boys have been overseas for two and three years. Meanwhile the inexorable process of growth and development has continued apace among American girlhood, and a new crop of the cutest tricks that ever walked in two shoes has grown up while you boys were away. Little freckle-faced girls who were in pigtails two years ago are now ravishing beauties. And boy, oh, boy, are they waiting anxiously f
the days when the servicemen come bac
They miss the boys at least as much as t
boys miss them. G. I. Joe will be tempt
to do more than a little brushing off hin
self when he gets back and sees these swel
looking kids who have become women whi
he was away fighting.

The course of love never did run smoot
but matters of the heart have a way
working out all right in the end. So ma
a serviceman who has been given the brus
off is going to find he's had a favor do
him. Though losing the girl he loves m
seem a tragedy when he is sleeping in
foxhole, there's more than an even bet th
he will be glad he is a free agent when
gets back home and casts his eye over t
girls that have grown up while he w
away.

Meanwhile it may help to ease G. I. Jo
longing to return home to realize that t
more time he is away the bigger crop
cuties he'll have to pick from when he g
back. The years are long when one is youn
but while Joe sweats it out, the home fro
ticks along too. Life goes on and more gi
grow up each year. There's going to be
lot of them around to take care of Jo
broken heart. He doesn't need to wor
much on that score.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL



Benjamin Franklin's "Electrical Picnic" in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, 1749*

Philadelphia

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FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
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Continental Distilling Corporation

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> *before a fire kindled by the electrical bottle . . ."*
> *Letter from Franklin to a scientific friend, 29 April 1749*

Coupled with an active interest in the arts and sciences the good citizens of Colonial Philadelphia entertained a hearty respect for the pleasures of the table. Natural, then, is Philadelphia's reputation for good living . . . a heritage nobly sustained today by Philadelphia Blend. Whisky of such exceptional character and flavor might justly be reserved for special occasions. Yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia Blend . . . regularly and often.

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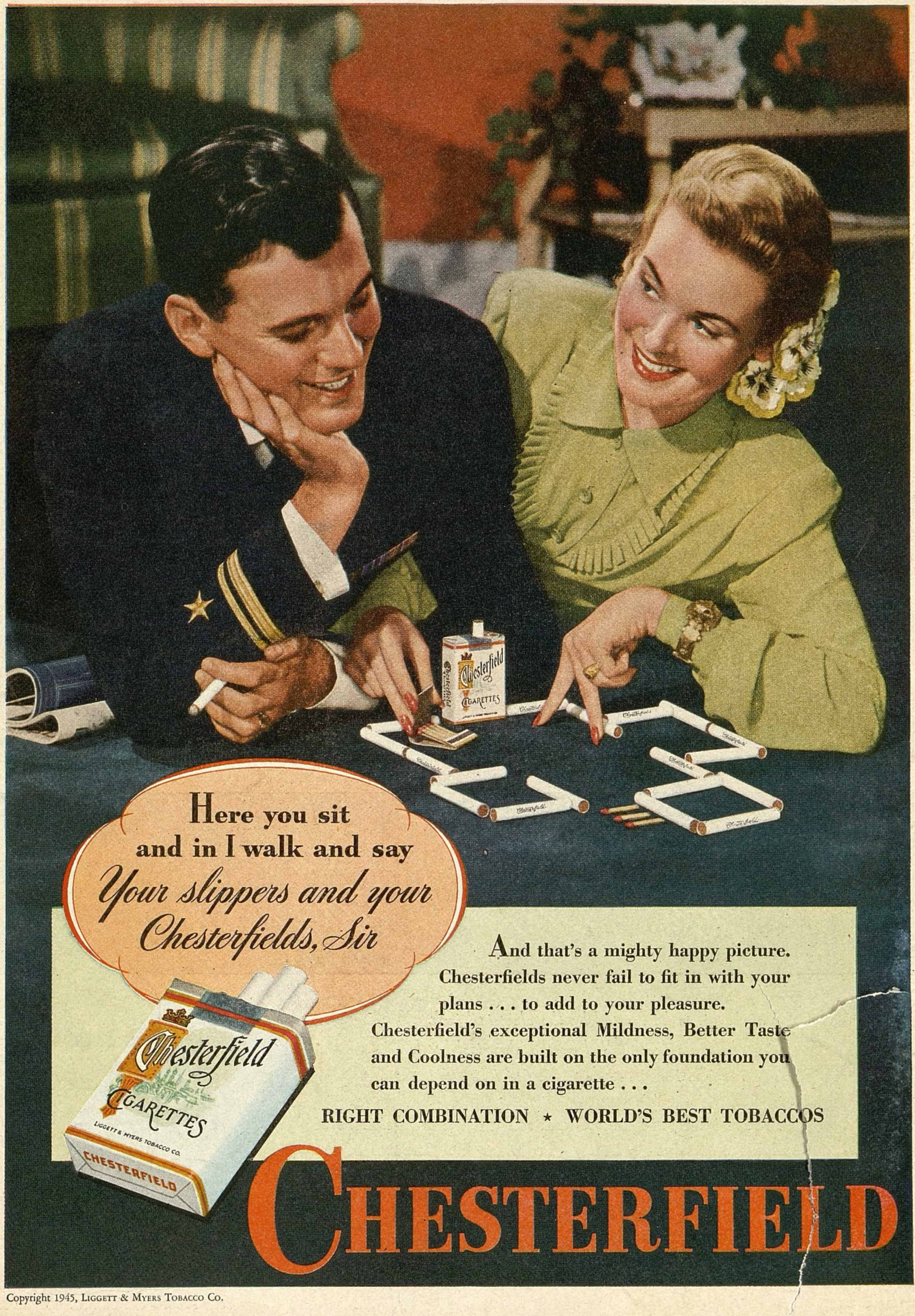
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Your slippers and your
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